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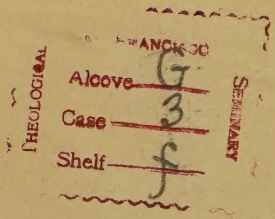

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In Press,

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THE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE,

WITH PLATES.

Rutgers
1834

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PORTRAITURE OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.

We commence the year 1797 with the following letter from Bishop Porteus.

St. James's Square, Jan. 16, 1797.

My dear Mrs. More,

For many virtues I allow you a very competent degree of merit; but none at all for what you call temperance, but what I call niggardliness, in writing. If you would be a little more liberal and even profuse in this article, your character would stand much higher in my estimation than it does at present. You would hear the history of Fulham (which is not so eventful or so pregnant with revolutions as that of France) from Mrs. Kennicott. One of our evening books was a collection of Arabic Poems, translated into English by Mr. Carlisle, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. The originals are prefixed to the translations, but we chose to read the latter. They are not all equally good, but the greater part of them are exquisitely beautiful, and the more so for being totally unlike all the oriental poetry I ever read before, which, to say the truth, I am not in general much enamoured of. They resemble very much the best European sonnets and elegies, but are much superior to them. And what think you of an Arabic riddle and charade? Mr. Pitt, I am told, is quite in raptures with them, and can say most of them by heart. But there is another book with which we are still more delighted (I ought to add edified) than all the rest, and that is what I dare say you have devoured with your usual voracity on such subjects,—Gisborne's Duties of the Female Sex. It is, in all respects, excellent. I hope it will be read by every female that can read in the kingdom. I told Lady Elgin that she should make her little pupil read it immediately. How unfortunate have we been about the French fleet, yet how thankful ought we to be to Providence for defeating their destructive projects! Their abrupt

and violent termination of the negotiations for peace puts them completely in the wrong, and throws the whole guilt of the war on their shoulders. This gives room to hope that we shall in future be more successful. I pray God we may; as it is the only way to compel peace. What think you of the noble sacrifice Lord Cornwallis has just made, of domestic ease and happiness, and of every blessing this world can give, to the interests of this country? This is genuine patriotism indeed! None but himself could quiet the military commotions in India, and he himself made the offer of his services. I hardly ever heard of such an act of self-denial. He is past sixty, and has nothing to wish or hope for from government. Yet, on recollection, there is another instance of heroism with respect to the same country, not less honourable to the actors in it than this. I lately saw three Scotchmen, who are all going to India, without support and without protection, to make converts to Christianity. When we hear of these and some other instances of disinterested piety and benevolence that I could mention, who will dare to say that there is no religion or virtue in the world?

The sublime and immortal publication of the "Cheap Repository" I hear of from every quarter of the globe. To the West Indies I have sent ship-loads of them. They are read with avidity at Sierra Leone, and I hope our pious Scotch missionaries will introduce them into Asia. I am charmed with the amiable character of "Black Giles," and am determined to eat nothing but Mrs. Jones's cheap dishes all this winter. Her and Count Rumford I set off against all our taxes!! Best love from all.

Yours ever affectionately,

B. London.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Mrs. H. More.

March 5, 1797.

My dear Madam,

How little we know of ourselves till we are tried! Had any one told me, when I received your favour of the 15th of September, that I should let it lie so long unanswered, I should scarcely have believed him; but so it is. I am overcome by increase of business and increase of years, which makes the little I could do still less.

Indeed, my heart and prayers are often in your diocess. My imagination fixes one foot of her compasses in the palace of Cowslip Green, and with the other draws a circle of the diameter you mention, and then traces you and Miss Patty upon some of the right lines which lead to the circumference. This, my ideal geography, cannot be accurate; but I think I must often be nearer to you than you are aware. My mind still bears the impression of Shipham and Mendip, with the

clearness of a proof-print; so that when I think myself there, it seems almost a reality, and I feel quite at home. I have not, with Augustine, wished to see ancient Rome in its glory, but I have been often thankful that I have been permitted to see *Cowslip Green*. I number the few days I spent there as among the happiest of my life, excepting the abatement of it from my feelings for poor Betsy, while hiding herself in the closet from the thunder-storm.

Your health and spirits I believe are weak, and perhaps your faith is weaker than it ought to be: but the strong, the almighty arm of the Lord is with you, and therefore you do wonders. Milton's beautiful description of Michael descending to Adam, is finely heightened by the eclipse of the sun, which rendered the glory of the angel more conspicuous. Thus, as you justly observe, the Lord often makes his most honoured and favoured instruments deeply sensible of their own inefficiency, that the praise may be ascribed to him alone.

I should have doubtless written immediately, had any book or books occurred to me quite adapted to your plan. But I am sure Mr. Bunyan was a plain writer. I expounded or explained the first part of his Pilgrim twice during my residence at Olney; each time it employed one evening in a week for more than three years: and perhaps in those lectures I came nearer to the apprehensions of the poor lace-makers, and engaged their attention more, than when I spoke from the pulpit. I am not much acquainted with his other writings, but I believe several of his books have been very useful.

This leads me to observe that, in my judgment, very alarming books are not the most suitable for ignorant folks, and especially if, as is generally the case, gross ignorance is found combined with great wickedness. The evil and desert of sin, and its certain and terrible consequences, unless repented of and forsaken, ought doubtless to be insisted on; but it is the grace of the gospel that softens and wins the heart. By nature and practice we are in a state of alienation from God; we form hard thoughts of him, and therefore do not like to think of him at all, because we know not his name,—his true character. The gospel tells us that *God is love*, and gives this astonishing proof, that he gave his own Son to die for his enemies. Many daring sinners need not to be told that their state is dangerous; they feel it, and the thought is pressed upon them the more this enmity against God is increased; they know they can neither resist nor escape; they have nothing to hope, but every thing to fear, and therefore they hate him.

A friend of mine was desired to visit a woman in prison,—he was informed of her evil habits of life, and therefore spoke strongly of the terrors of the Lord, and the curses of the law; she heard him awhile, and then laughed in his face; upon this he changed his note, and spoke of the Saviour, and what he had done and suffered for sinners; he had not talked long in

this strain before he saw a tear or two in her eyes; at length she interrupted him by saying, "Why, sir, do you think there can be any hope of mercy for me?" He answered, "Yes, if you feel your need of it, and are willing to seek it in God's appointed way. I am sure it is as free for you as for myself." She replied, "Ah! if I had thought so I should not have been in this prison. I long since settled it in my mind that I was utterly lost; that I had sinned beyond all possibility of forgiveness; and that made me desperate." He visited her several times, and when she went away (for she was transported) he had good reason to hope that she was truly converted. He gave me this relation more than forty years ago, and it has been, I hope, of some use to me through the course of my ministry. Christ crucified is the wisdom and power of God.

Just as I was finishing the above paragraph, who should come in but your amiable sister Sally; we almost jumped for joy to see her: she favoured us with her company to dinner and tea. Our joy was abated by her account of your indisposition; but you are in the Lord's hands. I would make you quite well instantly, if I could. I am sure He can; and therefore if He does not, it must upon the whole be best for you to be an invalid.

Do you remember my ideal speech to a bishop which I read at Cowslip? You then said, "Print it," *meo periculo;* so said some other respectable persons; I believe Sir Charles was one, Mr. Serle was another; but it has lain dormant till now, out of regard to my own bishop, who has been uniformly so candid and kind, that I was unwilling to give him any offence or uneasiness by making grievances in which he has no hand so public; yet I wished the subject might be brought before him. At length I resolved to present it to him as a sort of legacy, or the last words of J. N——; accordingly I left it at London House last Monday, and have to-night an obliging note from him, saying, that he returned from Bath but last night, and had not yet had time to read it. He did not intimate the least displeasure at the letter that accompanied it, which mentioned the occasion and the subject. Perhaps, when you go to Fulham, you may hear something of it.

I could tattle on, but time and paper fail me. May the fast-day prove a feast-day to you, and to all whose "eyes affect their hearts." I am jealous for the Lord of Hosts, and his ark among us.

I beg you to repeat my best respects.

I commend you to the guidance of our great Shepherd. May his presence comfort your heart, and his blessing crown all your labours of love for his sake. We are all well, through mercy; but I am old, and the time of my departure cannot be far distant. While I live, you will have a warm place in the heart and prayers of, my dear madam,

Your very affectionate and much obliged

JOHN NEWTON.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1797.

If I *do* write, quoth I to myself, in the humour I am in, I shall convince my most honoured friend that I have no wit; and if I do *not* write, I shall prove to a demonstration that I have no gratitude. Thus the matter stood for a long time in exact equipoise; but at last recollecting that wit was only a *talent*, and gratitude a *virtue*, I was resolved to secure to myself the reputation and comfort of the one, though at the risk, nay, the certainty, of forfeiting all pretensions to the other. Now, madam, I appeal to your discernment if I have not made the better choice. Of attaining to the one I despair; it is a rare but dangerous present—but come, Gratitude! thou peaceful, amiable virtue, and confess (though thou art less addicted to confession than to feeling) if I did not cherish thee in my heart this morning, when I received so delightful a letter from Audley-street. Nothing could have diminished the entire pleasure that letter gave me, but the unpleasant intelligence of the indisposition of the writer.

I did not get hither to my winter-quarters till Christmas. I was so earnestly pressed to halt at Stoke, with the duchess, in my way, that I complied for three or four days. Very strong indeed were the entreaties of my noble hostess that I should remain during the visit of the whole house of Manners, but I was constrained to be equally firm in my refusal.

Since I have been here, I have so entirely lost my cough as to be able to drink the waters, which do me much good. Now, my dear madam, if you do not think here is already a sufficient quantity of egotism, I will go on to tell you, that though I go to the pump, I do not make any visits, not having set my foot to the ground these two months. I shall, however, make an exception in favour of your neighbours Lord and Lady Kenyon, who have done me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me. I am much pleased with the plain unadorned integrity, the simplicity of manners, the respect for piety, of this great lord-chief-justice; I think he discovers more reverence for virtue and religion in his decisions than any law leader I remember.

My friends are extremely kind, so that I have full as much company as my heart can wish. Lady Herries is here, with the full use of her limbs, which I am glad of; though, if they had been my limbs, I question if I should have thought the use of them worth purchasing at the expense of living abroad —better be dying in England than well anywhere else, is my maxim.

Grave as the times are, Bath never was so gay; princes and kings that will be, and princes and kings that have been, pop upon you at every corner; the stadtholder and Prince of

Wales only on a flying visit; but their highnesses of York are become almost inhabitants, and very sober and proper their behaviour is. The duchess contributes, by her residence in it, to make our street alive. I had the honour of spending a morning with her royal highness. Her conversation was judicious and lively; the waters have been of service to her; she has had the goodness to present me with a beautiful little box with her hair, set round with pearls on the lid.

Lady Waldegrave writes me but a sad account of poor Lord Orford. Of Mrs. Carter's recovery, though slow, I hear better accounts. I say nothing of war, because I am weary of the word; nor of peace, because I lose all hope of it. I am thankful, however, that the fault does not rest with us; one can bear the affliction far better when one has not to bear the guilt also.

Alas! my dear madam, your letter has just arrived which announces the affecting tidings of Lord Orford's death,—affecting in no small degree; though I have been in daily expectation of such an event taking place, my feelings are quite overcome when I call to remembrance that kindness which had known no interruption during twenty years.

I am, dear madam,
Affectionately yours,
H. More.

To Mrs. Martha More.

London, 1797.

Poor Lord Orford! I could not help mourning for him as if I had not expected it. But twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry now that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting I made him promise to buy "Law's Serious Call." His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas, what avail they now! The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh, that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace! My heart is much oppressed with the reflection.

The most rational and religious evening, by far, I have passed in town, was at Gloucester House, where I have been twice. It would make some folks smile to know that we read the Epistle to the Ephesians, and commented, as we went along. Mr. Wilberforce's chapter on "Human Corruption" led to a long discussion on that doctrine, and other grand points. I told the Duchess of Gloucester that Mr. Wilberforce was to send her his book; she was quite charmed, and said she would sit up all night rather than not be qualified to talk about it with me when she sees me again. I am curious to hear what people say of this book. All agree that it is well written;

that it is a very able book; even some worldly people admire it highly. Of course those who thought Gisborne strict will think Wilberforce ten times more so.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Cowslip Green, July 31, 1797.

My dear Madam,

I remember to have read, in some good old story-book, that when a number of pert Athenians prated away to a foreign ambassador, in order to inspire him with an admiration of the Attic eloquence, a plain quiet man got up, and only said, "And pray tell your master, when you get home, that you found one among the Athenians who knew how to be silent." Now, my dear madam, by way of application, I rather value myself on the resemblance, when I consider how your correspondences, various, and extensive, and interesting, and frequent as they are, must engross all your leisure; and though I really experience few gratifications equal to what I feel on receiving your letters, which have such a variety of claims on my feelings, yet I should think I ought to sacrifice my pleasure to your convenience, even if I had not so many true and lawful pleas to bring forward for having become the worst correspondent in the world.

But, my dearest madam, self-denial may go so far, but it will go no farther; and I can no longer forbear slipping in a word edgeways just to inquire after your health; a question which I do not ask in a cold, formal, cursory way, as a thing in which I have only a common interest, but as a matter in which I have the most heartfelt concern, though I do not often express my zeal on the subject by overt acts.

I am almost ashamed to advert to any thing that passed in London or its neighbourhood, lest I put you and myself on comparing dates and chronologies, and bringing to mind how very long it is since we have had any communication together. It was the day after the royal nuptials, at which I had the honour to be present, the kind bishop having provided for me an excellent place with Mrs. Porteus, so close to the altar that no peeress had so full an enjoyment of the affecting spectacle. Many of your family, my dear madam, I had the satisfaction to see filling distinguished situations in the magnificent scene.

From those splendours a few days transported me to my little thatched cottage, where I arrived just time enough to receive my friend Mr. Wilberforce and his bride, who spent a few of their first wedded days here; by which he fulfilled a sort of vow made many years since, in case he should ever marry. You will think it was not amiss to make his agreeable wife set out with such an act of humility.

Whether it will please God to give us peace is as yet among the impenetrable secrets of his providence. I hardly expect

it, because I do not feel that we are worthy of such a blessing. It is in the mean time matter of abundant thankfulness that, even if he is pleased to withhold peace, he bestows plenty, and that the earth is covered with his bounties in no common degree. I am rejoicing in the effects of this glorious weather, even though bilious headache comes in for its share among them.

Poor Edmund Burke has added to the illustrious catalogue of losses which this summer has produced. What an eventful period it is! But mutiny and scarcity have been, I think, the most horrid forms in which calamity has appeared to terrify and awaken our sleeping country. The last has been graciously taken away; the first appears to be happily subdued; but so accustomed are we now to surprises and marvels, that one hardly takes breath from the disappearance of one before another starts up. Among the more auspicious wonders and revolutions of the times, we may consider that of Mr. Erskine figuring in a theological character; and an admirable metamorphosis it was. I greatly commended my friends who undertook that prosecution against Paine's bookseller, for selecting Erskine in preference to any other counsel, not merely on account of his talents and eloquence, but chiefly because that Erskine, being known to be rather of the same party in politics, *his* attack upon his infidel principles would not lie under the imputation of party prejudice, to which the same arguments from Lord Kenyon, or any other acknowledged friend of government, would have been liable. Prejudice apart, his defence of Christianity was not only very brilliant, but very solid; and it struck me that such a degree of religious knowledge, which could hardly have been expected in a man either of his rank or profession, could only be ascribed to his Scotch education, in which I believe religious instruction continues to maintain a more distinguished place than with us; I should rather say *did* maintain, for I fear we are now in both countries pretty much upon a level.

I hope Lady Cremorne has recruited her strength; she was still weak when I was at Chelsea. Of Mrs. Montagu I hear nothing.

Yours ever, my dearest madam,
most faithfully,
H. More.

The Rev. J. Newton to Mrs. H. More.

Southampton, August 9, 1797.

My dear Madam,

No more letters from the Hermitage at Priestlands. Mr. Etty, the owner, is removed to a better world, and it gives him no regret now that he is known no longer here. Thus we are all successively passing away, just as, when the clouds pass

by the sun, the shadows of those clouds dance swiftly across the plain one after another.

But I have a pretty summer-house and prospect here. Here, however, I must not stay this morning. I am engaged, I am going, I am gone to the Vale of Mendip, to Cowslip Green, to the Root-house, where, perhaps, the ladies are just now assembling to breakfast. Oh! could I actually see them, with what glee should I say, "Good morrow, ladies!"

Well, I must be content with ideal visits for the present, but not always; a day is approaching when we hope to have a joyful meeting indeed. I trust that Cowslip Green is holy ground, and all the inhabitants consecrated persons; sprinkled, like the priests of old, with the atoning blood, anointed with the holy unction, and devoted with united hearts, hands, and tongues to do the will and to proclaim the praise of our God and Saviour. It is no wonder that I so long to be with them. I correct myself,—it is one of the greatest wonders that such a wretch, such a demoniac as I once was, should be capable of feeling so strong an attachment to such company; well may I say, "What has God wrought!"

"Thy people wonder when they see
A wretch like me restored;
And point and say, How changed is he,
Who once defied the Lord!"

Indeed I am with you in spirit, and I think this is more than a sally of imagination; the communion of saints which we profess to believe, like the communion of the members of the body, is derived from a communication of life and spirits from the same common Head, by which they have reciprocal fellowship and fellow-feeling among themselves; and though believers, the salt of the earth, are scattered up and down, far and wide, to preserve the whole mass from putrefaction, they are *one* in Him. The supreme object of their love is as yet unseen. For His sake they love all who love Him, though it is but a few of them comparatively that they can expect to see until He shall collect them together in the great day of His appearance. The virtue of the heavenly magnet, which draws them all to himself, connects them at the same time with each other. Their aims, their hopes, and their spiritual sustenance are the same. Local distance neither discourages their mutual prayers nor prevents their efficacy. The apostle highly prized and earnestly desired the prayers of his absent friends, even of those he had never seen in the flesh.

But how is it that these members of the same body are often so shy and suspicious of those whom they do know, and who are partakers of the same grace? indeed, we may ask, how is it that Christians are, in many respects, inconsistent with themselves and their principles? Because they are still encum-

bered with an evil nature, a body of sin, a remnant of pride, prejudice, and self-will. Satan has a magic glass, and there are certain magical words, most of which owe their influence, if not their origin, to him. By this the believer's sight is vitiated, and his understanding confused. When he looks at a brother Christian, as he would hope he is, he sees a Calvinist, or an Arminian, a High-churchman, a Sectary, a Methodist, &c. One of these names, perhaps, he prides himself in avowing, and therefore allows that those who bear it must be infallibly right; the others he dislikes, and therefore takes it for granted that those who bear them must be very wrong; and though he would hope the best, he is not desirous of actual communion with such perverse, mistaken people. And yet, perhaps, some of them are much more spiritual, humble, and exemplary than himself. But he sees them through the medium of party prejudice and certain habits of thinking, and therefore cannot acknowledge them, as he would gladly do if he knew them aright. It requires much prayer, attention, experience, and observation to be able to surmount these obstacles to the exercise of brotherly love, and to enable us without distinction to love all of every name who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I hope I have attained a little of this catholic spirit, and that my high regard for you in particular owes nothing to the non-essentials, concerning which *true Christians may differ*, and too often *do squabble*, but is founded in a union of heart on the great points in which all who are taught of God do and must agree.

You would know without my signing it that this letter comes from me, by the desultory manner in which it is written. I seldom know how I shall begin, or when I shall end, when I take up my pen: but, as John Bunyan says, still as I pull, it comes, and so I write. I hope, however, that you will accept it as a love-token—then the principal design is answered. May the lights on Cowslip Green illuminate the whole country, and may they long continue to burn and shine. Amen.

We left London the 4th of July, and were a fortnight at Reading with Mr. Cadogan's widowed people. They have had a great loss, but the Lord blesses them with unanimity and love. I have seldom met with such a body of solid, lively, judicious, honourable professors in one place. I doubt not but the Lord will appear in their favour, though things are dark and trying at present. We came hither the 21st, and I mean to stay till about the second week in September, if not called home sooner by something as yet unforeseen. My dear Betsy and I are both well; we join in best love to you and to all the ladies of the Green; to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and the friends whom we had the pleasure of seeing at your house. May the Lord afford health and strength for accomplishing all the good purposes he has put into your hearts, and may you find your wages in your

work. I commend you all to his blessing. Accept of new thanks for old kindness.

Your much obliged and affectionate

JOHN NEWTON.

To Mrs. Martha More.

Fulham Palace, May, 1797.

I am just come from attending the royal nuptials at St. James's. It was indeed a most august spectacle. If, indeed, it had been only the spectacle and the procession which I could have seen, I should have had little curiosity; but the bishop, who has the management of the whole chapel, secured me a place with Mrs. Porteus so near the altar that I could hear every word distinctly. The royal bride behaved with great feeling and modesty; the Prince of Wirtemberg had also a very becoming solemnity in his behaviour. The king and queen wept, but took great pains to restrain themselves. As I looked at the sixteen handsome and magnificently dressed royals sitting round the altar, I could not help thinking how many plans were perhaps at that very moment forming for their destruction; for the bad news from Ireland had just arrived. They talk of the number of acknowledged malecontents being 150,000, but I believe not a large part of that number have arms. I forgot to say that the king gave his daughter away, and it was really very affecting. The archbishop read the service with great emphasis and solemnity. The newspapers will have described all the crape, and the foils, and the feathers, and the diamonds, &c. We were four hours in chapel.

Lord Orford's executors, Mrs. Damer and Lord Frederick Campbell, have sent me word they will return all my letters, which they have found carefully preserved. I am also applied to in form to consent to give up such of his letters to me as are fit for publication. I have told them how extremely careful I am as to the publication of letters, and that I cannot make any positive engagement; but if, when I get to Cowslip Green, I should find, on looking them over, that any are quite disencumbered of private history, private characters, &c., I probably shall not withhold those in my possession; but I am persuaded that after they are reduced as much as will be necessary, there will be little left for publication.

I dined one day at Admiral Gambier's (my kindly-attached friend with whom I spent so many pleasant days at Teston) to meet Sir Charles Middleton, who really brings a comfortable account of Mrs. Bouverie; and I begin to take hope about her.

The Morning Chronicle, and other *pious newspapers*, have laboured to throw such a stigma on the association for the better observation of Sunday, that the timid great are sheering off, and very few indeed have signed. It has, however, led to

so much talk and discussion on the subject, as to produce a very considerable effect; and a number of high people have said, that though they will not bind themselves in form, they will conform to the spirit of the resolution. I doubt, however, whether those who show a timidity so little creditable to them will do much. The Duchess-dowager of Beaufort, with her usual kindness to me, said, if I wished it, she would certainly sign; otherwise she thought such an old woman could add no credit to it; but I suggested that her high rank might attract others. Friday I dined at the Bishop of London's, and spent the evening at Gloucester House. I know not whether it comes under the act of treason, or misprision of treason, to go to a royal house in colours, for people are in such deep mourning as to wear black handkerchiefs and gloves. It is not, however, universal; for, at a small party on Saturday, at Mr. M. Montagu's, many were in colours. I met there Lord St. Helen's, Mr. King, the American minister, and others of that stamp.

I was much affected at the death of poor Mason. The Bishop of London was just reading us a sonnet he had sent him on his seventy-second birth-day, rejoicing in his unimpaired strength and faculties; it ended with saying that he had still a muse able to praise his Saviour and his God,—when the account of his death came. It was pleasing to find his last poetical sentiments had been so devout; I would that more of his writings had expressed the same strain of devotion, though I have no doubt of his having been piously disposed; but the Warburtonian school was not favourable to a devotional spirit. I used to be pleased with his turn of conversation, which was rather of a peculiar cast.

I have been meeting Mr. Smelt, who, at seventy-two, is come up to equip himself for entering into the military; there is patriotism for you! I dined yesterday with Mrs. Goodenough, the accomplished sister of the Speaker.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

Betchworth, Aug. 31, 1797.

My dear Mrs. More,

The conclusions you drew from the important article you saw in the newspapers respecting me and my movements were perfectly logical and just. They are strong symptoms of my being still an inhabitant of this tumultuous world; and the real fact is, that I am not only alive at this moment, but was so at the time you had the good fortune to meet with the entertaining paragraphs you have quoted. We had a very pleasant journey into Derbyshire. Ashborne itself (the little country town we went to) is of all others I ever saw the most beautiful in its appearance, especially as you approach it from the south. It is situated in a sweet valley, through which

runs the *River Dove* (so celebrated by Izaak Walton), and surrounded by a complete amphitheatre of verdant hills, and beyond them wild romantic mountains; and one especially, well known by the name of Thorp Cloud. The walks and rides on every side are endless, and perfectly enchanting, and within a circuit of five or six miles around it are several places of great note, and of a singular character, visited by all travellers, such as Dovedale, Matlock, &c. Upon the whole, I scarcely know any place in this island, except perhaps Ripon in Yorkshire, where I was educated, and lived in the early part of my life, where I would rather choose to retire, and spend the short remainder of my days in peace and solitude, if I knew how to disencumber myself of my present onerous magnificence.

After spending about a fortnight in this delicious country, we took our route homewards through Staffordshire, Warwickshire, &c., and on our way paid two visits, one to Mr. Gisborne, the other to Lord and Lady Harcourt. The former has a very handsome and delightful habitation in the very heart of Needwood Forest, a large tract of ground belonging to the crown, and abounding with all those rude and picturesque scenes which produced his "Walks in the Forest." He lives in a style of plentiful hospitality, without luxury or parade. The only magnificent thing I saw about his house was a most venerable-looking husbandman or bailiff, so strongly resembling the Prince of Wirtemberg, both in corpulence of person and openness and honesty of countenance, that I immediately dignified him with the name of his serene highness.

I am not sure whether you ever were at Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's residence, about six miles from Oxford. It is a place possessing great natural beauties, which have been very much improved by Browne, Whitehead, and Mason; the two last of whom lived a great deal together at Nuneham. Mason laid out the flower garden in excellent taste. It is one of the most perfect I have ever yet seen. In that garden Lord Harcourt is going to erect a cinerary urn, in memory of his friend Mason, in the true classical style; and on it will be inscribed a very pretty poetical elegy, by Lady Harcourt; which, I believe, you have not seen; and therefore I shall enclose a copy of it.

Accept Mrs. Porteus's kindest wishes for your better health, and be assured of the perfect regard and esteem with which

I am, my dear Mrs. More,
most affectionately yours,
B. LONDON.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, Dec. 27, 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,

This solemn and gracious season has a natural tendency to

bring more immediately before our eyes and heart those friends in whose happiness one is more particularly interested. Judge then, my dearest madam, if you are not among the foremost in my best wishes and hearty prayers, as well for those blessings which more particularly belong to this period as for those which are of all seasons.

I participate, my dear madam, in the satisfaction you must have felt at the august and solemn celebration at St. Paul's having gone off so quietly. Many hearts, I trust, were deeply affected on that day; and, thank God, among all our alarms, we have still the forty-sixth Psalm, Luther's favourite, on our side; and that, amid a too visible decay of piety, we do not yet formally worship reason, or deify liberty. I cannot help wishing, however, that while the suspended rod is mercifully withheld, we might seriously lay to heart the admonition held out to us by other countries.

Bath—gay, happy, inconsiderate Bath! bears no signs of the distress of the times: we go about all the morning lamenting the impending calamities, deploring the assessed taxes, and pleading poverty; and at night every place of diversion is overflowing, with a fulness unknown in former seasons; and as a proof that everybody is too rich to need to stay at home, there is not a lodging to be had in this whole quarter for love or money. Our quiet villages began to wear a very military aspect before I left the country: our most respectable neighbours were forming volunteer corps at their own expense; and the coast just below being one of the places which lie most open to invasion, gun-boats are stationed, and fortifications erected, under the command of General Rooke. It was a great satisfaction to see our poor so well disposed: they were so elated by Lord Duncan's victory, that they actually ran to the clergyman and said they were now willing to be taxed double. They have indeed borne their burthens with great patience, and are an example to the *talking* patriots!

H. More.

From Mrs. More to her sister.

Palace, Fulham, May 7, 1798.

I had a very quiet, pleasant visit at Mitcham, contrasting well with the scene I had quitted in town. Mr. Cecil was faithful as usual to his annual assignation. I did not enjoy much of poor Mr. Hoare's company; so occupied was he in arming and exercising. He rises at half-past four at Mitcham, trots off to town to be ready to meet at six the Fleet-street corps, performing their evolutions in the area of Bridewell, the only place where they can find sufficient space; then comes back to a late dinner, and as soon as it is over goes to his committees; after which, he has a sergeant to drill himself and his three sons on the lawn till it is dark.

Upon my arrival here, I found quite a conclave of bishops, Durham, London, Lincoln, with their ladies. The Bishop of Lincoln gave me the enclosed. It was the result of the Lambeth meeting, and I am glad it has a little checked the military ardour of the clergy; their number being only one, or at most two, in a parish, would have been too inconsiderable to have been of any great use; and it would have unhinged them from that more important station in which they may be incalculably more useful. While I think of it, desire Hazard to give you a parcel of the papers containing the texts which the Moravians give their people, inculcating duty to kings, and enclose me as many as a cover directed to the bishop will hold. The people are all in raptures at the arrival of that romantic hero Sir Sidney Smith; the bells rang as he passed through this place—I am glad when they can be pleased without mischief. The Bishop of Lincoln staid with us till Tuesday, only he stole off now and then to his old pupil,* and went down to Holwood with him on Saturday and Sunday, where the bishop says he is as eager about planting, and putting in *this* tree, and pulling up *that* hedge, and erecting *the other* seat, as if he had not a whole nation on his back. What is surprising, with his load of business, is, that he has contrived already to get through the three quartoes of Sir Robert Walpole, which he greatly likes: he says it is ill-written, but very interesting, and sets Sir Robert's character very high. The Bishop of London went yesterday to dine at Lambeth, and we ladies went to dine with Lady Cremorne, who gave me some religious generals for your collection. She came down stairs on Sunday at eight in the morning, and found Admiral C——, another admiral, and a general, with their Bibles, each separately in different parts of the room, and so at times all the day; it put me in mind of Sir Richard Hill. In the morning we had a visit from her royal highness of Gloucester, whom I had the honour of introducing at Fulham; the bishop and Mrs. Porteus were much pleased with her sweetness and good-humour.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

Broomfield, May 29, 1798.

On paying my respects the other day at Gloucester Lodge, I found the duchess had been reading Lord Orford's works, just published. The bishop and I began to tumble over the leaves, when among the first things I saw was my own hideous picture. I almost screamed; the duchess ran to see what was the matter, and was quite diverted at the discovery, for she did not know it. There had been no presents made of the work; indeed, as the copyright had been sold, it was not reasonable that any should expect so costly a present; I was therefore

* Mr. Pitt.

surprised yesterday to receive a note from Miss Berry, saying she desired my acceptance of this memorial of our late friend. I did not at all expect such a compliment. I believe I am the only living correspondent to whom any of the letters are addressed.

I have been reading the bishop's six lectures at St. James's, and his charge; all very good. I hope the latter will be printed, but that cannot be, until he has gone through the country part of his visitation, which he has been obliged to suspend, as the scene of it lies a good deal on the Essex coast, and he was informed that the people were so full of military ideas and the prospect of an invasion, that they would pay little attention to ecclesiastical orders. The publication of the American State Papers has afforded high entertainment, and it is thought will be of great use, by exposing the rapacity of the Directory to their friends as well as enemies.

May 31st.—Were you not all well-nigh out of your wits at Pitt's duel? We were all in the utmost consternation, especially poor Mr. Wilberforce. It was no small consolation to us all that he had borne his testimony against duelling so strongly in his book, previous to this shocking event. What a dreadful thing, that a life of such importance should be risked (or indeed any life at all) on the miserable notion of false honour! To complete the horror, too, they chose a Sunday!

I have been strongly tempted to go round by Mongewell and Oxford on my way home, as the Bishop of Durham has been very urgent with me: indeed, I feel it would have been a right thing, as the bishop and I should have conferred together upon some important points; but this I found would break in upon another week; and Mrs. Kennicott, with whom I proposed going, has changed her plan.

Mr. Wilberforce is just come from the House, and, to my great joy, tells me he has given notice that he shall make a motion for some measures to be taken to put a stop to the impious and detestable practice of duelling. It is a bold step. May God grant it success! Everybody here is much pleased with the flourishing account you give of our schools. Mrs. C—— has been in to see me, and I have been rating her about her equipments, but she says she dresses on the Cheap Repository plan; and if we will commend people so much for being notable and patched, it is very hard to scold them for following one's directions. Having little to say, and no time to say it in, I will enclose for your amusement a letter from Mr. H. T., as it gives a pleasing account of the improving prospects of the slave-trade business. Adieu.

H. M.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

St. James's Square, 1798.

MY DEAR MADAM,

If I may believe your own handwriting, it is now near twenty years since I heard from you; for your last letter is dated Nov. 16, 1779. I am therefore extremely anxious to hear how you have been,—what you have been doing,—and what wonderful events have passed under your observation during this long space of time. You must have been witness to a great variety of interesting scenes, must have seen a great number of wars, negotiations, and revolutions,—must have beheld kingdoms and republics alternately destroyed and set up—must have lost many old friends, and gained many new ones; must have travelled much farther than Ulysses, Anacharsis, or Captain Cook,—read through all the large libraries in Europe, and published many millions of excellent books and tracts. You will therefore have the goodness in your next to give me a short compendious history of your life and adventures during the last twenty years; and if you will allow me also to publish it, I have no doubt that it will pass through more editions than Mr. Erskine's pamphlet on the war, and enable me to pay my assessed taxes without the least difficulty.—As for myself, so incessant have been my occupations, and so rapid the succession of my ideas, that what appears from your letter to be a period of almost twenty years has seemed to me to be little more than two months; and such is the extreme velocity with which these ideas have passed through my mind that they have left no traces behind them, and I can recollect nothing that is worth relating to you; all that occurs to me at present is that we passed ten weeks very comfortably and quietly at Fulham, and that in the course of that time Lord Duncan, Mr. Duncan, Lady Jane, and several other lords and ladies honoured my little chapel at Fulham with their presence. Lord Duncan's behaviour throughout the whole service was edifying and devout.

We have been removed to this place about a fortnight, and have seen most of our very intimate friends; Lord and Lady Cremorne have been remarkably well till within this week, when they have caught London colds, and gone to nurse them a few days in the country. Mrs. Carter, in her eightieth year, is looking quite blooming and beautiful, and seems to enjoy better health and to suffer less pain than for several years past. I wish we could hear the same good accounts of you; but there have been evil reports about you, which have alarmed and grieved us not a little, and indeed compelled me to write and inquire after you sooner than I otherwise should have done, having not yet struggled through that load of business which always overwhelms me at my first coming to town.

You see the king has given 20,000*l.* to the subscription at the

bank; but the subscription goes on at present but slowly; still I think it will ultimately succeed, and gradually extend itself to *all* ranks of people, which is very much to be desired, for it is *numbers* more than large sums of a few individuals that must render it considerable. I was at the bank on Saturday to contribute my own quota, and saw several lady-subscribers, and even servants sending small sums collected among themselves, from ten to fifteen pounds. This example I hope will spread, for it appears to me of infinite consequence to the security of this country that this subscription should rise to a very large amount. Part of "Will Chip," or a similar pamphlet under a different name, might be of infinite service on this occasion, and might spread the subscription like wild-fire through the kingdom in a moment. Pray *do* try; if I were at Bath I should once more exert my powers of persuasion. You must not plead bad health, and I hope you *cannot*. You well know that the more aching your head is, the brighter is your imagination —that the vigour of your mind is in an inverse ratio to the strength of your body; and that the more cracks there are in your constitution, the stronger is the blaze of genius that bursts through them · without a joke, I am confident that at this moment your pen might work wonders, and perhaps contribute, under Providence, to save your country.

Pray relieve us by a single line from the fears we really entertain respecting your health, and accept the sincerest esteem and affection of

Your friend,

B. LONDON.

From the same to the same.

Fulham, June, 1798.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE,

You are by this time, I hope, safely lodged at Cowslip Green, and are enjoying the delightful rains which succeeded the intense heat you experienced here. The weather has undergone as complete a revolution as if it was just come from Paris. I meant to have begun mowing to-morrow, but now it must be postponed till—I do not know when.

I had a letter from Mason some little time before his death, in which he said he would make no addition to any of his poems, which he affirmed were of the true lyric dimensions, and could not be mended. He therefore recommended that whichever you chose should be formed into a penny or halfpenny posy. He thought "Patient Joe" admirable, and that it contained the best part of dramatic excellence, an unexpected and happy catastrophe. He proposed for it the tune of the "Miller of Mansfield"—"How happy a state does the miller possess."

Believe me, yours ever,

B. LONDON.

From the same to the same.

Fulham, 1798.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE,

Since you went from hence, we have made a considerable progress in the late Lord Orford's works, and have been alternately entertained and offended, pleased and disgusted. His original vein of playful humour and pleasantry runs through the whole, but it is mingled with a much larger proportion of profaneness and indelicacy than I should have expected, from the casual intercourse and conversation which I have had with him, in which he was always decent and correct. I am sorry to say that he omits no opportunity of burlesquing Scripture, religion, and the clergy. On my friend Archbishop Secker he is particularly severe, so much so that it is my resolution not to pass it over without notice in some way or other. Half of the letters which fill the fifth volume might have been omitted, as trifling and uninteresting. Those to you are, I think, without comparison, the best, and I wish they had printed the whole. If they had done this, and omitted a large part of the rest, and all the indecent and irreligious pieces, which are but few and short, with all the incidental passages, which are indelicate or profane, it would have been an inoffensive and amusing book. As it is, it will shock the good, and encourage the bad. When you come to read it, you will confirm my verdict by your own. In less than a fortnight, I think, we shall finish all we intend to read, and it shall then be conveyed to you with another small book that has just been sent here for you.

We are now in the midst of our hay, and a most delightful season we have had for it. Hitherto not a drop of rain, and all the appearance of a continuance of fine weather.

Mr. Pitt has been very seriously ill, but is now, thank God, recovering. We wait with anxiety for news from Ireland (where the rebellion seems by no means quelled), and from Lord St. Vincent and the Toulon fleet. God grant it may be good! Our best and kindest wishes, and thanks for your visit, attend you. Compliments to your sisters.

Ever yours,
Very sincerely and affectionately,
B. LONDON.

From Mr. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The subject for which you desire some hints is no doubt one of great importance, but perhaps what Robinson has said upon it, added to what may be found in Chapone on Conversation, may be thought to have nearly exhausted it. What I wished

you to insist upon principally, is the very extensive influence which your sex might have on ours by an active and judicious use of every fair opportunity to discountenance vice, and encourage the profession of virtuous principles. I judge of the good they might do, by the mischief which I see is produced in the minds of young men, as well as young women, by inattention (to say no worse) in those whose opinions are considered as of weight, either from the rank which they hold in the fashionable world, or as distinguished for talents and understanding. I cannot but think, that if many a young and beautiful woman could be made to see in a strong point of light, the extent of her influence either to do good or to do evil, it might awaken the consciences of some to exert themselves in the cause of virtue, and deter others from affording that countenance to vice, which is given by discovering too plainly, that it is not wholly disagreeable to those who in words profess themselves the patronesses of virtue. These observations would apply, I think, still more strongly to religion than morality, and perhaps, if it could be fully known to your sex how little amiable an *esprit fort* appears even to the profligate in ours, it might operate as a check to a certain habitual persiflage (as the French call it) which pervades the conversation of some ladies in other respects highly amiable. As this subject has often engaged my attention, I have seen with concern the progress which this turn of mind will make in a very short time; nay, I could tell you some of the watchwords by which I have observed the first indications of it. Observe only, whether after you have heard a lady begin to speak of the clergy under the appellation of the *parsons*, you do not in a short time hear Christianity spoken of as *a particular system*, &c. If this sort of language and conduct were used only by women whose characters were decidedly vicious, though still admitted into society, it would be of far less importance; but I fear it will be found that too many give into it, who would be sorry to find themselves upon the list of the enemies, either of religion or morality. No one who does not enter into the feelings of a young man, can conceive how much less formidable the ridicule of all the *men* in the world would be than that of the *women* with whom he happens to be acquainted; and I dare say, if a man had worked himself up from a sense of religion to that high pitch of heroism which would be necessary to decline the risk of murder in fighting a duel, he would be still in the utmost danger of relapsing into the usual pusillanimity on such occasions, were it to be represented to him, that no woman would hereafter receive him but with contempt. It would therefore be a considerable addition to the great and extensive good done by your writings, if you could impress upon the minds of our fair countrywomen that their sphere of doing good is far more extensive than they imagine.

God bless you in this and every other exertion of your admirable talents to serve and please him.

Yours most affectionately,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

August 15, 1798.

I have been wishing to write to you to thank you for sending the Dykes, whom we much liked. He preached at Cheddar, and dropped a word after P——'s sermon at night. I have many things to say, partly in answer to your very kind and encouraging letter, which served to strengthen my faith and cheer my spirits—partly to tell you of our goings on, and chiefly to inquire after your wife and son; but I must defer all I have to tell you till I am better able to say it, and confine myself to say a word on the great mercies of God to myself. I went last week to Wedmore, the new place, and believe I spent too much time in a damp half-finished house* which we are about taking, giving directions to have it finished to our purpose.

I was attacked with one of my violent spasms in my head on the Saturday night, so that I could not go with the Dykes the Sunday round, but Patty did. This pain continued almost intolerable during two days and two nights, and left my nerves in a high state of irritation. On Monday, being alone, I fell down from the place where I was sitting in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone wall, and lay a very long time without giving any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon have suffocated me,—with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. It was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity, no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God, and what would poor Patty do by herself? I am so disfigured you would scarcely know me, but I am full of gratitude; for though my eyes make me look a perfect Mrs. Mendoza, yet the sight is safe, and had not my face received the bruises, my scull must have been fractured; you will be glad to hear that my mind has been very calm, and that I felt that this visitation was in mercy. I write this, two or three lines at a time, and cannot see to read it; but the bruises, though very bad, are nothing, they will in time disappear; but I must try to get my nerves in a better way. I have a dull pain in my head, which is very unpleasant. I must just tell you that we have kept possession of the pulpit at Wedmore ever since, and sent one of our own clergy every Sunday to

* One of her schools.

keep up the attention to our plan. Last Sunday, Drewitt preached an hour; after he had finished, the clerk got up and said, "The parish are desired to meet next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are coming to set up a school."

Bold Drewitt, nothing dismayed, stood up instantly in the pulpit, and said, "And on Sunday next, the parish are desired to meet the ladies, who intend opening the school at nine o'clock;" but I now doubt if I shall be able; it will be a hard-run contest; and whether John Barrow or Hannah More will be the successful candidate I have not the least idea.

My love to Mrs. W. and Mrs. K. I have the comfort of being sure of your prayers.

God bless you,
H. More.

P.S.—Pray observe, that Barrow is he who was afraid his ploughmen would be made saints, and whose wife is the fatalist.

From the Rev. John Newton to Mrs. H. More.

December 12, 1798.

My very dear Madam,

Miss Lambert told me last night that you had been very ill, and were at present but slowly recovering; but another lady gave me hopes to-day that it was a mistake. I well know that fame, with her hundred mouths, tells a hundred fibs, and I can give little credit to rumours till I see them confirmed in the gazette. However, as it is some time since I indulged myself in the pleasure of writing to you, I embrace this occasion, in hope that some of these days you may find leisure to inform me, under your own hand, how you and your good sisters are.

Fame has been busy about me likewise. It has been said by some, that I had had three successive fits; by others that I was confined by a fever; and some thought proper to affirm that I was dead. I compare the art of spreading rumours to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed. My health and spirits have been, and still are, as good as ever; but on the twenty-third of last month I found, by repeated falls while I was dressing myself, that the strength of my left leg was withdrawn. For three or four days I could not walk across the room without support. I kept house the Sunday following. This was the wire of the pin, all the additions were invented or conjectured. It is my happiness to have a praying people, and I ascribe it to the Lord's goodness, in answer to the prayers of my friends, that a blessing attended the means used for my relief, and I was

only kept one day from St. Mary's. I really thought at first it might be the Lord's pleasure to confine me to the house for the rest of my days, that I might myself try to practise the lessons of patience and resignation to the will of God which I have often recommended to others from the pulpit. I may thank him that such a prospect did not distress me. I was enabled to see and to feel that I am not my own; that he who bought me with his blood has a right to dispose of me, and to say, Go here, or sit there, as he sees best; and farther, that his sovereign authority is combined with infinite mercy, and that He has promised to choose and manage far better for me than I could choose for myself if permitted. I aimed and still aim to say from my heart, *what*, *when*, and *how* thou wilt. My sins and follies banished me to the house of bondage in Africa, where I was the scorn and pity of slaves. From thence He redeemed me when I knew him not,—when I defied him. He has since given me a name and a place among his children. My case has been singular.

Surely he has done enough to demand and to warrant the simple surrender of myself and my all to him. And now I am old and know not the day of my death, my chief solicitude and prayer is, that my decline in life may be consistent with my character and profession as a Christian and a minister, that it may not be stained with those infirmities which have sometimes clouded the latter days even of good men. May he preserve me from a garrulous and from a dogmatical spirit; from impatience, peevishness, and jealousy. If called to depart or to be laid aside, may I retire like a thankful guest from a plentiful table, rejoicing that others are coming forward to serve him, I hope better, when I can serve him in this life no more; and then, at length, when flesh and blood are fainting, if he will deign to smile upon me, I shall smile upon death. This is all I have to ask for my own personal concern, and to this purpose I request a remembrance in your prayers. I will repay you as I am able in the same way. It is a serious thing to die, and it becomes me now, far in my seventy-fourth year, to think seriously of it. Through mercy I can contemplate the transition without dismay. But I well know that if this last enemy, or rather to a believer, this kind messenger, should actually approach, unless the Lord supported me I should prove a coward; though now, while I am in health, and quietly smoking my pipe, and he seems at a distance, I can think, write, or speak of him without anxiety. There is a dying strength needful to bear up the soul in a dying hour. The Lord has said, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and "My grace is sufficient for thee." On these good words I would humbly rely, for indeed in myself I am nothing, and can do nothing, and without his gracious influence I am alike unfit to die or to live.

My dear brother Cecil is thought to be in a dangerous way,

that is, in danger of exchanging earth for heaven. The physicians judge it to be an inaccessible disorder in an intestine. The effect is a violent and almost incessant pain in the back and loins. He cannot remain long in one posture, neither stand, walk, or lie down without a change. But his mind is peaceful and resigned. It is a heavy blow upon his people, and heavily felt; but I do not give him up. Much prayer is made for him, and though physicians shake their heads, and medicines seem to fail, we know who can restore him by a word. "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." His life seems to us very important: and if we know what we ask, the Lord will raise him up. If otherwise, he can give us submission to his will, which is always wise and good. Though useful ministers are successively removed, the Lord is still with us. There is a pleasing prospect of a number of young men, who, we hope, will prove faithful and able in the established church. This is a token for good in these turbulent and degenerate times. The Lord has still a remnant among us, scattered up and down the land like salt, who mourn for their sins and the sins of others. Without these, our nation would be soon in a state of putrefaction. But, for their sakes, and in answer to their prayers, Almighty God has given us a great victory by Admiral Nelson, and has since disconcerted the designs of the French upon Ireland. The religion which alone can save the state, is now reproached and stigmatized by a name which, though undefined, has a magical force: and I believe there are those who would be well content if all who profess it were safely settled in New Holland. So the inhabitants of Sodom were weary of Lot, though the destruction of their city was only retarded by his continuance in it, and the very day when he was removed they all perished.

The afternoon lectureship of St Giles-in-the-Fields is vacant. The candidate most likely to have the majority of votes is a Mr. Sheppard, who was some time Mr. Cadogan's curate at Reading. The Bishop of Chichester is rector of the parish; and we are told that he inquired his character of the Bishop of London, who had no knowledge of him. I was desired to write to the bishop; but this was a liberty I did not think myself warranted to take; though his lordship has upon several occasions given me pleasing proofs of his favourable opinion; and I have little doubt but he would credit my testimony if it came properly before him. But if you, my dear madam, when you write to him, should choose to mention Mr. Sheppard's application as a piece of the news of the day, and that your correspondent J. N. assured you that he has known Mr. S. several years, and believes him to be an upright moderate man, a good and diligent preacher, and a firm friend to our constitution in church and state, it might, perhaps, have a good effect towards fixing such a man in a pulpit, where the afternoon congregation is between two and three thousand. To say that

Mr. S. is unprovided for, and that the income of the lectureship would be helpful to the maintenance of his family, are considerations of a very inferior importance.

I am again in the press; when I shall get out of it depends on Mr. Bensley, the printer. When I was at Southampton this autumn, I finished a work, which, though but a small one, and began three or four years ago, I should never have finished at home,—my engagements and interruptions are so many. I think it will come abroad early in next year, under the title of "Memoirs of the Life of the late W. Grimshaw;" he was an extraordinary man; he was removed to a better world in the year 1763; but I have been enabled to glean up several authentic particulars, which, I think, are worthy of being recorded, to the praise of him whose he was, and whom he served. I have given the book, wholly and for ever, to the Society for the Relief of the Poor and Pious Clergy. And I believe I may call this my "*extremum laborem.*" I am sometimes almost ashamed to think I have written so much. This book will make the twelfth volume in duodecimo; yet it has pleased God to give some of my publications acceptance with the people, and therefore I have cause to be thankful. They have been spread far and wide, published in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, and in the German and Low Dutch languages. How wonderful that he should so honour the African blasphemer! But there is a time to write, and a time to desist from writing. I may say, as the late Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, said to me, "I cannot do as I wish, nor as I have done. The shadows of the evening are advancing upon me. But while I can use my pen or my tongue, I know who has a right to their service." If ever I see Mendip again, it must be by a bird's-eye view from the higher hill of Zion above. But I trust I shall at intervals recollect with pleasure the happy week I passed at Cowslip Green, while I can remember any thing.

May you and all the ladies accept my repeated thanks for all the kindness I have received from you, and if we never all meet together in the flesh, I hope we shall often meet at a throne of grace while upon earth, and hereafter before the throne of glory, and join in the songs of unceasing praise "to him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

I am most sincerely,
Your affectionate and much obliged,
JOHN NEWTON.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Bath, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I thought we never parted in any spring with resolutions of

doing better; and it is clear that in no summer have we ever done worse. Indeed I did not wait till you "spoke first," but rather until I could find an opportunity of speaking. I have been unconsciously worked and harassed this year, and have seldom had less ability to bear it. My illness was a fainting away, brought on by acute headaches; and, being alone, I fell down and dashed my face with great violence against a stone wall. Providentially some one soon came to me, or, from the posture in which I fell, I must have been suffocated. My face was greatly bruised, and I still bear the marks; but happily, my face received the blows; had the back part of my head received them, it must have fractured my scull. The pains in my head continued, without any interval, for several weeks; but I thank God I am now restored to nearly my old state, that is, I have them only about two or three times in a week. Though I have been boasting of this improved condition of health, our dear friend Wilberforce did not think it a thing to be boasted of; and he, having been down with his wife to pass a few days with me at Cowslip Green, has brought me away almost by force, to take a short course of the waters, while the weather is mild, preparatory to my drinking them, when we come to settle for the winter. So I am staying with him for ten days or a fortnight.

As to my book, about which you inquire, I have had too little leisure to devote to it, and it stood almost quite still, from illness, for near six weeks; I have, however, made a considerable progress in it; so that I hope I shall get it off my hands in the winter. I ought not to expect it to be popular, for besides many faults, it has the capital one of attacking the reigning system of manners and education, so that it must necessarily give offence to many.

I feel it rather base in myself to steal off and leave poor Patty to work double tides. We have in hand a new and very laborious undertaking, on account of its great distance from home. But the object appeared to me so important, that I did not feel myself at liberty to neglect it. It is a parish, the largest in our county or diocess, in a state of great depravity and ignorance. The opposition I have met with in endeavouring to establish an institution for the religious instruction of these people would excite your astonishment. The principal adversary is a farmer of 1000*l.* a-year, who says, the lower class are *fated* to be wicked and ignorant, and that as wise as I am I cannot alter what is *decreed*. He has laboured to ruin the poor curate for favouring our cause, and says, he shall not have a workman to obey him, for I shall make them all as wise as himself. In spite of this hostility, however, which far exceeds any thing I have met with, I am building a house, and taking up things on such a large scale, that you must not be surprised if I get into jail for debt (even should I escape it for my irregular proceedings, which is the most to be feared);

as notwithstanding the kind and generous legacy of my dear and lamented Mrs. Bouverie, my schemes will suffer greatly by her death, as her purse was my sure resort in all difficulties. Providence, I trust, will carry me through the business of this new undertaking; for, in spite of the active malevolence we experience, I have brought already between three and four hundred under a course of instruction: the worst part of the story is, that thirty miles there and back is a little too much these short days; and when we get there, our house has as yet neither windows nor doors; but if we live till next summer, things will mend, and in so precarious a world as this is, a winter was not to be lost! It rather brings about some of our worldly clergy in two or three parishes, when they see that we labour strenuously to attach our people to the state as well as to the church.

All lights and laurels and ringing and singing here! What blessed victories! O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness!

Yours truly,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

London, 1798.

I have at last accomplished one quiet day with Mrs. Boscawen. I greatly feared I should have gone out of town without it, which I should have thought a grievous thing. She is still very weak, and I was so glad to see her once more, that I staid with her till 11 o'clock, nor was my fidelity shaken, though I had an invitation to Mrs. Montagu's and Gloucester House.

Yesterday I dined with Lord Kenyon, the Bishop of Lincoln, and some others, at our good bishop's in St. James's Square.

H. More.

To the same.

London, 1798.

I wound up my adventures royally last night by passing the evening at Gloucester House. Nothing could be more pleasant, lively, and kind, than the duchess and Princess Sophia; the former gave me a quantity of worsted of her own spinning, for us to knit for the poor. She is much amused with the Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and wanted to lend them me, but I could not venture to attack three formidable quartoes on the last day of my stay. It is an entertaining work, and restores in some degree the character of this famous minister, whom it has been the fashion to attack, and to whom scarcely common justice has ever been done before. Every one speaks highly of this work. Old Lord Mendip, and those who lived

at that period, are particularly pleased with it.—So much for the father: the son's works, alas! came out last week.

Lord Frederick Campbell carried Lord Orford's little picture of me to the Bishop of London, and asked him if he thought it would make a tolerable likeness. The bishop, of course, said no. Lady Jones has seen the engraving, and says it is well done. I am sure I took pains enough to prevent its being done at all; but I cannot help it.

H. More.

Mrs. Hannah More had by this time entirely withdrawn herself from her multifarious intercourse with her friends in London, and contented herself with residing two months in each year in its neighbourhood; dividing her time between her friends Mrs. Garrick, Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, Mr. H. Thornton, Mr. Hoare, and some few others. She likewise made an annual visit to Lord Barham, for one month, during many years; and was frequently at the house of the Bishop of Durham at Mongewell.

This year, 1798, was solemnized to her soul by much spiritual communion, and much self examination, which issued in a series of pious meditations, holy resolutions, earnest supplications for inward strength, and self-abasing avowals of conscious weakness, the following extracts from which no Christian with a humble heart can read without feeling his acquaintance with himself improved, his sympathies engaged, and his better part enlarged, elevated, and confirmed.

January 1, 1798.—Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day Lord, I am spared, while others are cut off. Let me now dedicate myself to thee with a more entire surrender than I have ever yet made.

I resolve, by the grace of God, to be more watchful over my temper. 2dly. Not to speak rashly or harshly. 3dly. To watch over my thoughts—not to indulge in vain, idle, resentful, impatient, worldly imaginations. 4thly. To strive after closer communion with God. 5thly. To let no hour pass without lifting up my heart to Him through Christ. 6thly. Not to let a day pass without some thought of death. 7thly. To ask myself every night when I lie down, am I fit to die? 8thly. To labour to do and to suffer the whole will of God. 9thly. To cure my over-anxiety, by casting myself on God in Christ.

Sunday, January 7.—I will *confess* my sins.—*Repent* of them.—Plead the atonement.—Resolve to love God and Christ.—Implore the aid of the Spirit for light, strength, and direction.—Examine if these things are done.—Be humbled for my failures.—Watch and pray.

Through death the Christian's soul goes to—1st. Perfect purity. 2dly. Fulness of joy. 3dly. Everlasting freedom.

4thly. Perfect rest. 5thly. Health and fruition. 6thly. Complete security. 7thly. Substantial and eternal good.

Sunday, January 21.—Up late last night—much harassed all the week by worldly company. My temper hurt—heart secularized. I had looked forward to a peaceful Sunday—instead of this an acute headache. Spent the day in bed—little devotion—no spirituality. Could not even *think* at all. Had an hour's talk with Mr. Wilberforce—had reason to bless God that in my present difficulties, this wise Christian friend was at hand to counsel and comfort me. Lord, grant that my many religious advantages may never appear against me. Many temptations this week to vanity. My picture asked for two publications. Dedications—flattery without end. God be praised, I *was not* flattered, but vexed—twenty-four hours' headache makes one see the vanity of all this! Am I tempted to vanity? let me call to mind what shining friends I have lost this year—eminent each in his different way, yet he that is least in the kingdom of grace is greater than either.

I resolved, at the beginning of the year, to pray at least twice a week, separately for the country, in this time of danger, independently of the petitions offered up in my other prayers.

Sunday, January 28.—I indulge too much in the thought, how much better I might be if I had fewer interruptions; more opportunity of vital preachers, more pious friends, less worldly company. There is great self-deceit in all this. Am I praying against these disadvantages? Do I make the most of the rest of my time? Lord, assist me to do so, and to bear patiently what I dislike. This week I have watched my words more, but not sufficiently my thoughts. * * * * Heard of John Wilkes's death—awful event! talents how abused! Lord, who hath made *me* to differ; but for thy grace I might have blasphemed thee like him. In early youth I read Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. I am a monument of mercy not to have made shipwreck of my faith.

February 2.—My birth-day. Lord, grant I may never have cause to say, "It were good for me had I never been born." Lord, forgive the sins of my youth—they have pressed on me this day. Blot them from thy book, and give me grace to subdue my remaining corruptions. O how strong!

* * * Preparing for London. Oh! that I were as anxious to forget nothing relating to the next world as I am to omit nothing I shall want in this journey.

Heard —— preach—elegant language,—earnest and bold, but nothing to the heart; no food for perishing sinners. Lord, send more labourers into thy vineyard! Increase the number of those who preach Christ Jesus, and salvation through him only.

Sunday, February 25.—Came last night to Fulham Palace. Lord, while I admire these Christian friends, let me not over-

rate any child of man. Christ is *all*. Oh, for a fuller persuasion of this!

Teston, March 1,—Arrived here on Monday—seriously ill all the way. How many suffer painful journeys, who find no rest for the sole of the foot at night—but I rest with kind Christian friends, and find every comfort and alleviation. Several bad nights—violent cough—not comforted by religious, but tormented by worldly thoughts. Oh, for a sanctified suffering! Merciful Father, withdraw not thy heavy hand until thy work of sanctification is done on my soul.

* * While attending on the dying-bed of Mrs. —— I did not feel my heart properly affected. Oh, that I may lay to heart this lesson of mortality! Lord, prepare me for this state of pain, weakness, imbecility, if it be thy will I should pass through it. She is dead. I too must die. Oh! that I could learn to die daily; and then I should look without fear to the dark valley which lies before me.

March 25.—Tempted to be warm in politics. Under the mask of religion, I fear I indulge my own humours and resentments. I would learn of Him who was meek and lowly. I cannot fix my thoughts intently on death, according to my resolution. Death advances, but I do not advance in my preparation for it.

Monday, April 2.—My attention has not wandered so much as usual, but my heart has not been deeply touched. I am about to leave this place. Lord, forgive what I have neglected to do, and what I have done, and if any little good has been done by me, be pleased graciously to accept it, and forgive its imperfection. Mrs. B—— gave me largely for my poor. Lord, bless her, and make all her bed in her sickness! Strengthen her faith. Remove the prejudices that impede her comforts. Support her through life. Be her support in death, and if we never meet again here, grant that we may meet in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

London, Sunday, April 15.—I have been a week here—hurried—worldly—with little serious reading—less serious thoughts, except when I lie awake in the night: this is often a comfortable time with me—the world shut out—my conscience is more tender—my memory more quick in bringing my sins before me. My temper sorely tried. Yesterday, I was tempted to anger—to-day I bore the provocation. Teach me to subdue all anger, Lord, and not to think I am helping thy cause when I am angry. Oh, that I could learn of Him who was meek and lowly! Had a little serious talk with the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Amherst, and the Duchess of Beaufort. Lord, let me be no mean respecter of persons, but make me valiant for thy truth.

Sunday, 29.—Had a bad headache all day—nothing done for God—in pain my religion vacillates; I trust I am tolerably patient and resigned; yet not as becomes a disciple of the

suffering Jesus. This week has been nearly passed in visiting —little reading or seriousness—a few occasions, indeed, were snatched to talk seriously to young Christians, and I bore my testimony pretty strongly in company with some learned skeptics. At another time too much carried away with the pleasure of talking on mere subjects of taste—have taken too much pains to shine, and too much pleasure to hear my taste commended on the subject of French literature. Spent three days at Mitcham—felt the joy of pious society. I fear I do not profit enough when I get with pious people—it evaporates in self-satisfied feelings and serious talk, without reaching the heart.

I feel full of schemes of charity—of doing good—of promoting God's glory—of writing for usefulness, not fame; yet I take little comfort in these evidences, because I do not feel the love of Christ constraining me.

Sunday, May 20.—My journal stopped a fortnight—busy in getting forward my "Strictures on Education."

This week has been too much spent in receiving visits from the great. Lord, preserve me from these temptations to vanity. Oh! let me feel more and more that I am a miserable sinner!

May 21.—A present of Lord Orford's work—my picture in the book—I laboured to hinder it. Lord, keep me from self-sufficiency, and humble me under a deep sense of the emptiness of earthly honours; he had all *this* world could give—great, witty, brilliant—of how little importance are these things now! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Grant me this purity, and an utter indifference to fame, and deadness to the world.

June 4.—Much painful feeling at Pitt's duel. Lord, show these *wise* men the gospel, that in thy light they may see light, for without that the wisest sit in darkness.

Sunday, June 10.—Went to Nailsea.—Lord, fill my heart with gratitude for the blessings of this day. Found all flourishing. One hundred and forty children—taught the Scriptures to three poor young colliers.

Many strangers came to see me this week. I bless God this raised in me no vanity; nor did a flattering history of me in a public print; I desire "*that* honour which cometh from God only."

Sunday, August 26.—By the mercy of God I am permitted to write once more. Lord, grant that my life, thus graciously spared, may be spent more vigorously to thy glory.—On the 13th, after two days' severe headache, fell down in a violent fit, dashed my face against the wall, and lay long seemingly dead, much bruised and disfigured; have lain by above a fortnight almost useless; violent pains in my head, loss of sleep. Grant, Lord, that as my outward man decays, I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind. I have lost all this time from

my book, and have redeemed too little of it by serious thought. Oh! for that happy state where is neither sorrow nor crying!

A fresh proof of human depravity has, I hope, brought me nearer to God. I have been driven nearer to Him, and have had more comfort in prayer; but still I am not enough renewed in the spirit of my mind. Lord, perfect what is lacking in my faith and love, and let me "possess my soul in patience." Refine my zeal, purify my motives, lead me to act with a holy simplicity, leaving the event to Thee who doest all things well. Oh, for purer, holier converse! more disentanglement from the world! more heavenly meditation.

Saturday, September 22.—Head seldom free from pain.—Pain does not yet purify my heart, though my gracious Father purposes it for that end.—Lord, sanctify pain to me: make me as willing to *suffer* thy will as to *do* it.—Company *every* day,—*all* day; chiefly good people; but so much company unspiritualizes my mind, and swallows up time.—Book goes on slowly.—Cheap Repository is closed.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" that I have been spared to accomplish that work! Do thou, O Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many, and if it do good, may I give to thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects. I have devoted three years to this work. Two millions of these tracts disposed of during the first year,—God works by weak instruments, to show that the glory is all his own.

Sunday, September 30.—Have had more communion with God lately—especially in the night-watches. Thoughts more called off from worldly things, and less vexed by disappointments; still I find it hard to fix my mind on God and eternity by day; I had rather *work* for God than *meditate* on him; yet this divine communion is the work of heaven, and how shall I be prepared but by this?

Sunday, November 19.—Returned from Bath in an improved state of health, as I thought; but health being doubtless not good for me, had a return of my headache. I might turn the time lost from more active duties to good account, by secret communion with my God and Saviour; but alas! this is too little the case—partly, indeed, that the intense pain in my head deprives me of the free exercise of thought, and gives an involuntary gloom and depression to my spirits, but more, I fear, from a habit of not sufficiently watching over my thoughts at other times. It is a grievous truth that I am in general least religious when I am sick.—Lord, do thou give me grace to improve these seasons!

December 2.—Vain thoughts discompose my own mind, and evil tempers show me the emptiness of that flattery with which I am at times overwhelmed. Lord, I hope I can say that I derive little pleasure from such praises, while my heart tells me how little I deserve them.—I compare myself with the purity of thy law, and then I see my own sinfulness too plainly

to be pleased by flattering words.—Heard of a silly and humiliating history of myself just published, and can truly say it gave me little or no mortification; nor did I feel any desire to contradict it.

Sunday, December 23.—Ill above a week with violent cough —blistered, &c.—by the grace of God I am resigned to pain; but my thoughts, which ought at such times to be devoted to heavenly things, are not always in my own power—they wander amid the vanities and cares of earth, instead of being directed straight forward to the goal to which I am tending. Lord, raise my grovelling affections to thyself—disperse these earthly vapours which obscure my faith—increase my desires after that world where sin and sorrow will be done away!

An awful dispensation! the curate of —— visited with sudden blindness for three days—It seems to have been a supernatural awakening.—Lord, do thou perfect this work; do thou call this man out of darkness to thy marvellous light, for his own sake, and the sake of those many souls over whom he is set!

Heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Cecil—Lord, I bless thee that thou hast enabled this faithful servant to bear his agonies as a Christian, and that his sufferings have not slackened his faith. Raise him up, if it be thy will, for farther usefulness; but if not, sustain him in his last conflict, and enable him to bear his dying testimony to thy faithfulness and truth; and do thou supply his place so that his people shall not miss his services.

December 31.—I am now, by the great mercy of God, brought to the end of another year. Lord, enable me to consider this mercy as I ought to do, and do thou strengthen my memory to recollect the numberless favours I have received at thy hands during the course of it. Enable me to call to mind my trials, and to lament my sins of the past year. Lord, forgive whatever fresh guilt I have contracted. O wash me clean in the blood of the everlasting covenant; forgive whatever I have done amiss—whatever I have neglected to do.—Supply all my wants out of thine abundant mercies.—Strengthen my weakness, subdue my pride, heal my self-love, root out my evil tempers, deliver me from open anger, secret resentments, and discontents; deliver me from myself, from the corruptions of my own evil heart, from the suggestions of unbelief; and do thou sanctify to me the mercies and deliverances of the past year.—Thou hast preserved my colleague and myself from many dangers.—Thou hast preserved our going out and our coming in at unseasonable hours.—Thou hast carried us through much labour of body and much anxiety of mind.—Thou hast blest in no common degree our unworthy labours in thy cause—thou hast in some degree owned our endeavours.

CHAPTER XI.

About this time, 1799, the "Strictures on Female Education," issued from the pen of Hannah More; her third ethical publication in prose, and one of the most powerful pieces of her artillery, from whose calibre were sent those bolts which shattered the towers and arsenals of fashionable abuses and follies. The testimonies which were borne to the value of this admirable performance were so numerous, that room can only be spared for a comparatively small part of them. A few of them shall be offered to the reader, who will not be sorry to see spread before him some specimens of cordial and well-deserved eulogy, proceeding from a variety of distinguished persons, and bearing the impress of their several peculiarities of phrase and sentiment.

From Mrs. Carter to Mrs. H. More.

1799.

My dear Friend,

It must have appeared very strange, that I have not sooner thanked you for your kind and most valuable present; but indeed, through my almost continual headaches, which have affected my spirits, I have found writing a difficult task. To you who are secure of the approbation of angels, human applause is of small consequence; but you must be pleased for the sake of others, that your most excellent work is so universally read and admired, and I trust will on many produce a suitable effect. It is surely a hopeful symptom, that though you and the Bishop of London so strongly oppose the false maxims and absurd conduct of this giddy and nonsensical world, your endeavours are treated with the greatest attention and respect.

Of Mrs. Montagu, I am happy to be able to give a more comfortable account. She is in perfect good health and spirits, though she has totally changed her mode of life, from a conviction that she exerted herself too much last year, and that it brought on the long illness by which she suffered so much. She never goes out except to take the air of a morning; has no company to dinner (I do not call myself company), lets in nobody in the evening, which she passes in hearing her servant read, as alas, her eyes will not suffer her to read to herself. I flatter myself that this pause of exertion will restore her to us, and will help to prolong her life; and that a taste for the comfort of living quietly, will for the future prevent her from

mixing so much with the tumults of the world as to injure her health.

I beg to be kindly remembered to your good sisters. Adieu, my dear friend; may God restore your health, and long continue you an example and an instructer to the world.

I am,

Ever your most obliged and affectionate

E. CARTER.

From Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. H. More.

1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I can never pay you the thanks so much your due for your invaluable present. Believe me, I am truly sensible of the honour you have done me, and contemplate without envy and with entire satisfaction, those eternal honours you have laid up for yourself. You most successfully practise the art of pleasing and entertaining, while you instruct, and even while you rebuke; and I hope better things of the world than one lady predicted, who said, "Everybody will read her, everybody admire her, and nobody mind her." I have been in a state of mind that could take in nothing but mere amusement, and hardly that, till your admirable book found its way to my heart, in spite of the weakness and confusion of my head. My sister Mulso (who has been extremely ill) could literally read nothing till you awakened her intelligence. She is now reading your book with rapture. My dear Mrs. Burrows (though now settled at Hadley, where she has been nursing Miss Burrows) deserted me not in my utmost need, but begged a bed elsewhere, and gave her days to me for a fortnight. She has since made me a second visit, on my second loss, and was a great support under both. Indeed all my friends have been wonderfully kind to me, particularly my dear Pepys, who has been the most attentive, affectionate friend, and his brother a most kind and generous physician. Good Mrs. Montagu has shown all the kindness and attention in her power. These things I mention, that you may not think me more desolate than I am. I know that without human help, the Father of mercies can speak peace and comfort to my soul; on Him I rely for the blessing of

"Obedient passions, and a will resigned."

I have hopes given me that you are soon coming to town, and that your health is improved, and I know you will give me the comfort of seeing you.

I am ever, with the highest esteem,

Your much obliged and affectionate friend,

H. CHAPONE.

From the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Watson) to Mrs. H. More.

Great George-street, 1799.

MADAM,

I lose no time in returning you my best thanks for the valuable present of your "Strictures on Female Education." I received the books yesterday, and being confined by indisposition, have employed this day *usefully*, I feel, in perusing them. I do not quite agree with you on some theological points; but I have so little confidence in the rectitude of my own interpretation of Scripture, that I will not enter into any discussion on the subject. Your publication is calculated to do much good. I have put it with great satisfaction into the hands of my daughters, and I hope their piety will prompt them not to be backward in that reciprocation of Christian charity which you, with amiable sincerity and humility, entreat from your readers.

I am, madam,
Your much obliged servant,
H. LLANDAFF.

From Mr. Charles Burney to Mrs. H. More.

Chelsea College, April, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

You doubtless have received flowers (i. e. flowery letters from your friends) sufficient to form a splendid and fragrant *bouquet*, in which I entreat you to honour my daisy with a place, however unworthy of being admitted in such fine company. The wild and ordinary flowers of the field can be of no use in such a poesy, except *pour donner du relief à l'éclat des autres*.

The subjects of your several chapters are admirably chosen, and treated with a force of sentiment and language which I have not seen equalled since the death of our great and pious moralist, Johnson. The vices, follies, and affectations of the times, how well described! Religion, how well understood and recommended, in the education of your own sex, to which, I am sorry to say, its principles and practices, with a few exceptions, are chiefly confined throughout Europe. Religion alone humanizes us; without it all morality, benevolence, and social affection would be annihilated in this world, and all hope and fear of the next.

Your strictures on the abuse of music and dancing pleased me much. I have long seen that the study of the ornamental and fine arts has been forced on young persons with and without genius, to such excess, as to vex, fatigue, disgust, and determine them, whenever they become free agents, to abandon all such plagues.

Music is doubtless, in itself, an innocent and necessary domestic amusement for persons of fortune and leisure, but rendered noxious when studied at the expense of more important things. The late Earl of Holdernesse, a perfect judge of external propriety, had, to my conceptions, a very just idea, while governor to the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnaburg, of the time and importance that should be assigned to the study of music among the great. He told me that "as soon as these young princes had acquired a sufficient degree of knowledge in more essential studies, he would wish to have my assistance in forming their taste and judgment in music; not to make them fine performers; as in this country, a prince would gain no additional respect and reverence by exhibiting himself as a performer in musical parties. Yet, as it should be their business to patronise arts, if they were ignorant and unable to distinguish excellence from mediocrity, they would disgrace themselves." His lordship therefore wished I would read lectures to them, give them specimens of different styles of composition and performance, and make them acquainted with the peculiar merit of each. Music, when it fastens upon enthusiasts, often lays such hold of them that they think of nothing else. The relation of a great foreign composer and performer at present in this country, at my extolling his genius, told me, that "he was nothing away from the pianoforte, but always looking at it, if one happened to be in his sight, while people were talking to him of other things."

Children's balls, and the time and importance given to new-fashioned *hops*, you have treated with proper censure and contempt. But perhaps you have not seen a party of French or German *waltz* dancers.

Will you forgive me, dear madam, if I confess that I was a little mortified by the stigma you put upon Italian poetry, in putting it on a level with English sentiment, French philosophy, and German magic wonders. Was it not Italy that taught the rest of Europe all the fine arts; and, indeed, first instructed its inhabitants in the divine principles of Christianity? And in later times, did not Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Trissino, Tansillo, and Giraldi, furnish models to the poets of other countries? Did not Spenser and our great epic bard avail themselves of the labours of these precursors? And is Metastasio the most chaste, moral, and pious of all modern poets of a high class to be thrown into such company? If females are allowed to read or sing poetry of any kind, but particularly dramatic, where are to be found better models of heroism and virtue, more refined sentiments, and more elegance of language and versification, than in his secular dramas, or more piety than in his oratorios or sacred dramas? Whoever wishes to read divine poetry in a modern language, can find none better than Savinio Matti's translation of the Psalms.

If you wish to dissuade young ladies from the study of Italian poetry in general, I could almost take the liberty to entreat you in your next edition to make a few exceptions in favour of some of those I have mentioned; and in looking again at your first volume, page 164, I perceive that your censure is qualified by the words, "*so much* English sentiment, French philosophy, *Italian poetry*," &c.

What you have said of mental female softness, page 163, put me in mind of Johnson's reply to Mrs. Thrale, who was defending a lady whom he had accused of several species of affectation, by saying, "But she is soft."—"Yes, madam," answered Johnson, "and so is a pillow."

Page 119, where you so admirably recommend to parents the encouraging of children to sacrifice the price of their toys, sweetmeats, and finery in charitable donations to the poor, reminded me of a little natural trait of benevolence in a female child of mine at the play of Jane Shore; who, being in the front of a stage box at a country theatre, and hearing the wretched Jane in vain supplicating "a morsel to support her famished soul," and crying out, "Give me but to eat!" the child, not five years old, touched with her distress, says, "Ma'am, will you have my *ollange*?" which the audience applauded much more than the artificial compliments of the actress. And I must add to my little anecdote, that the charitable disposition of this child grew up with her growth, and has never quitted her in maturity.

But what you say in your sixth chapter, of "filial obedience not being the character of the age," is so true in these topsy-turvy times, that it seems as much abolished in this country, as nobility and loyalty in France. Parents are now afraid of their children—masters of their servants—and in state trials, judges of the prisoners. This whole chapter is an excellent sermon on the duty of parents as well as of children.

I had the pleasure of hearing this morning (April 6) in three different places, that your admirable work was alluded to by the Bishop of London, in his sermon at St. James's Church, on Easter Sunday. Our excellent friends Mr. Langton and Mrs. Carter, were two of my three informants.

Mrs. Boscawen's favourite chapter seems to be the sixteenth. But I shall not attempt to tell you all I think, or all I have heard about your book from people you love, and whose opinions are highly respectable. If your face has not burned lately, there is no truth in old saws. I expect to see your countenance as highly coloured as Bardolph's, by the ignition of distant talkers.

Adieu, dear madam; I make no other apology for the irregularity and frivolity of my remarks, than want of leisure to methodise and try at least to mend them; not for the enormous length of my letter, but that which Garth made in his preface

to the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses; "it is in the reader's power to make it as short as he pleases."

Believe me to be, with very sincere regard,

Your much obliged
and affectionate servant,
CHAS. BURNEY.

From the Rev. Thomas Robinson to Mrs. H. More.

Leicester, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

I am glad of the opportunity of addressing a few lines to you by the young lady who delivers you this—on two accounts; that I may commend her to your kind attentions, and acknowledge my own obligations to you. As she is one of my charge, in whom I have seen much to encourage a pleasing expectation of solid and consistent piety, I feel solicitous that during her stay in the contagious atmosphere at Bath, her principles may be preserved and established by some occasional interviews with you, for which I am confident she will be truly grateful.

I am ashamed that I have not yet offered you my best thanks for your "Structures on Female Education." I was unwilling to obtrude myself upon you by the formality of a post letter, and was disappointed in the expectation of writing to you by a common friend. Permit me now, though late, to say that I was gratified by your remembrance of my name among those who were favoured with your publication; and that I am only one out of many who are obliged by your labours, so admirably calculated to check the progress of vanity and irreligion, and diffuse the principles of Evangelical truth in those circles where the preachers of the gospel can scarcely expect to be heard. *We* especially, who are parents, *concerned* for our daughters, that "they may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace," are much indebted to you for your charitable aid. Our gracious Lord has honoured you with remarkable acceptance, and I know you will humbly render to him the glory of whatever good may be effected. I can have no doubt but that he who has given you favour with the public, designs to accomplish his own purposes of mercy by your services; and amid all the gloom of the present dark and cloudy day, it is consoling to observe that books of such a tendency are read by thousands with avidity and delight.

May your life be preserved, and your health invigorated, for still further usefulness in the church of God! I commend you to his care, and pray that you may enjoy much of his presence and blessing.

I am, dear madam, with sincere regard,

Your faithful friend and servant,
THOMAS ROBINSON.

From the Rev. R. Cecil to Mrs. H. More.

Great James-street, March 26, 1799.

My dear Madam,

I thank you very kindly for the excellent work I have just received; and though I cannot with propriety speak of it now, as I know I shall when I have gone through it, yet, from a glance, I have no doubt but it will prove of immense use to the rising generation.

When I have read it twice over, and have the pleasure of meeting you again, I will tell you all I think, especially if I should be so wise in my own eyes as to think I have found a fault: at present I will only say, thank you, and thank you again.

The great pain with which I moved, and the great anxiety I had to secure every day, prevented me from coming over to see you at Cowslip Green. I know you would impute my not making the attempt to the true reason; none can make allowance for invalids like an invalid, which, I am sorry to learn from different quarters, you have been, in a considerable degree, for some time. I hope, however, you have not mentioned it in your book, lest fools should mistake your just views for sickly ones.

I know you will wish to hear of my health, of which I can only say that I am better, though with my complaint still upon me. Three months ago I had no expectation of being long here, but last Sunday I made an attempt to read a sermon in public; whether I shall be able to go forward he alone knows, whose I am, and whom I serve. My dispensation is a dark, but I hope (from what has passed through my mind) not an unprofitable one.

With my kindest respects to your whole family,

I remain, dear madam,

Your grateful and humble servant,

R. Cecil.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Mrs. H. More.

April 7, 1799.

My very dear Madam,

Should I receive a book from some authors, I might perhaps make my acknowledgments immediately, before I had read it, that I might avoid the necessity of intimating my opinion of the performance; but I deferred thanking you for your obliging present, till I could say *I had read it;* and this I could not say sooner, for my engagements allow me but very little time for reading. I mean not, however, to tell you in detail what I think of it. Let it suffice that I thank you for it. I thank the Lord for disposing and enabling you to write it—and my heart

prays that it may be much read, and that the blessing of the Lord may accompany the perusal, and make it extensively useful; answerable to your benevolent design, and far beyond your expectation. I know you too well to apologize for my freedom when I say that I wished the note, vol. i. page 171, had been omitted. I hoped your just censure of novels would have extended to the proscription of the whole race, without mercy and without exception. Self here will prompt every scribbler to interpret your note in his or her own favour, and to think the author could not mean to condemn him. My novel, he will say, contains accurate histories, striking delineations, &c. From the little I can recollect of what I have read in this line (perhaps forty years ago), I am almost ready to judge, that the *best are the worst*; for had not some been well-written and admired, it is probable we should not have been pestered with the contemptible small fry that followed. I am not sure that I ever read a novelist of note; but I thought Fielding and Richardson did much harm by forming the prevailing taste for novels. The latter is upon the whole the more serious, but he could not give a better idea of religion than he had. I suppose a novel cannot well succeed without contrasted characters, and I am afraid that of *Lovelace* has been more admired than *Clarissa's*; and the last words of Lovelace, when he threw up a handful of his blood towards Heaven—*Let this expiate*,—are a full proof to me that Richardson was no more competent to teach divinity than Fielding. I have heard likewise that Mr. Richardson, when asked if he knew an original answerable to his portrait of Sir Charles Grandison, said, he might apply it to Lord Dartmouth if *he was not a Methodist*. But, in my opinion, the very best of these performances, being addressed merely to the imagination, have a tendency to fill the heads of young people with wind-mills, and indispose them for taking their proper part in the more tame and familiar incidents of common life. I remind myself, and perhaps remind you, of the pedagogue who declaimed on the art of war in the presence of Hannibal—it is a sign I know to whom I am writing, to one who can bear, forbear, and forgive.

I have lately published Memoirs of Mr. Grimshaw; a copy would have waited upon you as a pepper-corn acknowledgment of my regard, and affection, and gratitude, had I well known how to send such a petty affair before I received your present. If it has the same effect upon my brethren in the ministry while they read it that it had upon me while writing it, it will humble and shame them. Such were my feelings for the time; but how often since have the worms of pride and self-conceit lifted up their saucy heads! Ah! why are dust and ashes proud? This seems the strongest feature and proof of our depravity. If you should come into St. Mary's, and hear me using many arguments to dissuade my hearers from thinking themselves ten or twelve feet high, and requesting them to be

measured by a rule in my hand, would you not suppose either that I was mad myself, or thought that I was preaching to a company of lunatics?—yet this is a part of my employment, and, what is worse, my good advice is often thrown away even upon myself.

We go on much in our old way at No. 6; only that I have buried a servant who lived with me sixteen years in London, and a long while at Olney; and in her I have lost a faithful friend—but she, I trust, has gained. My dear Miss Catlett is pretty well. I believe no family is more favoured with domestic peace and comfort than ours: the gracious Lord has made my widowed state (which I still feel) as pleasant in temporals as the nature of the case will admit, so that I can think of no addition worth wishing for, if a wish could procure it. My own health is remarkably good: though I feel some effects of advancing years, I seldom feel them in the pulpit; but I am within four months of seventy-four, and therefore live in daily expectation of some change; when, or how, or in what respects, is not my concern. I have committed myself and my all to the Lord. Pray for me, my dear madam, that I may be able to abide by the surrender I have made, and may not presume either to direct or distrust him.

This is an eventful day! which calls for watchfulness and prayer, for weanedness from the world, and for power from on high, that we may stand fast in the Lord when all things are shaking around us! O what a mercy to see all power in heaven and earth exercised by Him who was nailed to the cross for sinners! May we be found among the few who are standing in the breach pleading for mercy. The Lord bless you all, prays

Your affectionate and obliged
JOHN NEWTON.

From Mrs. Barbauld to Mrs. H. More.

Hampstead, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

You have done me both honour and pleasure in the gratification you have indulged me with, of receiving, from the respected hand of the author, a treatise which every one who *reads* will *peruse*. I dare not speak to *you*, who write with so much higher views than those of fame, of the brilliancy of the style, or the merit of the work considered as a literary composition. You will be better pleased if, passing over these excellences which, though every person of taste must feel them, every person solicitous for the interests of virtue and religion must consider as subordinate ones; I express my ardent wishes that your benevolent intentions towards the rising generation, and your unwearied exertions in every path where good is to be done to your fellow-creatures, may meet with ample success.

The field is large, and labourers of every complexion, and who handle their tools very differently, are all called upon to co-operate in the great work. May all who have the good of mankind in view preserve for each other the esteem and affectionate wishes which virtue owes to virtue, through all those smaller* differences which must ever take place between thinking beings seeing through different mediums, and subjected to the weakness and imperfection of all human reasoning. Mr. Barbauld and myself recollect with infinite pleasure the delightful and interesting day we passed under your roof the summer before last. It was only damped by your indisposition; and the accounts I have heard of your health have not been such as to favour the hope that you have been much freer from it of late. *Spare yourself*, I entreat you, for the world cannot *spare you;* and consider that, in the most indolent day you can possibly spend, you are in every drawing-room, and every closet, and every parlour-window, gliding from place to place with wonderful celerity, and talking good things to hundreds and hundreds of auditors. I do not know where you are at this moment, but if at home, I beg you will give Mr. Barbauld's and my affectionate respects to all and every one of your sisters, and accept, my dear madam, the assurance of high esteem, with which

I am your obliged and affectionate

A. L. BARBAULD.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Mrs. H. More.

Richmond, April 19, 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am grieved at the return of your illness, for the suffering it will cause to you, and for your disappointment, and that of numbers who are impatiently expecting to see you, to tell you how greatly you have delighted them; for even those who think you go too far in strictness are charmed with your wit. I really did not think it possible that I could have heard so much said upon the subject of your book, and so few criticisms to have told you of. When I come to tell my tale, it must be altogether eulogium. I calculate that 50,000 persons have read this *little work*, as you call it, for I think one with another, each copy has had ten readers or hearers. Now, if we suppose only half of that number have been led by it to a reformation in one error, or strengthened in one virtue, what a beginning of good that will be; but I have no doubt that some hundreds are now forming themselves upon a plan derived from this book. I like your additions. My bookbinder is beating you, and paring you to the quick, that you may be a more convenient, constant companion to me. A good

* The differences, however, were by no means small between Mrs. More's and Mrs. Barbauld's religious opinions.

and sensible woman, who is leading a very solitary life in the country, on being asked what she could do to divert herself, says she, "I have my spinning-wheel and Hannah More; when I have spun off one pound of flax I put on another, and when I have finished my book I begin it again, and I want no other amusement."

I do not apprehend there will be any check to the eagerness people have to be possessed of your book, from the delay of the publication of the second edition. I think the difficulty seems whet the desire. I heard a lady, from whom I rather expected objection than commendation, say yesterday, "I never read a book in which there were so many truths." Some persons were objecting to the high price of the work. I begged them to advert to what had been said a little before, namely, that chickens were ten shillings a couple, and surely they would allow that the two volumes were a more valuable purchase than two chickens. I think the highest of your triumphs that has come to my knowledge has been over a man who, I believe, holds our understandings in contempt, and our writings in abhorrence: he first read your work, and then recommended it.

I saw Princess Elizabeth when I passed through Windsor. She read to me a letter from Princess Royal, in which she speaks in high terms of your book. Says she has the satisfaction of agreeing with you in most points, and hopes to make much use of it in the education of her daughters, that is to say, the duke's.

Princess Mary read your book twice, and then said she should buy it for herself, and be frequently consulting it.

And now I think you may say that I have gone as contrary to your commands as Balaam did to those of Balak; for you called me to criticise and censure your work, and behold I have altogether commended it.

Tell me what you are about, and in what forwardness your collected edition of all your works is. A friend of mine, and one of your great admirers, is afraid of your being too humble in your apology for having been an encourager of theatrical amusements; not from any partiality which she herself has for the stage, but lest some people may make a wrong use of what you in your humility may say of your past errors, and pretend that you were as dissipated as they when you were young, and that it is but of late years that you have taken up *such unwarrantable strictness*. I promised my friend to tell you her apprehensions, and so I have.

Love to the sisterhood. How I long to talk with you.

Yours most affectionately,

A. KENNICOTT.

From Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. H. More.

Sandleford, May, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am so pleased with every sentiment, so sensible of the truth of all your precepts, so charmed with the manner in which they are delivered, that I am almost afraid of entering into the subject, lest my remarks should tire your patience, and my admiration offend your delicacy. I will restrain myself, therefore, to what you will hear with most pleasure, the good which I think this charming work will do to our sex. You have most judiciously pointed out the errors of modern education, which seems calculated entirely to qualify young women for whatever their godfathers and godmothers had renounced for them at their baptism; and what is most shocking is, that a virtuous matron and tender mother, values herself much on not having omitted any thing that can fit her daughter for the world, the flesh, and the devil. Brilliant talents, graces of persons, and a confirmed intrepidity and continual habit of displaying these advantages, is all that is aimed at in the education of girls: the virtues that make domestic life happy, the sober and useful qualities that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never inculcated. Nothing can be more justly conceived, or more happily expressed, than your observation, "that one should be led to imagine, by the common modes of female education, that life consisted of one universal holyday, and that the only contest was, who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it." The parent's first error in the preference of accomplishments to virtues, leads naturally their miseducated girls to prefer sentiment to principle, and to make it the guide of life. I was charmed with your making Belial the demon of sentiment, and Abdiel the angel of principle: and so sure am I that principles only will preserve a woman in the constant observance of the laws of God, and the duties of her situation, that I will venture to assure the young ladies that the most sentimental of their admirers would prefer (for a wife) the most simple and unadorned of the daughters of faithful Abdiel, to the most highly finished, and accomplished, and graceful daughters of the demon of sentiment. I could dwell with pleasure on every sentence of your whole work, but I remember I am writing to the person in the world who will least sympathize in my enthusiasm. I may however say I have a most confident hope it will be of great service. If our women lose their domestic virtues, all *the charities* will be dissolved *for which our country is a name so dear*, the men will be profligate, the public will be betrayed, and whatever has blessed or distinguished the English nation above our neighbours on the Continent, will disappear; and in a little time, national and natural

gloominess will take place of the thoughtless gayety that reigns at present. The tenour of your whole work tends to inspire a preference of those things which give solid and lasting happiness, to such as bestow only splendid honours and flattering distinctions. I hope, therefore, you will do me the justice to believe that your society and your friendship will ever be esteemed a most precious favour. I see you date from Bristol, the 20th of this month. I am now in Berkshire, but I hope the winter will assemble us all in London, and I must beg you will then give me every opportunity of assuring you of the great esteem and regard with which I am,

Dear madam, your most obliged,
And most faithful humble servant,
ELIZ. MONTAGU.

From the Countess Cremorne to Mrs. H. More.

Stanhope-street, 1799.

I almost scruple intruding upon you, my dear Mrs. More, knowing as I do with sorrow that you are so very far from well; and also knowing how many letters are pouring in upon you from all your friends and correspondents; but I cannot help wishing to tell you how gratefully I feel your kindness in sending me your most valuable book: I wish I could give you the satisfaction of knowing with what sort of pleasure I have been reading it. I wish you could have seen me reading it, as I do the letters of a few beloved friends,—slowly, for fear of coming to the end; and reading those parts over and over again which most delight, and I hope, mend my heart. You know, my dear madam, that I do not deal in compliments: in sincerity and truth let me assure you, that I do not think I ever read a book which interested me quite so much. It will, I hope and trust, do extensive good in these most perilous times. I hear our dear Bishop of London mentioned it in his sermon last Sunday, at St. James's Church, in a manner the most honourable (if I may be allowed the expression) to himself as well as to you. Will you allow me to tell you that I could not read the eighty-sixth page of the first volume with dry eyes? but my tears were tears of joy and gratitude: I felt that I had not (to make use of your own beautiful words) "blotted out the spring from the year," by robbing my dear little girl (when she was lent to me) of the "simple joys, and the unbought delights which naturally belonged to her blooming season;" her pleasures were, gathering for me or for her father the first cowslip; watching the bees at work; or, full of raptures, bounding before us at the first singing of the cuckoo or the nightingale; she never was at a *play*, or *opera*, or a *baby ball*, and I believe there never was a happier child. Our son, too, was brought up in the same simplicity. But I am interrupted by a kind visit from Mr. Gisborne, and I am ashamed

to see how I have been writing about my children; but I will not make an apology, I am sure your kind heart will make it for me. I shall rejoice sincerely in hearing that your health is restored, and in seeing you, before it be very long, at Fulham and at Chelsea. I trust you are very thankful to God for being enabled to be such a bright light in this dark bewildering world. May He give you every real comfort here, and crown you with everlasting blessedness hereafter. Pray believe me, my dear Mrs. More, to be

Your affectionate and grateful
F. CREMORNE.

From Mr. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It has usually been my practice to thank any author who has done me the favour of sending me his book, before I could be supposed to have read it, that I might not be under the necessity of saying any thing of its contents; but I knew that there would be no necessity for such prudential caution with respect to the charming work of yours which I have been reading,—for which you are entitled, not to my thanks only, but to those of all mankind. I hope the elevated motives which induced you to compose it, and that high reward for which you are (I cannot doubt) a successful candidate, must make all human praise despicable; but I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of assuring you, that not only in my estimation, but in that of every one whose judgment is most valuable, both in point of sentiment and language, this work has placed you in the foremost rank of English writers.

The profusion and brilliancy of imagination, with such wonderful consistency of metaphor, cannot fail of captivating even those who would perhaps have but little relish for the same exalted truths detailed in a dry syllogistical manner; and I really flatter myself, that though few, and perhaps none, will have humility enough to acknowledge fairly their obligations, yet that many will feel the good effects of such a book upon their practice and habits.

With respect to conversation, I cannot help telling you the observation which my eldest son made, viz. That it was a pity so much fine writing should have been bestowed upon that which no longer exists; for that the very *subject matter* of your regulations, and the *thing itself* which you are so anxious to improve, is, alas, no longer to be found! However, as it is well known that such a thing as conversation *has* existed, there is no physical impossibility but that it may again revive, and if it ever should, I am persuaded it is never likely to receive its ultimate improvement so soon, as from those regulations. After what I have said (and very honestly too) upon

the work itself, I must beg leave to put in a word of commendation for its readers, under which description I must include all my acquaintance as well as myself. Now I do think, that to feel greatly humbled in one's own esteem, to be much mortified at such a glowing representation of what one ought to be in comparison with what one is, and not only to take all this wholesome castigation patiently, but to break out in praise and admiration of the kind friend who inflicts it, is a symptom of some remaining sparks of goodness, which (I insist upon it) it is your duty to fan and encourage from time to time, by further writings of the same kind and excellence.

I have heard but of one lady who is determined not to read your book, and the reason which she gives is, that as she has *settled* her habits, she does not want to be *reasoned out* of what she cannot alter; which puts me in mind of a stupid judge, who had hastily laid down the law before he had heard a word from the counsel; and as he found, while one of them was pleading against it with great force of argument, that his opinion was gradually slipping away from him, cried out, "Mr. ——, I will not be argued out of my opinion in this manner." That you may not, however, be inconsolable, I can tell you of another, who says that she will read over your book *twice* this year, and *once* every other year as long as she lives. As you must be quite exhausted by writing letters upon this occasion, and are still, as I hear from our excellent friend Mr. Bowdler, tormented at times by your old headache, let me intreat you not to put yourself to any inconvenience with respect to me; but give me sometimes a place in your remembrance when you offer up your prayers to Heaven; which, if those of any mortal can be so for a fellow-creature, must be surely efficacious.

Yours affectionately,
W. W. Pepys.

From the Rev. James Bean to Mrs. H. More.

Carshalton, May, 1799.

Dear Madam,

My thanks for a copy of your excellent work would have been sent immediately on the receipt of it, had I not been firmly persuaded that the perusal of it would give me the greatest pleasure. I have gone through it, and I trust that I can say I have been greatly edified as well as pleased by your "Strictures."

I most earnestly pray that the blessing of God may attend your pious labours for the good of mankind. Your book is a loud call to the world; and I cannot but hope that he who disposed you to write on this subject, and assisted you so much in the performance, will make it successful. I consider it as a token of his mercy to my country, that the cause and cure of

some of its most deplorable and most threatening evils have been so ably pointed out by your engaging pen.

Suffer me, dear madam, before I conclude, to express my regret, that your health has not allowed you to continue those useful little publications, the Cheap Repository Tracts. They were great auxiliaries to us who are in the ministry; and we are therefore very sorry to find that we are not likely to receive any further assistance from this quarter. But the loss is not ours only; the cause in which we are engaged was served, by means of those tracts, in places we cannot approach.

May the Lord be graciously pleased to restore your health, and continue you yet among us to do us good, and glorify his holy name. This is the sincere prayer of,

Dear madam,

Your obliged and respectful servant,

JAMES BEAN.

From the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Barrington) to Mrs. H. More.

Cavendish Square, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Two causes have co-operated to delay my writing to you; a notion which I entertained that you would before this time have been in London, and an uncommon pressure of business. I have recently discovered my mistake as to the first, though the second still continues very little diminished. Allow me, in general terms, to assure you that I have read your recent publication with a pleasure and a satisfaction of which I cannot convey to you an adequate idea. While it reflects the highest credit on your understanding, your talents, and your heart, it will gradually, but eventually, be productive of the best consequences; and though the work is professedly written for the improvement of your own sex, if duly attended to, it must in parts of it be of essential service to mine. Mrs. Barrington's best and kindest wishes accompany mine.

Believe me, my dear madam,

With the truest regard,

Your faithful servant,

S. DURHAM.

From the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Tomline) to Mrs. H. More.

Downing-street, July 5, 1799.

MADAM,

I was so exceedingly occupied when I received your "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," that it was really impossible for me to read them. I delayed acknowledging your obliging kindness in sending them to me, till I had the mortification of hearing that you were so unwell that a

common letter might be troublesome to you. I then determined to wait till I had read them, and now, madam, I beg leave to assure you that the perusal of them has afforded me the highest satisfaction. There is much to admire upon various grounds, and, what is better, there is a great deal which must do good. The books are in everybody's hands, and it is impossible for mothers to read them without advantage to themselves and their daughters. I have no daughters to be benefited, but I am confident that my sons will have better wives. No age ever owed more to a female pen than to yours. All your exertions tend to the same point—the cause of virtue and religion; and whether you write for a duchess or Will Chip, you are sure of doing good.

I have ventured to send you, through Mr. Henry Thornton, an elementary work which I have just published. Did you know the extreme ignorance of candidates for orders, you would not, I think, disapprove its design.

I sincerely hope that the sea air may be of service to you, and restore you to perfect health. I left Mrs. Pretyman at Buckden, having come to town for the purpose of attending the House of Lords upon the Slave Trade Bills—we succeeded in one, but last night we were beaten upon the Sierra Leone Bill.

I have passed almost the whole of the week at Fulham Palace. The Bishop and Mrs. Porteus are perfectly well.

Believe me, with great regard and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

G. LINCOLN.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H: More.

London, October 20, 1799.

No, I am determined never to say a civil thing to a lady again as long as I live. Here have I by my wonderful politeness to you, drawn myself, and what is worse, you too, into such a scrape! And yet I am not sure whether you are not the beginner of all this mischief. What business had you to abuse the poets so unmercifully, as to assert that they are always ready to lend a hand to any mischief that is going forwards? This has drawn down upon you the vengeance of Peter Pindar, and because I have unfortunately given you a tolerable character, he has wreaked his ire also upon me. He has made us both, in short, the burthen of his song in a half-crown pamphlet, and as my crime is too much complaisance, yours is too great asperity. When I first saw the advertisement, I confess I was a little startled. I expected some neat ridicule and attic pleasantry, that might have created a smile, or even a laugh, which I should not have greatly relished; but when I had read the pamphlet all my apprehensions vanished. In-

stead of playful wit and humour, it is nothing but gross and coarse ribaldry, rancour, and profaneness. It seems to me impossible for it to extort a smile from the most risible countenance, or to excite in any mind not equally profligate with the author's any other emotions than those of indignation and disgust. You may therefore be at perfect ease on this subject, and may safely leave this heavy mass of stupidity, dulness, and malignity to sink under its own weight. We poor mortals cannot possibly repine at being treated as the king himself has been treated before us. We are just returned from paying a visit to our friends at Teston and Hunton. We found Sir Charles in perfect health, and his usual calm spirits, with his house full of company. He is much amused with a water-mill and a wind-mill which he has lately built, for making oil cakes for cattle. He will, in a short time, make a prodigious addition to his fortune.

When do you suppose our female missionary will embark? Whenever she wants her money, it will be ready for her.

I am at present in London for a few days on private business. We shall probably stay about a fortnight longer at Sundridge, and then remove to our quarters at Fulham. I have no news as yet to send you, and I am afraid there is none that will give you much comfort. The unfortunate events in Holland and Switzerland have, I fear, removed the prospect of peace to an immense distance. Had every thing gone on prosperously, it must have taken place very soon.

I am anxious to hear a better account of your own and your sister's health. Let me have a single line from you for that purpose, and be assured that

I am
Your very sincere and affectionate
friend and servant,

B. LONDON.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Mrs. H. More.

Portswood Green, Southampton, Sept. 1, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I wrote a few lines when you were at Clapham, to tell you that I sympathized with you in your illness, and prayed for your recovery. Many prayers were doubtless offered for you, and the Lord heard and answered them. But before I knew whether you were so far recovered as to bear a visit from me, I heard that you had removed to Fulham. Thus I missed the pleasure of seeing you, and shall probably see you no more in this world: for though, I thank the Lord, my health and spirits are still good, I entered my seventy-fifth year almost a month ago; and I feel that the shadows of the evening are coming over me. However, I would be thankful that I ever saw you; and especially that I had the privilege of seeing you at Cow-

slip Green: I number that among the happiest days of my life. The recollection of it will be pleasant while I retain my memory; and ere long I hope we shall meet before the throne, and join in unceasing songs of praise to Him who loved us. There our joys will be unclouded, without interruption, abatement, or end! O *præclarum diem!*

If old age gives me a prospect of death, sickness, like a telescope, often presents a clearer view; while it is, as I hope, with you, as yet at a distance. Perhaps when you were ill you could perceive the objects within the veil, beyond this visible diurnal sphere, more distinctly than at other times. I have known but little of sickness of late years. I attempt to look through the telescope of faith, which gives reality and substance to things not seen, but the glasses are cloudy, and my hands shake, so that I can obtain but very imperfect and transient glances; but a glance into the heavenly state is worth all that can be seen here below in the course of a long life. But if the Lord be with us (and he has promised that he will) in the approaching transition, we may go forward without fear. Guilt and ignorance have personified death; they represent him with frowns on his brow and darts in his hand. But what is death to a believer in Jesus? It is simply a ceasing to breathe. If we personify it, we may welcome it as a messenger sent to tell us that the days of our mourning are ended, and to open to us the gate into everlasting life. The harbingers of death are frequently formidable to the flesh,—sickness, pain, and conflict,—but death itself is nothing else than a deliverance from them all.

The apostle calls the body a tabernacle or tent. When a tent is taking down, the removal of the boards or curtains will let in light, quite new and different from what was seen before. Mr. Waller has borrowed this thought:—

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

We are surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses, and though we cannot see them, I believe they see us. Before the moment of death, great discoveries are often made, and both the pious and the profane have strong intimations whither they are going, and with what company they will soon mingle. I have seen many instances of this; my dear Eliza was a remarkable one. Her animated language and joyful expectations could not be the result of long experience, for she was a child, and I believe her knowledge of the Lord and his salvation was not a year old; but while the tent was taking down, she appeared to see invisibles, and to hear unutterables. She certainly had ideas which she could find no words to express. How wonderful will the moment after death be! how we shall see without eyes, hear without ears, and praise without a tongue, we cannot at present conceive. We now use the

word *intuition*—then we shall know the meaning of it. But we are assured that they who love and trust the Saviour shall see him as he is, and be like him and with him. And he has promised us dying strength for the dying hour. Let this suffice—faithful is he that has promised, who also will do it.

We left London on the 9th of July—were out one week at Reading, and have been here since the 19th. We hope to be at home in about ten days. Our retreat has been very pleasant with friends whom we dearly love; and I am an enthusiast for the country. I have not, indeed, dear Mr. Cowper's discriminating eye to contemplate the miniature beauties, but I am much affected with the *tout ensemble*. Here we have hills and dales, woods, lawns, and rivers; the music of the winds whistling in the trees, and the birds singing in the bushes. All is delightful. My post at St. Mary's, in the midst of noise and smoke, is very different; but still it is my post, and I would not change it for any spot in the habitable globe.

My dear Miss Catlett joins me in respects, love, and thanks to you, to Miss Patty, and all your sisters. She likewise has a thankful remembrance of Cowslip Green.

I pray the Lord to afford you a comfortable measure of health, and to crown all your labours of love in his service with increasing success, and to bless you in your soul with abounding grace and peace.

I am, my dear madam,
Your very affectionate and much obliged
JOHN NEWTON.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 11, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had intended to delay the history of the Wedmore prosecution until I saw how it would end; but your kind sympathy in our trials and difficulties leads me to trouble you with it as far as we have gone. Our hostile farmers do not present us on the Conventicle Act, of which probably they know nothing; but on some old, and I believe, obsolete statute, which required every schoolmaster to take out a license. I dined by invitation with my diocesan, as I passed through Wells in my way home. His reception of me was highly cordial, and even affectionate; but he told me Wedmore was not under his jurisdiction, being a peculiar under the dean, in whose court we had been presented. Dr. Moss, however (the bishop's son), at my request, had picked up the charges that had been exhibited against us. Among these, that my schoolmaster had called the bishops dumb dogs; that he had said all who went to church, and did not come to hear him, would go to hell; and that he distributed books called "A Guide to Methodism." Could you believe that such impossible stuff could be seriously

carried to a bishop through the channel of some of his own chapter? One or two of these canons (poor creatures!) say that I carry every thing before me, having *bitten* all the country clergymen, and secured the ear of the bishop. But the mischief lies deeper. A clergyman in my own neighbourhood, where we have a flourishing school, has turned Socinian, and is now enraged at the doctrines *we* teach; and is doing all possible injury to us and our schemes. This cause too *has a cause*—and this man's malice is inflamed by the "Anti-Jacobin Magazine," which is spreading more mischief over the land than almost any other book, because it is doing it under the mask of loyalty. It is representing all serious men as hostile to government; and our enemies here whisper that we are abetted by you, and such as you, to hurt the establishment. This is only an episode, for I must talk to you more at large, and see if no means can be employed to stop this spreading poison. I hear that the author is ——, who, having been refused some favour by the Bishop of London, exercises his malignity towards him in common with those whom he calls Methodists.

But to return to Wedmore. There is a new Dean of ——. I had no avenue to this man, who, I found, had been greatly prejudiced against us by the following means. He is not rich —has a large family, and when he came down to take possession, passed his time at the house of his agent, who happened to be the very attorney who was employed to appear against us at the visitation when we were presented. Now this attorney breathes out threatenings and slaughters against my school, he being also the agent of the Wedmore farmers. I conceived the bold measure of telling my story to Windham, with whom my acquaintance was too slight to justify such a step, and knowing, as I did, that the cause was prejudiced against me in his mind; that is, I knew that every anti-abolitionist in the world was of necessity an enemy to religious instruction at home. His answer, however, was highly obliging; written, as it was, amid all the bustle of public successes. You will be pleased with Windham's conduct in this business. What effect his mediation will produce, I have yet to learn.

Some farmers, in a parish adjoining, where there is also a school, have been to the fortune-teller, to know if we are Methodists, and if our school is methodistical. The oracle returned an ambiguous answer, and desired to know what reason they had for suspecting it; the farmers replied, it was because we sung Watts's hymns. The sage returned for answer, this was no proof; had they no better reason? "Yes," they answered, "for if the *hymns* were not methodistical, the *tunes* were." The Pythian asked why they were so. The reply was, "Because they were not in Farmer Clap's book." I thought this fact ridiculous enough to amuse you. Yet these people

are our judges; and there are not wanting those who, though better taught, will listen to the representation of such accusers. In the midst of this clamour, poor Patty went down to the place two Sundays ago. The farmers called a vestry (to which she could not get admittance) to sign a paper to abolish the school. With great calmness she went on teaching the whole day. At night, about two hundred orderly people assembled as usual, but just as P. was going to begin, two farmers came to the door, very tipsy, loudly vociferating that they would have no such methodistical doings, for that the sermon they had had in the morning was quite enough—their intoxication, however, did not give a very favourable evidence of its good effects. After they had spent their violence, P. told them it would be a serious thing if they should die that night, after having attempted to disturb a people who were solely met for religious purposes. One of them said, "How can you put such melancholy things in one's head, ma'am," and ran out. She quietly went through her business to a most attentive audience, whose solemn attention rewarded her for what she had gone through. On Sunday we are going, if I am able, again; whether the violence be found to be abated or inflamed, you shall know. I hope it may please God to endue us with a proper temper, and quiet perseverance, and that these trials may help to purify our motives. I am better myself—but we have much domestic sickness and sorrow. May all work together for good!

God bless you and yours,
Yours affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

Fulham Palace, 1799.

I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester, and yesterday passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens in company with the pretty princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c. to show me; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who had been spending some days here.

For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating the "Little Busy Bee," the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing "God save the King," which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things.

It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil. I am really anxious that you should be using the new chaise, and will immediately take measures for having it conveyed.

H. More.

From Mrs. Martha More to one of her sisters.

Grafton-street, 1800.

Lady Waldegrave was drinking tea here the other evening, when the butler came in and told us that there was a report that the king had been shot at in the play-house; the gentlemen flew for information, and found, alas! that it was too true. The pistol went off just before the queen entered the box. The king quietly said, "Keep back, there has been one squib, perhaps there will be another;" he thought of this at the moment, as she is remarkably fearful of them. Sheridan met the princesses, and apologized to them for not lighting them himself, but he was looking for a constable to take up a fellow; this he said to prepare them for some bustle, but they could not long be kept in ignorance. They were a long time recovering Princess Augusta. One of the lords in waiting was near making an abrupt communication from fright and agitation, but the king kept him and everybody else from being indiscreet; such self-control is astonishing; everybody is of opinion that this was one of the grandest and most interesting dramas ever witnessed. The king was wonderfully great and collected through the whole; but when the house continued shouting for an unreasonable length of time, he appeared much affected, sat down, and looked for a minute on the ground. When he got home, he said to the queen, "As it is all safe, I am not sorry it has happened, for I cannot regret any thing that has caused so much affection to be displayed."

Lady Cremorne and Mrs. Carter yesterday told us that the king's confidence exceeds all belief. Were you not delighted to see all the opposition at the levee? The bishop says that both that and the drawing-room were so full that it was complete mobbing and trampling.

Nothing is more talked of than Robert Hall's Sermons. Our bishop makes every family of every description possessed of money, buy that and "The Strictures," and speaks of both as grand engines to reform the times; but of all the admirers of the latter, every one falls short of Mr. Cecil; his words to us were, yesterday, "It is one of the most perfect works in all its parts that any century or country has produced." Adieu.

Martha More.

I forgot to mention that the Bishop of Durham and his lady breakfasted with us at Fulham Palace last Thursday. The bishop was kind and condescending as usual; he talked over

all the Blagdon business, bid us not be afraid, they could not injure our useful schemes. He is steady and warm in his approbation. He fully feels the importance of instructing the poor, as the grand means of saving the nation.

From Mrs. H. More to one of her sisters.

Fulham Palace, 1800.

I find that the chapters in the "Strictures" on Human Corruption and Baby Balls are the two which give most offence. My time is so short (as I did not dare risk staying more than one night in town, finding my headache come on) that I had only time to call on the Montagus and a few others. It gave me great pleasure to hear what my venerable diocesan, the Bishop of Bath and Wells,* had been saying of me to Mrs. Boscawen; he expressed great satisfaction at my late legacy from Mrs. Bouverie, and then said (adverting, I suppose, to some of our enemies in Somersetshire), They come and tell me things sometimes, but I only answer them, "It is Mrs. More: I never make any inquiries: I ask no questions when I know it is Mrs. More: I know she is doing right, and that is all as it should be." It showed great warmth in a man near ninety.

Dear Mrs. Boscawen was looking very poorly: when I was coming away from her the other morning, I said, "God bless you, my dear madam."—"That is very well," said she, holding me by the hand and looking most steadfastly in my face, "but you must do more; you must pray for me; I am going gently off." In order that the next visit might be consistent with this, we went to Mrs. Carter, and found her at home, at 83, just returned from the *city*. She was quite rejoiced to see us, and was agreeable and interesting.

From the Rev. John Newton to Mrs. H. More.

Coleman-street Buildings, May 24, 1800.

My dear Madam,

Glad should I be to have another peep at you,—but all is uncertain, and if the precept, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow" is a proper admonition to all persons at all times, it certainly does not become me, at the age of seventy-five, to look so far forward as to the end of a whole month. Well! my times are in the Lord's hands, and should we not meet upon earth, I trust we shall meet before the throne, where neither sin nor sorrow shall be able to distress us. Here we are sometimes called to sow in tears, but the harvest will be a series of everlasting, unmixed, and uninterrupted joys. Oh, this blessed hope softens the trials of life, and gilds the gloomy valley of the shadow of death.

* Dr. Moss.

My most dear and intimate friend William Cowper has obtained a release from all his distresses. I preached a funeral sermon for him on the 11th instant, from Eccles. ii. 2, 3. Why was he, who both by talents and disposition seemed qualified, if it were possible, to reform the age in which he lived, harassed by distresses and despair, so that the bush which Moses saw all in flames was a fit emblem of his case!

The Lord's thoughts and ways are so much above ours, that it becomes us rather to lie in the dust in adoration and silence, than to inquire presumptuously into the grounds of his proceedings; yet I think we may draw some lessons from his sufferings. I wish to learn from them thankfulness for the health and peace with which I have been favoured;—caution, not to depend upon whatever gifts, abilities, or usefulness past comforts or experiences have been afforded me. In all these respects my friend was, during a part of his life, greatly my superior. He lived (though not without short conflicts), in point of comfort and conduct, far above the common standard, for about ten years; and for twenty-seven years afterward he knew not one peaceful day. May it remind me likewise of the precarious tenure by which we hold all our desirables. A slight alteration in the nervous system may make us a burden and a terror to ourselves and our friends. It may likewise reconcile us to lighter troubles, when we see what the Lord's most favoured and honoured servants are appointed to endure. But we are sure that he is rich enough, and that eternity is long enough, to make them abundant amends for whatever his infinite wisdom may see meet to call them to for promoting his glory in the end: for this bush, though so long in the flames, was not consumed, because the Lord was there. The last twelve hours of his life he lay still, and took no notice; but so long as he could speak, there was no proof that his derangement was either removed or abated. But he was freed from his great terrors. There was no sign either of joy or sorrow when near his departure. What a glorious surprise must it be to find himself released from all his chains in a moment, and in the presence of the Lord whom he loved, and whom he served; for the apostle says, When absent from the body, present with the Lord. There is no intermediate state. How little does he think now of all that he suffered while here!

This is a disinterested letter. It neither requires nor expects an answer from you. When I wrote last I was desirous of possessing one more token of your kindness. You have gratified me, and I ask no further. Probably this will likewise be my last to you. My health is remarkably good; but eyes, ears, and recollection fail. I aim to adopt the words of Dr. Watts, and sometimes I think I can. The breaches *cheerfully* foretell that the house will shortly fall; yet, as I am still able to preach, and am still heard with acceptance, I have no

reason to wish to be gone. Phil. i. 23, 24. Pray for me, my dear ladies, that I may work while it is called to-day, and that when the night cometh, I may retire like a thankful guest from a full table. My case is almost as singular as Jonah's. He was the only one delivered after having been entombed in the belly of a fish; and I, perhaps, the only one ever brought from bondage and misery in Africa to preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified." In early life I knew much of the evil of the world, but I brought it all upon myself. During the last half century, I have been favoured with as much of the good which such a world as this can afford, as perhaps any person in it. I have had internal conflicts, abasements, bereavements, and sharp trials; but I think, upon the whole, I have been as happy in temporals as the present state of mortality will admit. Even now I can think of nothing with a serious wish, beyond what I have, if a wish could procure it. But all the past is like the remembrance of a dream,—gone beyond recall; the present is precarious, and will soon be past likewise. But Oh, the future! Blessed be He who hath brought immortality to light by the gospel. I need not say to myself, or my dear friends who are in the Lord, *Quo nunc abibis in loco?* we know where they are and how employed. There I humbly trust my dear Mary is waiting for me, and in the Lord's own time I hope to join with her and all the redeemed in praising the Lamb, once upon the cross, now upon the throne of glory.

How apt is self to occupy too much of my paper when I am writing to those whom I love; excuse a fault that flows from a sincere regard which cannot be confined by forms. I love you, I love Miss Patty, I love you all. If I were a poet, I should think more frequently of the five sisters and Cowslip Green, than of the nine muses and Parnassus. The Lord bless you all, separately and jointly, with all the blessings pertaining to life and godliness.

I am, my dear madam,

Your very affectionate and much obliged

JOHN NEWTON.

From the late Duchess of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Gloucester House, June 3, 1800.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE,

I hope you did not suffer from my visit last Saturday? I do not write this merely as an inquiry after you, but as a recommendation against myself; for I do not think you are sufficiently re-established to make a morning visit; therefore I would rather give up my own gratification than have you run any risk by calling upon me. You are, I hope, sensible that I am making a great sacrifice in this request; indeed, my dear madam, to deprive myself of one of the very short conversa-

tions I am so happy as to have with you, is the highest I can make you; but your health is of such very great consequence to the world, that it is not to be endangered by any matter of ceremony.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. More,
I remain
Your very affectionate friend
and devoted admirer,
MARIA.

CHAPTER XII.

THE schools continued to be very full and very prosperous. It had been the great object of Mrs. H. More and her sister Martha to lead the children to a spiritual apprehension of Scripture truths, and the practical application of them to their hearts and their conduct, and they had often witnessed the success of their labours in the production of many pious and moral characters which grew out of these institutions, from among whom they were able to select persons well qualified for becoming masters and mistresses of their various establishments. Many of the scholars carried the principles they had there imbibed into their daily practice, and became sober and industrious heads of families. An edifying volume might be composed of anecdotes displaying the beneficial results of these institutions; but this is not the place for such a record.

Among the expedients for improving the habits and characters of the poor, the institution of female friendly societies had been an object of Mrs. Hannah More's solicitude since the second year of their residence in this neighbourhood. Innumerable were the difficulties they had to contend with in their endeavours to make these ignorant people comprehend the nature and usefulness of such establishments; which were, at that time, as rare as schools for the poor. Many were the meetings, and contests, and reasonings which they were obliged patiently to sustain, before mistake and prejudice could be softened into acquiescence. By perseverance, however, and every fair art of persuasion, this object was also obtained, and these societies, wisely framed and regulated, became the source of much contentment, comfort, and improvement to these remote villages, particularly to one which was miserably destitute of any other kind of aid.

After these beneficial plans had been carried on for several years, the curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters to request they

would open one of their schools in his parish. This they absolutely declined, declaring that neither their health (which had already greatly suffered by their exertions), nor their time, nor their finances would allow them to extend their personal superintendence beyond the range it had already taken. The application was however renewed by a deputation from the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, sent by this clergyman, who came with an humble request that "they would be pleased to come and do *their* parish a little good." They acknowledged that it was the great reformation wrought in some neighbouring parishes which "made them bold to come," for that the notorious profligacy of the place was exceedingly deplored by the better part of the inhabitants.

The sisters at length yielded, and removing thither an approved master from one of their other schools, they soon collected near two hundred children, whom they found deplorably ignorant. Things, however, soon put on a new face, and a rapid improvement rewarded their efforts. The beneficial effects which had resulted from the establishment of Sunday-readings in the other villages, induced them to make the experiment in the parish of Blagdon. The poor adults, as well as children, resorted to them in crowds, and the minister and his wife generally attended. In the course of two or three years from this auspicious beginning, it appeared, from a letter received by Mrs. More from the wife of the clergyman of Blagdon,* that "the two sessions and the two assizes were past, and a third was approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, had any of that parish (once so notorious for crimes and litigations) appeared. Warrants for wood-stealing and other pilferings were becoming quite out of fashion.

We find the following singular and interesting little incident recorded in the journal of Mrs. Martha:—"On our return to the country, we found Blagdon in a steady uniform course of improvement in morals and in religious knowledge. The evening reading was very affecting; the whole people stood up; and with the modesty and simplicity of children, suffered the schoolmaster to state to us the particulars of their behaviour during our absence. It was an extraordinary proceeding, for the parish officers were among their number. It was at the desire also of the justice himself (the curate of Blagdon, before mentioned), that we were publicly informed of the very decorous behaviour of the men on the day of their club-meeting."

After the above account, the reader will be surprised to learn that it was in this very quarter that a violent persecution arose against Mrs. More, principally promoted by the curate of the parish; of which, without unravelling too much of the details

* Mrs. Bere.

of this disgusting history, it may suffice to say that the charges brought against her were so preposterous as to conduce only to the defeat and disgrace of the fabricators.

As the imputation of fanaticism was among the means employed at this time to depreciate the character of this estimable lady, and embarrass her efforts in the cause of God and the soul, her general correspondence might be referred to as affording a sufficient defence against a charge so malicious and so groundless; but a letter written by her a little while before this aggression was made upon her time, her peace, and her character,—to a young curate recently settled in a parish which was one of the most busy scenes of her benevolence, offers itself as peculiarly suited to our present purpose. The biographer, in carrying her through this stormy period, has only to fling around her a mantle taken from the rich fabrics of her own wardrobe.

Bath.

Dear Sir,

I have had the pleasure of receiving both your letters, the latter by Mr. Downing yesterday. We had a little conversation. He seems to have the good of his parishes at heart, as far as I could judge by that little. I was sorry I could not comply with his wishes of allowing the children of Bleadon to meet ours at the annual festivity. The immense distance indeed would preclude it, independent of other objections.

I think your account of Axbridge schools encouraging on the whole; you do not mention their best advantage; I mean, the instructions they receive from you; this comfortable circumstance alone reconciles me to the *moderate* teachers they have, and will, I doubt not, be of importance to them through their whole lives. Our school-mistress gives me great pleasure by telling me what an affectionate regard the serious people of Cheddar have for their minister, and what a good effect your exhortation at Christmas had on many of them. It is pleasant, in a religious view, to consider that their value for you seems to have increased in proportion as your preaching has been more strict and evangelical. And I believe it will be generally found, with some few exceptions, that no men are so loved or respected as strict gospel ministers, whose lives are consistent; for *consistency is every thing;* while the worldly clergy lose their great aim, and do not even please worldly people; so far, I mean, as to be respected and venerated by them, however they may like to associate them in their parties of pleasure or their schemes of dissipation.

I think your definition of faith not an inaccurate one. Your track seems to be right; you have only to pursue it,—to press on, not to count yourself to have attained; to trust in Christ and to preach him, not as our *Redemption* only, for that would be a cheap way of being religious, but as our *Sanctification* also.

Frequent and fervent prayer for a greater conformity to the will of God and a nearer likeness to Christ; a self-denying and a self-renouncing spirit; as much zeal in holiness and good works as if we had no Saviour to trust to, with as absolute a trust in his merits and sacrifice as if we did nothing ourselves; earnest supplications for His grace and for the illumination of his spirit—these seem to me to be a sort of general outline, in all which, however short we may come, yet by having it in our eye as the great object of pursuit, the thoughts and desires of the heart being bent on the attainment, in spite of all our frequent failings and great deficiencies, we shall, I doubt not, find that the light within us will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Some spiritual difficulties and partial blindnesses obstruct, I doubt not, every true believer, on his being first awakened, and greatly retard his progress. All this is necessary to keep us humble and lowly, that temper of mind which alone can enable us to resemble our gracious Redeemer. An humble doubting soul, which casts all its care upon him, is, I venture to think, far more acceptable to God than many who appear, to human eyes, to be more strong in faith and more confident in security.

I am so very conscious of numberless defects in my own practice, and of feebleness in my own faith, that I feel deeply how little it becomes me to be a preacher. Want of time, too, I fear, will prevent my answering your question as fully as I could wish on the subject of "saving faith and the most effectual way of preaching it to others." I may, perhaps, resume the subject at some future time; at present, instead of talking of the *thing*, I will only say a word as to its *effects*. It is certainly the only doctrine which attracts hearers, or which can possibly convert them, I will not say from one system of opinions to another, for I do not call that conversion, but from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan to God. If I had not observed that the preachers and the hearers of these doctrines were in general more exemplary in their conduct, and less conformed to the world, than what are called *moral people*, I should not so anxiously recommend them; for after all, *holiness of life* is the only true evidence of a saving faith, and where that best evidence is wanting, I hold a hollow professor, who raves about faith and salvation by Christ, to be no better than a spiritual cheat, who deceives himself, and labours to deceive others; and such as these have sometimes disgraced serious Christianity; but the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. The profession may be right though the professor is wrong.

I heartily wish your application to the bishop may be successful. Humble as your request is, how can it be refused? But God Almighty, in giving you a moderate mind, has given you a richer gift than a mitre. He has also given you a prudent and sober-minded partner: you will, I trust, help each other

on in your Christian course. I rejoice that her health is better, and desire to be affectionately remembered to her, as do my sisters.

I am carrying on a scheme to raise money for shoes for our Somerset militia. Out of kindness, I make it a point not to send my plan to you, because you should not be laid under the painful obligation of soliciting favours by asking subscriptions of your parishes. Mrs. S—— has subscribed handsomely, and, I believe, will put it about at Cheddar. Your bishop has sent me five guineas; I enclose his letter.

I am, dear sir,
With great regard,
Your sincere friend,
H. More.

Disaffection to the church and state was a charge from which the preceding narrative of the exertions and sacrifices made by her in the service of both, is so complete a vindication, as to render a formal defence worse than useless. Through all these attacks she preserved the dignity of silence; and when advised by Lord-chancellor Loughborough* to prosecute the author of a scandalous pamphlet against her, she declared her resolution never, upon any provocation, to embark either in controversy or litigation—a passive pertinacity which tended notoriously to increase the effrontery of her assailants.

For three years this persecution was carried on with unabated virulence, and that too at a time when she seemed to be sinking under the pressure of a severe illness, an ague of seven months. It was not in accordance with her respect for the church and its ministers, or her strict ideas of propriety, to continue her efforts in a parish where duty and consistency placed her in reluctant opposition to the resident minister, and her school at Blagdon was therefore, of necessity, relinquished; notwithstanding the support she received from the rector, who resided at a distance, and the most respectable part of both clergy and laity, with whom religion was precious and truth sacred, and who shared with her the honour of being attacked by the same malicious combination. Mrs. More's own admirable letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Beadon, contains a clear exposition of the malignant aim of this conspiracy, to destroy at once the influence and the peace of one whose feeble frame was sinking under her efforts to promote the happiness and improvement of her species. When this

* It may be recorded here, that she was induced at different periods of her life, to apply to Lord-chancellor Loughborough, in behalf of two clergymen of great merit, who were unprovided for, and that her request was on each occasion immediately granted. In the latter instance, the presentation was sent directly to herself, that she might have the pleasure of conveying it with her own hands to the friend for whom she had interested herself.

and the other letters to which this disgraceful affair gave occasion, shall come under the observation of the reader, he will regard it as an evil out of which good was brought, in the display it produced of Christian kindness, gentle friendship, and virtuous sympathy.

From Mrs. H. More to the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Beadon).

1801.

My Lord,

It is with deep regret that I find myself compelled to trouble your lordship with this letter, though your known liberality gives me more courage in taking a step which I should in any case feel it my duty to take. For, however firm my resolution has been, never to answer any of the calumnies under which I have been so long suffering; yet to your lordship, as my diocesan, I feel myself accountable for my conduct, attacked as it has been, with a wantonness of cruelty which, in civilized places, few persons, especially of my sex, have been called to suffer. To the defenceless state of our sex, and to my declared resolution to return no answers, I attribute in great part this long and unmitigated persecution. I am not going to make your lordship a party. I am not going to clear myself by accusing others. Of my assailants I will speak as little as possible. I wish I could avoid naming them altogether. It will be out of my power to enter on a full vindication of myself against charges with which I am not fully acquainted. A wish to keep my mind calm, in a dangerous illness of seven months, was a reason with me for reading but very little of what has appeared against me; I can only notice such more material charges as have come to my knowledge.

I had so fully persuaded myself, that I had for many years especially in the late awful crisis, been devoting my time and humble talents to the promotion of loyalty, good morals, and attachment to church and state among the poorer people, that I was not prepared for the shock, when the charge of sedition, disaffection, and a general aim to corrupt the principles of the community, suddenly burst upon me. In vain have I been looking round me for any pretence on which could be founded such astonishing charges.

Mr. Bere thought so well of my principles as to importune me to establish a school in his parish; lamenting its extreme profligacy, and his own inability to do any good to the rising generation. There were witnesses present when he repeatedly made these applications, which I refused, pleading want of health, time, and money. I also declared my unwillingness to undertake it, unless it was the wish of the parish. He then sent his churchwardens as a deputation from the parish; and I yielded at last to these repeated entreaties, which, I trust, will acquit me of the charge of *intrusion*.

As to connexion with conventicles of any kind, I never had any. Had I been irregular, should I not have gone sometimes during my winter residence at Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitfield's or Wesley's tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years? Should I not have strayed now and then into some Methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done. For an answer to the charge of my having ever made any application to get Mr. Bere removed from his curacy, I refer your lordship to Dr. Moss and Dr. Crossman, in case you are not satisfied with the declaration of both in Dr. Crossman's printed letter to Sir A. Elton.

Mrs. Bere's letter to me, dated January 4, 1799, complaining of Young's Monday Meeting, which I was prevented answering by a long illness, was, in fact, virtually answered immediately by my sister's writing to Young to put a stop directly to the irregularities complained of; which was done. A proof that this ground of complaint had ceased to exist when Mr. Bere made his first attack on me in the beginning of April, 1800, appears by a very friendly letter which I have by me, from Mrs. Bere, dated March 8, 1800, only about three weeks before Mr. Bere's open attack, and near a year and a quarter after the complaint had been made and redressed. Mr. Bere's affidavits, taken by himself, in his own cause, which were flatly contradicted by counter-evidence, and which having no dates to the facts which they attest, would never have been admitted in a court of justice, have all a retrospective reference to one, two, four, and even six years back. I should add, that having heard that Mr. Bere had thrown out from the pulpit some insinuations against the school, I went to him, and assured him that I was ready to withdraw the school if it had not his entire approbation. Again he implored me not to deprive his parish of such a benefit.

When Mr. Bere sent me his hostile letter, menacing the schoolmaster, April, 1800, I was in London; and being unable, at that distance, to inquire fairly into the complaint, I wrote twice to Mr. Bere, earnestly requesting to refer the whole to Sir A. Elton, as a respectable and judicious magistrate in the neighbourhood, and begging they would investigate the business together. This Mr. Bere twice positively refused. I could have no partial motives in the reference, for I knew so little of Sir A. Elton that he had never been in my house, whereas he had been long known to Mr. Bere; and I could not have suggested a more fair and peaceable mode of setting all to rights.

The ground on which human prudence, especially judging *after* the event, may most reasonably condemn me, is, that I did not instantly dismiss Young the schoolmaster. I grant that it would have saved me infinite distress. But I not only thought myself bound to protect an innocent man, whom I

still consider to have been falsely accused; but I was also convinced that, as the event has proved, the object in view was not merely to ruin *him*, but to strike at the principle of *all* my schools, and to stigmatize them as seminaries of fanaticism, vice, and sedition. I was highly displeased with Young when I found he had allowed two or three of these silly people to attempt extempore prayer. That vulgar people will be vulgar in their religion; and that illiterate people will talk ignorantly, who will deny? But this had nothing to do with my very large Sunday-school, where I never heard that any impropriety was complained of. No such complaint had ever reached me from any of my other schools. Young profited so well by my reprimand for this injudicious measure, that his conduct was ever after perfectly correct. Nor should I have overlooked this fault had not his morals and industry been exemplary, and had I ever in the course of ten years found him at all fanatical. Allow me to add that he now gives the highest satisfaction to the opulent and very respectable family of the Latouches, near Dublin, who received him to superintend their large charitable institutions, after having read all the charges against him, and whose attestation to his good conduct, together with that of Lady Harriet Daly and Baron Daly, I shall trouble your lordship to peruse. To remove prejudices, however, I had resolved to place him elsewhere, had I continued the Blagdon school, which, together with its master, had been restored (after I had dissolved it) at the earnest request of Dr. Crossman, and with the consent of Dr. Moss. But after Mr. Bere's restoration to the curacy, no entreaties of Dr. Crossman could induce me to continue it. I took a journey to Dr. Crossman's house in the west, on purpose to assure him that I did not withdraw my school from resentment, but that I should consider the continuance of it as an act of opposition to Mr. Bere; whereas, by putting an end to the school, I thought I should disarm him of every plea for further hostility. This sacrifice to peace proved ineffectual. I abolished my school with regret (full and flourishing as it was), for the second time, on a Sunday in September, 1801, and on the Wednesday following, the most hostile of all his pamphlets against me was advertised. May I be permitted to add that Dr. Maclaine, who spent great part of the two last summers at Blagdon, knew much of the school and its master. Allow me to refer your lordship to him. In the learned and venerable translator of Mosheim, you will not expect to find an advocate for fanaticism.

It has been repeatedly said that, being a Calvinist myself, I always employed Calvinistic teachers. I never knowingly employed one. As to Calvinism or Arminianism, I should be very sorry if such terms were known in my schools: it never having been my object to teach dogmas and opinions, but to train up good members of society and plain practical Chris-

tians. I have discharged two teachers for discovering a tendency to enthusiasm, and one for being accused of it, without discovering such tendency. One experiment was made, for I shall be perfectly ingenuous. An inferior teacher being wanted under an excellent mistress, the clergyman ventured to employ a poor man of the parish, from having observed his constant attendance at church and his good moral conduct, though he went to the Methodist meeting. He earnestly hoped that from the man's soberness of mind and regularity at church, he might become entirely detached from the Methodist's society, and be the instrument of detaching others also; but not finding this to be the case, the minister who had engaged him was convinced of the expediency of his removal, and dismissed him with my full concurrence. The Methodists are in general hostile to my schools, for attracting, as they say, the people from them to the church; and I have been assured that some of their preachers have inveighed against me by name in their sermons.

As to myself, I had hoped that the numerous occasions which have occurred in eight printed volumes of expressing my sentiments both religious and political, might have precluded the necessity of a formal confession of faith. I refer your lordship to those volumes. The last chapter, Vol. VIII., contains my full and undisguised view of the leading doctrines of Christianity. See from page 272–320.

Those doctrines, I conceive (for I am but a poor divine), are equally embraced by pious Arminians and Calvinists. Lest this should be thought evasive, I have no hesitation in declaring that I do not entertain any tenet *peculiar* to Calvinism. Let me not, however, in stating my own opinions, lose sight of that candour towards good men who think differently in a few points from me, which I have always so sedulously cultivated. I admire many, especially of the old writers, of that class, such as Hooker, Bishops Hall, Hopkins, and many others; but I admire them, not for their Calvinism, but for their devout spirit, their deep views of Christianity, their practical piety, and their holy vigilance. While they inculcate faith as the principle, never do they lose sight of purity of practice as the necessary result.

I had hoped that my zealous attachment to the *church* must have been inferred from a multitude of incidental passages in my writings, particularly in the sixth volume; more conclusive perhaps from being incidental and frequent, than a specific and elaborate declaration would have been. For it is not so much from an insulated passage, as from the general tenour and spirit of his writings, that an author's principles may be deduced. Having observed from the beginning of the French revolution, the arts used by the jacobinical writers to alienate the people from the church, by undermining their respect for its ministers, I made it a leading principle in the multitude of

little tracts which I wrote purposely to counteract their pestilent pamphlets, to introduce into almost every one of them an exemplary parish minister. As works of imagination had been employed to induce a contempt for the clerical character, I thought these fictitious characters the most popular vehicles in which to convey an antidote to the reigning disease, and that by assiduously infusing this spirit into the very amusements of the lower classes, I might thus lead them insensibly to the habit of loving and reverencing the clergy.

Nor was I less amazed to find my *political* principles stigmatized by my accusers. Besides their general tendency, some of my tracts go directly to the defence of the constitution. Whether they were of any use in the moment of danger, it becomes not me to say. My enemies being judges, I should hope they were; as I can produce several letters of undeservedly high praise from those who are now loudest in the cry against me.

It has been broadly intimated that I have laboured to spread French principles; and one of my schools is specifically charged with having *prayed for the success of the French.* Am I seriously to defend myself against such charges? I plead guilty to have written an answer to Dupont, the atheistical orator of France (see vol. 6), and of having devoted the profits of this slight work, amounting to considerably above 200*l.*, to the relief of the French emigrant clergy. To perversions of this sort I am almost daily accustomed.

When I first established my schools, the poor women used to send crying infants, of two or three years old, to the great disturbance of the rest, while they kept at home children of a fitter age to learn. This led us to make it one of the rules not to receive any under six years old. I told the mothers ours was a school, and not a nursery. On this simple circumstance has been built the astonishing charge, that I did not want to instruct children, but to pervert grown people. There are no end to instances of this sort, but a few may serve as a specimen. Not only conversations are printed which never took place between me and persons whom I do not know, but about persons whose names I never heard. I am accused of being the abettor, not only of fanaticism and sedition, but of thieving and prostitution. To all these accusations or innuendoes I have never answered one word; though some of my best friends advised me to answer by a prosecution. This I declined, though I confess that the charge of murder could scarcely have shocked me more than that of disaffection or sedition.

Allow me to quote one passage from another letter from Mrs. Bere, which I happen to have by me: "The school goes on well. There seems to be a serious spirit working for good among the common people. Mr. Bere desires me to say, and he thinks it is saying a great deal, that two sessions and two assizes are past, and a third of each nearly approaching, and

neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, has any one of this parish, once so notorious for crimes and litigations, appeared. And, moreover, warrants for wood-stealing, pilfering, &c., are quite out of fashion." Your lordship will have the goodness to compare this passage with the antecedent accusations.

I am assured by those who have carefully read the different pamphlets against me, that while I am accused in one of seditious practices, I am reviled in another as an enemy to liberty; in one of being disaffected to church and state, in another of being a ministerial hireling and a tool of government. Nay, the very tracts are specified for which "the *venal* hireling" was paid by administration (by Mr. Pitt, I think). In one I am charged with praying for the success of the French, in another of fomenting, by my writings, the war with France, and savagely triumphing at every victory over what the author calls "those friends to the general amelioration of human society;" I am accused of delighting in a war "which we madly carried on—which began in iniquity and ended in disgrace." In one place, "of not believing" one word of Christianity, in another of idolizing the Athanasian creed, which "complicated piece of metaphysics" the author declares the church might spare, and which he advises me, when expunged from the liturgy, "to order myself to be wrapped in as a winding-sheet."

But to return to my schools. When I settled in this country thirteen years ago, I found the poor in many of the villages sunk in a deplorable state of ignorance and vice. There were, I think, no Sunday-schools in the whole district, except one in my own parish, which had been established by our respectable rector, and another in the adjoining parish of Churchill. This drew me to the more neglected villages, which, being distant, made it very laborious. Not one school here did I ever attempt to establish without the hearty concurrence of the clergyman of the parish. My plan of instruction is extremely simple and limited. They learn, on week days, such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I knew no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles; nor of inculcating Christian principles without a good knowledge of Scripture. I own I have laboured this point diligently. My sisters and I always teach them ourselves every Sunday, except during our absence in winter. By being out about thirteen hours, we have generally contrived to visit two schools the same day, and carry them to their respective churches. When we had more schools, we commonly visited them on a Sunday. The only books we use in teaching are two little tracts called "Questions for the Mendip Schools" (to be had of Hatchard). "The Church Catechism" (these are framed, and half a dozen hung up in the room). The Cate-

chism, broken into short questions, Spelling-books, Psalter, Common Prayer, Testament, Bible. The little ones repeat "Watts's Hymns." The Collect is learned every Sunday. They generally learn the Sermon on the Mount, with many other chapters and Psalms. Finding that what the children learned at school they commonly lost at home by the profaneness and ignorance of their parents, it occurred to me in some of the larger parishes to invite the latter to come at six on the Sunday evening, for an hour, to the school, together with the elder scholars. A plain printed sermon and a printed prayer is read to them, and a psalm is sung. I am not bribed by my taste, for, unluckily, I do not delight in music, but observing that singing is a help to devotion in others, I thought it right to allow the practice.

For many years I have given away, annually, nearly two hundred Bibles, Common Prayer-books, and Testaments. To teach the poor to read without providing them with *safe* books, has always appeared to me an improper measure, and this consideration induced me to enter upon the laborious undertaking of the Cheap Repository Tracts.

In some parishes, where the poor are numerous, such as Cheddar and the distressed mining villages of Shipham and Rowbarrow, I have instituted, with considerable expense to myself, friendly benefit societies for poor women, which have proved a great relief to the sick and lying-in, especially in the late seasons of scarcity. We have in one parish *only*, a saving of between two and three hundred pounds (the others in proportion); this I have placed out in the funds. The late Lady of the Manor at Cheddar, in addition to her kindness to my institutions there during her life, left, at her death, a legacy for the club, and another for the school, as a testimony to her opinion of the utility of both. We have two little annual festivities for the children and poor women of these clubs, which are always attended by a large concourse of gentry and clergy.

At one of these public meetings, Mr. Bere declared, that since the institution of the schools he could now dine in peace, for that where he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called on for two.

I shall take the liberty of sending your lordship the rules of my school, which have never been altered, and of referring you to the testimonials (printed in the public papers) of the churchwardens and principal inhabitants of some of those parishes where my conduct has been most attacked, to ascertain whether I have been used to act in concert with the minister, and whether my schools have been of any use in improving morals, or attracting the people to church.

My schools were always honoured with the full sanction of the late bishop; of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr. Bere, ever saw them. I am not accustomed to

refer to others for my character; I am not accustomed to vindicate it myself, but it is natural to wish that it should not be taken from avowed enemies or total strangers. My friendships and connexions have not been among the suspected part of mankind. My attachment to the established church is, and has ever been, entire, cordial, inviolable, and, until now, unquestioned. Its doctrine and discipline I equally approve. I have long had the honour of reckoning many of its most distinguished dignitaries among my friends.

I am too deeply sensible of the infirmity and evil of my own mind, not to allow readily that much error and imperfection may have been mixed with my attempts to do a little good. But it would be false humility not to say that the whole drift and tendency has been right to the very best of my power. Mine is so far a singular case that I not only feel myself guiltless of the motives and actions imputed to me, but I am conscious that all my little strength has been employed in the very contrary direction. Your lordship's enlightened mind will give me credit for studiously abstaining from what would, with ordinary judges, have best served my cause; I mean a resentful retaliation on the conduct and motives of my adversaries.

I would appeal to any candid judge whether, in an undertaking so difficult and extensive, while I was living far from all the schools, five, ten, and even fifteen miles, it would be wonderful if I should have been sometimes (it has not happened often) mistaken in the instruments I have employed; and if the most vigilant prudence could do more than discharge such as proved to be improper. In a few instances, where none could be found properly qualified on the spot, I have employed strangers; but in general the teachers have been taken from the parish on the recommendation of the minister, or the principal inhabitants, or both. All the under-teachers at Blagdon were recommended by Mr. Bere. The obnoxious Wedmore schoolmaster had notice to quit as soon after I came from London as the complaint was made, and was actually removed as soon as his wife recovered from her lying-in. I thought nothing could be more promising than this man. I found him carrying on a little trade in Bristol, after having failed in a greater, and he was an active member of the volunteer corps, and a tax-gatherer of the parish.

I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate, when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the Bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of jacobinism on

the other, appears so unlikely, that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

I do not vindicate enthusiasm; I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism?

In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.* In most of them it is affirmed that my principles and actions are corrupt and mischievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed; yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind as to look for praise by a means so little calculated to obtain it; though, perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished. If hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared with which all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation shrinks into nothing.

And now, my lord, I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request to know what is your lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination. I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in church or state. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom, next to Him, I am bound to obey.

I have the honour to be,
With the highest respect,
My lord,
Your lordship's most obedient
H. More.

From the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Beadon) to Mrs. H. More.

Stanford Rivers.

Dear Madam,

I had yesterday the honour of receiving your letter of the 24th instant, and am very sorry you should have thought it necessary to give yourself the trouble of entering into so long a vindication of your political and religious principles against the malicious and groundless attacks which have been lately made upon both. I wanted no declaration or evidence of either your faith or your patriotism, more than what may be derived from your numerous and avowed publications; and I can only say, that if you are not a sincere and zealous friend to the constitutional establishment both in Church and State, you are one of the greatest hypocrites, as well as one of the best writers, in his majesty's dominions.

With respect to Sunday-schools established upon the principles and conducted upon the plan which you describe, I have no hesitation in saying that I think them admirably calculated to improve the morals of the lower classes of the people, and as such, entitled to the approbation and support of every friend to religion and good order. Do what we can, abuses will make their way into the best institutions, as, notwithstanding all your care and vigilance, you have found, and acknowledge to be the case of your own; but where the abuses are corrected as soon as discovered, they will not lessen the credit of the institutions themselves in the opinion of any candid or considerate person. So far, therefore, from desiring that your remaining schools should be abolished, I heartily wish them success; and so long as they continue to be under the inspection and guidance of yourself and the several parochial ministers where they are established, you may assure yourself they will have my protection, and every encouragement I can give them.

Mrs. Beadon desires your acceptance of her best compliments, and I have the honour to be, with great truth and respect,

Dear madam,
Your most obedient and faithful
humble servant,
R. Bath & Wells.

From the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Barrington) to Mrs. H. More.

Mongewell, Jan. 1, 1801.

Nothing, my dear madam, can exceed the astonishment with which I heard of the treatment you have received. To have met with disappointment, injury, and calumny where you had

the justest reason to expect success, respect, and gratitude, were trials of a severe kind; to which few Christians but those who have strictly disciplined their minds in the gospel school are equal. Trials are the tests of virtue; and happy is that believer in a Saviour whose life was one continued series of trials, who views them in their proper light, and whose religious character is rendered brighter by the furnace of affliction. High as I hold your talents, and the application of those talents to the most important of all purposes, the diffusion of Christianity among *all* ranks of men, and the impressing its truths on the minds of the uneducated by the best modes of instruction, you yet rise in my esteem and admiration by the humility, resignation, and forgiveness which you have manifested on an occasion which so eminently called for the exertion of their duties. The consciousness of having discharged these duties in the hour of trial must administer consolation to your spirits should they chance to be depressed by bodily weakness. But their best remedy will be the approbation of your Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. That the commencement of the next year may prove more propitious to your prospects on this side the grave, and to the extension of your most beneficial seminaries, than that of the present, is the joint wish of Mrs. Barrington and

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

S. DUNELM.

Pray remember Mrs. B. and me very kindly to the only one of your sisters, Miss Martha More, to whom we have the good fortune to be known.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In Blagdon is still "a voice heard, lamentation and mourning," and at Cowslip "Rachel is still weeping for her children, and refuses to be comforted because they are not" instructed. This heavy blow has almost bowed me to the ground. It was only last night I began to get a little sleep. My reason and my religion know that it is permitted by that gracious being, who uses sometimes bad men for his instruments; but reason and religion do not operate much upon the *nerves*. I doubt not but that He who can bring much real good out of much seeming evil, will eventually turn this shocking business to his glory; and even already a *little* light seems to be springing out of the darkness, as some eyes which seemed judicially blinded seem to begin to open. Though I knew that B—— and his adherents had spread abroad the most flagitious reports respecting my political and religious principles, yet I own I was inexpressibly shocked the other night at Patty's receiving from the Bishop of London a most ambiguous and alarming note,

expressing the utmost terror on my account, yet refusing to explain himself; saying if what was reported were true, she would understand what he meant. All we can collect from this obscure giving out, what out of tenderness he seems to have half concealed, is, that this *mock* trial has been fabricated by B——'s emissaries into an *official* one, and that I am found guilty of sedition, and, perhaps, taken up and sent to prison. Remember this is mere surmise. Have you had any communication with the Bishop of London, or have these strange reports reached *you?*

I have at last got a letter from Dr. Moss, polite and handsome as to my motives, character, and usefulness, but quite blind as to the atrocity of B——'s conduct towards me, and ignorant of the general worthlessness of his character. I pity those men in high stations for not being more in the way of ascertaining the real characters of their clergy: it might, to be sure, be done one way—by employing conscientious and pious men in the inquiry; but there is a sort of *esprit de corps*, which makes them support each other in public, even when (as in the present case) their private language is different. Dr. Moss, however, totally exculpates himself from having any hand in this famous trial, expresses much regret at their indecent rejoicings, and laments the loss of so many institutions to the parish—thinks me obstinate, but I believe nothing worse.

I mean to re-read, for the fiftieth time, your chapter on the overvaluing of human estimation. I have perhaps been too anxious on that head. Yet few people have cared less about *general* opinion, except as it has attacked me in that vital vulnerable part, on which one's usefulness depends. We received a kind letter from Mrs. H. —— during my illness, for which pray thank her. It is a great comfort she goes on so well.

I have had a return of my complaint, and am still very poorly. Patty behaves nobly, and only works the harder for all these attacks; she has been, in all this weather, on a three days' mission to Wedmore, where things look very smiling: our persecutors have become our admirers, now they say they have seen our goings on, and that we are not *methody people;* and that rich farmer who presented us at the visitation for *teaching French principles*, sends his own family to the school and the reading, both of which are very full; but I greatly dread B——'s success at Blagdon will induce a second visit to Wedmore, where he first stirred up the opposition. My wounds are still fresh and raw, and want much wine and oil—this your kind letters never fail to administer, but I hope I strive to look for higher and better consolations; and that these may be granted me I am persuaded I have your prayers.

Yours very truly and affectionately,

H. More.

I have some good things to tell you as to the increase of religious clergymen among us.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1801.

You will see by the enclosed that things are not yet ripe for the execution of any of your pious purposes in Westmoreland.

It is all over with us at Blagdon. I have struggled hard to keep my footing, and would not have valued any obloquy on my character while the least chance of doing good remained; but when I consider the dreadful prejudices which my perseverance is every day exciting, I can no longer answer it to my conscience to persevere. Among B——'s affidavits, which are "as plenty as blackberries," one is taken by a lunatic, whom as such I have helped to maintain. People start out of ditches and from under hedges to listen to the talk of our poor pious labourers as they are at work, and then go and make oath, and (which it seems is unexampled) Mr. B—— (having doubtless set them to listen) receives depositions in his own cause. I really did not take the pains to read them through, it was such wretched stuff. Six, I think, go to prove that Young is a *Calvinist*; several that he was heard to pray extempore in *private*; and one accused him of the heavy sin of having done it on the public nights.

Mr. Whalley has done himself great honour by writing a strong and very spirited state of the case to the bishop, expressing his strong conviction of the moral benefit to the country from all my schools, his firm belief in the integrity of the Blagdon master, and describing at large his having witnessed, together with Dr. Maclaine, Mrs. Holroyd, and many other equally respectable testimonies, the conduct of the school for a whole Sunday, the practical and useful mode of instruction given there, and the regularity and good order of the parish. I own I did think *his* testimony would have been of use. But it was very coolly received. *The man had prayed extempore*—he might be a *Calvinist: the church was in danger*. My dear friend, I have prayed and struggled earnestly not to be quite subdued in my *mind*—but I cannot command my *nerves*, and though pretty well during the bustle of the day, yet I get such disturbed and agitated nights, that I could not answer for my lasting if the thing were to go on much longer; this is such a specimen of the state of religion, that *I*, too, really think the church *is* in danger, though in another and far more awful sense.

Sir A. Elton is devoted to our cause, and only waits B——'s recovery from a fit of the gout (as he would take no advantage of him) to re-examine those *oath-takers;* he is still sanguine that good will arise out of all this evil—a volume of letters

has been written—happily for *me*, he will not allow *me* to write any, it affects me so much. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim!" is my frequent exclamation as I walk in my garden, and look at the steeple and the village of Blagdon. I know if I had a lively faith, I should rejoice at being thought worthy to suffer in the cause of Christ; but I cannot help mourning for our Jerusalem—I mourn to see that nothing is thought a crime but what they are pleased to call enthusiasm. I heartily wish I were a greater enthusiast in *their* sense of the word.

May God bless you!
Yours very affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Priory, Monday, 1801.

My dear Sir,

You are so kindly sympathizing, that I am led to tell you my troubles. The farmers at Wedmore have formally presented me at the archdeacon's visitation last week for teaching the poor without a license. They say they will never rest till they have worried me out of the parish; and as they have employed an attorney of bad character, they will, I fear, be able to give me a good deal of trouble. I have embarked at a great expense in this scheme, in which there is such a prospect of doing good, that I think it would be conforming with flesh and blood to give it up, especially as it would be too much consulting my ease. This, together with the bad accounts I get from home, comes rather heavily upon me; but God's will be done. My chief concern is lest it should prejudice our cause in the other parishes, in which there is a combination of two bad clergymen, who I suspect are at the bottom of this.

Poor Patty, in bad health herself—fights manfully, and combats well with those domestic sorrows. She is holding our annual club-feasts, and feasting six or seven hundred each day with outward cheerfulness. It puts me in mind of poor actors, who play their comic parts gayly on the stage, when, perhaps, they have all sorts of miseries at home. You will be pleased to hear that —— was so much affected at one of these meetings, which they attended, that *he* declared he would not have missed it for fifty guineas.

I shall be really obliged to you for 'Saurin,' whom I greatly admire.

God bless you and yours, here, and to all eternity,
H. More.

From the same to the same.

1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am truly sorry to hear of your detention at Broomfield (and more especially for the cause), when I was indulging the idea that you were ranging far and wide, in full liberty and relaxation. I shall rejoice to hear Mrs. W. is recovered, and that you are on the wing. As to your request about giving hints for a school, I know nothing so difficult. To show, however, my disposition to obey your orders, I have enclosed a sheet of hints, which I fear will be of little use. Indeed, it seems just now particularly wrong in me to attempt to teach others, who am myself so disgraced, traduced, and vilified. Oh! may I be supported as seeing Him who is invisible! It is circulated among the worldly and Socinian clergy that I have been in the constant habit of praying for the success of the French in my schools! How I shall one day admire that Infinite wisdom which has thus decreed that I should be wounded just where I am most vulnerable! My Gracious Father, I doubt not, saw (though I knew it not) that I was too anxious about human opinion. You have doubtless seen the Anti-Jacobin for June. I could give you a fresh instance of the treachery of that editor, and you would see how every thing has concurred to injure me. O for more faith, and more deadness to such a world! If it does but help to purify and fit me for a better, I ought to count it a light affliction. B. is playing some fresh trick daily, refuses to resign, and threatens an appeal to the archbishop, and to prosecute my diocesan.

Yours ever,

H. MORE.

HINTS

(*Enclosed in the above.*)

In the morning I open school with one of the Sunday-school prayers, from the Cheap Repository Tract. I have a Bible class—Testament class—Psalter class. Those who cannot read at all, are questioned out of the first little question book for the Mendip schools. In instructing the Bible or Testament class, I always begin with the Parables, which we explain to them in the most familiar manner, one at a time, till they understand that one so perfectly that they are able to give me back the full sense of it.

We begin with the three parables in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, first fixing in their minds the literal sense, and then teaching them to make the practical application. When their understandings are a little exercised, we dwell for a long

time on the three first chapters of Genesis, endeavouring from these to establish them in the doctrine of the fall of man. We keep them a good while close to the same subject, making them read the same parts so often, that the most important texts shall adhere to their memories; because upon this knowledge only can I ground my general conversation with them so as to be intelligible. I also encourage them by little bribes of a penny a chapter, to get by heart certain fundamental parts of Scripture, for instance, the promises, and prophecies, and confessions of sin—such as the 9th of Isaiah, 53d of Isaiah, and 51st Psalm, the beatitudes, and indeed the whole sermon on the Mount, together with the most striking parts of our Saviour's discourses in the gospel of St. John. It is my grand endeavour to make every thing as entertaining as I can, and to try to engage their affections; to excite in them the love of God; and particularly to awaken their gratitude to their Redeemer.

When they seem to get a little tired we change the scene; and by standing up and singing a hymn, their attention is relieved.

I have never tried the system of terror, because I have found that kindness produces a better end by better means.

About five o'clock we dismiss the little ones with a prayer and a hymn. It would be an excellent method (and has been practised with success) to invite the grown-up children and their parents to come to the school at six o'clock, and get some kind lady (which answers better than a teacher) to read a little sermon to them—"Burder's Village Sermons" are very proper.

Those who attend four Sundays without intermission, and come in time for morning prayer, receive a penny every fourth Sunday; but if they fail once, the other three Sundays go for nothing, and they must begin again. Once in every six or eight weeks I give a little gingerbread. Once a year I distribute little books according to merit—those who deserve most get a Bible—second-rate merit gets a prayer-book—the rest, Cheap Repository Tracts.

Once a year, also, each scholar receives some one article of dress; the boy, a hat, shirt, or pair of shoes, according to their wants; the big girls, a calico apron and cap; the little ones, a cap and a tippet of calico.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Mrs. H. More.

1801.

My dear Madam,

"Blessed are ye when men revile and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you, *falsely*," and for "*my name's sake*."

When I consider whose words are these, I am more dis-

posed to congratulate than to condole with you, on the unjust and hard treatment you have met with.

Yet I do feel for you. These things are not joyous, but grievous at the time; it is *afterward* that they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Cheer up, my friend, tarry thou the Lord's leisure. Be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart. Depend upon it, all shall turn out to the furtherance of that gospel for which you are engaged. See Psalm xxxvii. 4, 5, 6. and Rev. iii. 7–13; *that* whole message belongs to you, and I trust you will live to see it fulfilled. When Sennacherib insulted Hezekiah, and blasphemed the God of Israel, the king said, "Answer him not. I will put the cause into the Lord's hands, and he will plead for us better than we could for ourselves." So the event proved in the issue. I have little doubt but the stir that has been made will conduce to your vindication and honour. But if not, the Lord will honour and own you, before the assembled world, in the great day of his appearance. In the mean time let us pray for and pity those who know not what they do. A word from Him can open the eyes of the blind, and soften the heart of stone.

The new year we have begun is likely to prove very eventful. The eye of sense starts at the prospect, but faith sees a hand guiding in the darkest cloud, and reports that the Lord reigns, let the earth be never so unquiet. He is carrying on his great designs in a way worthy of himself, and with an especial regard to his church. To manifest his glory in the salvation of all who believe in the Son of his love; and that his character, in the combination of his infinity, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, sovereignty, mercy, grace, and truth might be fully exhibited to the universe, was, I believe, the great purpose for which the earth was formed. Prov. viii. 23–31.

He does and will overrule all the designs of men to the furtherance and accomplishment of his holy plan. Not only his friends, but his enemies contribute to it. The wrath of man, so far as it is permitted to act, shall praise him; and the remainder of their wrath, whatever they mean more than is subservient to his purpose, he will restrain. Moses and Joshua were his willing servants, but Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar were equally his servants, though they regarded him not; they acted under his secret commission, and could do no more than he appointed them. It is the same now with Bonaparte. When I heard of his unexpected escape from Syria, and arrival in France, I instantly concluded that the Lord had some important business for him to do. And when he has done his work he will be laid aside, as many who have been employed in services (not so fit for the godly) have been before him. We perhaps have been tempted almost to wish that some persons had not been born, or had been taken away before they had an opportunity of doing so much mischief. But what the Lord said to Pharaoh will apply to all who are

like-minded. *For this very cause I raised thee up.* Pharaoh's oppression of Israel prepared the way for their deliverance, and issued in his final overthrow. He permits his people to be brought low, that his interposition in their behalf may become the more signal and the more glorious.

When I consider all second causes and instruments as mere saws and hammers in the workman's hands, and that they can neither give us pleasure nor pain but as our Lord God and Saviour is pleased to employ them, I feel a degree of peace and composure. I have been long aiming to learn this lesson, but I am a slow scholar; and if I hope I have made an attainment one day, perhaps the very next I have to learn it over again. Appearances make me anxious, and I forget the report of faith. But though we believe not, He abideth faithful. I am, at least in my deliberate judgment, firmly assured that he has done, still does, and still will do, all things well. How little can we judge of this great drama by a single scene! But when we see the catastrophe, how shall we love, and praise, and wonder!

Dear Miss Catlett was lately visited by a fever, with some alarming symptoms; but our great physician heard prayer. He soon rebuked the fever and it left her. She was abroad again within the week. Help us with your prayers and praises. We both love you and all your sisters. We still remember the kindness and pleasures of Cowslip Green. May the Lord bless you all with the wisdom which cometh from above, and with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

The old man of seventy-six is still favoured with perfect health, and can still preach as loud, as long, and as often as formerly. He is still heard with acceptance, and has cause to hope the Lord owns his ministry. O how great a debtor to grace is the poor African blasphemer and profligate.

I am, my dear madam,
Your very affectionate and much obliged
JOHN NEWTON.

From the Rev. R. Cecil to Miss H. More.

Jan. 8, 1802.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Mr. William Hoare, who has never visited me lately without giving me pleasure, has, in his last visit, given me pain. He tells me you are very ill. I took comfort, however, in recollecting you could not *die*, nor be even *wounded*, whatever change your mortal frame might be appointed to undergo. Mr. Hoare also brought two or three copies of a pamphlet entitled "The *Contrast*" (the only thing I have seen on your subject), which could not but fill me with indignation at the insolence and falsehood of a man of my order—but *Hæc novimus esse*

nihil; I have lived just long enough to wonder at nothing. I have met with things of this kind myself, which however they might surprise me at the moment as possibilities, or irritate me as unprovoked insults, a little time helped me to contemplate as ridiculous dreams. "A lying tongue," my experience (as well as the Scriptures) assures me, "is but for a moment." But you, it seems, are to suffer with a weak and greatly afflicted frame; and at such a time one should not be disturbed, even by comments on malignity and nonsense. On sickness and pain, however, I can also speak from experience. I find God has something to teach his people quite distinct from any thing that they can learn from books or preachers—something more interior and sanctifying. "*Behold, I will allure her into the wilderness,*" and speak FRIENDLY TO HER HEART (as the margin reads). I shall not attempt to open this passage to *you.* I need not. I trust we both know the peculiar kind of instruction conveyed in this path; and which can be learned in no other. A stubborn dog like myself, and persons of the finest feelings and tenderest sensibilities like you, must each be led by "a way which the vulture's eye hath not seen," and which I would as soon undertake to explain to the wise men of this world as I would to an oyster. "This fellow," one of them would say, "is stark staring, and he would persuade Hannah More that she is as mad as himself;" to which I should probably reply, "Pray, sir, what news to-day; is the definitive treaty likely to be signed soon?"

But procul este profani; we know we speak but words of truth and soberness, when we assert that

> "By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
> We trace the sacred road;
> Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
> We make our way to God."

Nevertheless, I fully agree with you that these people are to be spoken to in their order, and have enclosed you a little attempt I have just made: perhaps "Memoirs" are as good a vehicle of such instruction as we can adopt in a superficial age.

Now, my dear madam, I have one request to make, and that is, that you would *write no answer to this letter.* I hope I need not say that hearing of you, and especially *from* you, is at all times very gratifying to me, but I am deeply persuaded that your present state should lead your real friends to forbid such gratifications.

With my best wishes for your recovery, and kindest regards to Miss Patty and the ladies,

I remain, most truly and affectionately yours,

R. CECIL.

From the late Duchess of Gloucester to Mrs. Martha More.

Gloucester House, Feb. 17, 1802.

DEAR MADAM,

The Bishop of London told me yesterday that Mrs. H. More was very unwell. Her life is of too much consequence to the world not to create serious alarm to her friends when she is indisposed; but I very much fear that she is at present much more than indisposed. Will you, my dear Miss Martha, write me a few consolatory lines, for I am really very uneasy about her. My reverence for her unblemished character and exalted piety has turned into respectful affection; and that she may be restored to us, is the anxious prayer of, dear Miss Martha More,

Your sincerely attached well-wisher, MARIA.

My Sophia is, you may be certain, as anxious as myself.

From Bishop Tomline to Bishop Porteus.

Jan. 7, 1802.

MY DEAR LORD,

The victory is indeed most complete, and gained exactly as one could have wished; we do rejoice in it most heartily, not merely for the sake of Mrs. More, but as really thinking it of importance to the cause of religion. Adieu.

Yours ever most affectionately,

G. LINCOLN.

From the Bishop of Durham to Mrs. H. More.

Mongewell, Jan. 24, 1802.

I cannot too speedily congratulate you and your whole family, my dear madam, on the turn which affairs have taken at Blagdon. Triumph you do not want on any other ground than the vindication of your own conduct and the innocence of your vilified schoolmaster. You will more easily imagine than I describe the pleasure which I feel at the relief which your mind experiences, and, as I trust, the consequent improvement of your health on this occasion. Mrs. Barrington charges me with her best wishes; and I am, my dear madam, with the truest regard and esteem,

Your faithful servant,

S. DUNELM.

Part of a letter from Mrs. Martha More to her sister during her spring visit at Fulham Palace, will show, that besides the highest of all supports, Mrs. H. More had the greatest earthly consolation and encouragement under this trial.

Mrs. Martha to one of her sisters.

Fulham Palace, King's birthday.

We arrived here Thursday afternoon, and found Mrs. Kennicott, who has just been reading to us a sweet letter from Mrs. Barrington; she says, "So Hannah More has again been persecuted; but she will indeed receive our Saviour's blessing, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.'" The right reverends are all expected, the half-hour bell is just ringing.* I had it this morning from a person who heard Bishop Horsley himself express his surprise at any person's attending to a syllable of B——'s accusations, after seeing that a clergyman and magistrate took affidavits himself in his own cause. Our friends say the business will have a good ending, even in this world. Nothing can exceed, and few things equal the behaviour of the bishop and Mrs. Porteus. I cannot express to you the very marked attentions which are paid to Hannah from all ranks and descriptions of people: they say such a persecution of such a woman is unexampled. Sunday, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old lady was announced; many rose to greet her, but she hobbled through them all to Hannah, whom she fervently kissed; I presently found it was Lady Elgin.

Extract from a letter from Mr. Knox.

Ireland.

Poor Mrs. More! I fear her habitually weak frame has been additionally racked by the trial of "cruel mocking" which those ruffians have brought upon her. I see another hostile attack about to be made by Edward Spencer of Wells "*for the benefit of the Bath General Hospital*," in which theatrical boast of charity there seems to be beforehand in the mind of the champion either a suspicion of something needing atonement, or a very disgusting kind of levity,—the latter I should think, certainly—as the allusion to the play-bill still is obvious. Really this is vexatious,—that one of the most illustrious females that ever was in the world—one of the most indefatigable labourers in the husbandry of God—one of the most truly evangelical divines of this whole age, perhaps almost of any not apostolic age (for such a view of complete yet *unexceeding* Christianity I soberly think I have never met with elsewhere except in the New Testament itself as in her later writings)—that such a personage should have her tenderest feelings thus barbarously sported with, not merely in pamphlets, but even in annunciatory advertisements—(see Spencer's motto) and her pure and exalted views traduced and vilified by every acri-

* It was the custom of Bishop Porteus to receive at dinner the archbishops and bishops on the king's birthday.

monious bigot—who has neither moral taste enough to discern her motives, nor common sense enough to decide upon facts; that all this should be, *perhaps the last scene* in the life of Hannah More, is, I would say, in some sense, a *national disgrace*. Public candour and gratitude should, in my mind, call forth such an interference of the humane, the virtuous, and the respectable, as would authoritatively put an extinguisher on this ever-reviving flame.

I could not write to Mrs. More, really not knowing what to say to her, but when you see her, I wish you to express to her my ever kind and grateful regards, and to assure her of the sincere interest I take in her happiness. I wish I could silence her adversaries.

ALEX. KNOX.

PART IV.

FROM THE YEAR A. D. 1802 TO A. D. 1828.

CHAPTER I.

A VARIETY of considerations had for some time been preparing the way for Mrs. More's determination to quit her little residence at Cowslip Green, which, though very pretty, was in many respects inconvenient. The purchase of a piece of ground was offered her at about a mile distant, in a singularly picturesque and healthy elevation, combining every possible advantage for a dwelling. Having selected the most advantageous spot, she built a comfortable mansion upon this ground, which afforded ample scope for the exercise of her taste, and formed around it a delightful territory, planted and disposed with admirable skill and contrivance. The sisters soon became so attached to this place, called Barley Wood, and found it at once so cheerful and salubrious, that they soon afterward parted with their house at Bath, and made this their constant residence. Here Mrs. H. More hoped to enjoy that retirement and leisure for which she had long sighed; but her talents for society and the literary and spiritual advantages derivable from her conversation, were too well appreciated to allow her propensity to be gratified. The world broke in upon her from every quarter, and as the greater part of her visiters resorted to her for improvement and advice, she felt it her duty to be free and accessible towards all who sought her society. The disposition of grounds, the embellishment of rural scenery, and even practical gardening, as far as her fragile frame could permit, were her favourite pursuits—pursuits which were exalted and refined by those high associations by which all that she put her hands to were invariably characterized.

All her doings, little and great, from this epoch of her life, in which her time and her talents were consecrated to the highest service, were stamped with a divine impress that sufficiently denoted to whom they belonged, and to what they were directed.

It is somewhat to be regretted that her celebrity occasioned

such an unceasing influx of letters as to require the sacrifice of too large a portion of her time to the necessity (for her courtesy and kindness made it a necessity) of answering them. The world wanted her, and the world interrupted her—the world used and abused her—honoured her by its calumnies, and humbled her by its caresses—attempted to spoil, to affright, and to allure her equally in vain: its virtues made her weep for its vices, and its efforts to seduce her into conformity with its practices fixed her more on the safe side of that barrier which separates between earthly and heavenly-mindedness, between the children of disobedience and the subjects of grace.

From Mrs. More to Lady Waldegrave.

Barley Wood, Ash Wednesday.

My dear Lady Waldegrave,

I have forborne writing for some days, yet I know not why I should forbear it any longer; for though I can say nothing to you that your own heart has not already anticipated, yet there is a melancholy satisfaction in mixing one's tears with those of a friend, and in sympathizing with the most pure and genuine sorrow which the afflicted heart can ever be called to feel.

The duchess had the considerate goodness to write me the mournful intelligence immediately. She announced the sad tidings in one of the *best* letters I ever read, suggesting every motive of Christian consolation under one of the severest and most trying dispensations of Providence. My surprise was equal to my sorrow, because I did not know that the lying-in had taken place. Even now I can hardly persuade myself of the mournful reality. So healthy! so happy! so young! so prosperous! so lovely! so beloved! Oh, my dear Lady Waldegrave, I do not pretend to reconcile you to your trial by undervaluing the greatness of your loss: it is a loss which this world cannot repair—a loss which nothing short of the deep and everlasting consolations of religion can, I should think, enable the sufferer to sustain. Happily those consolations are neither few nor small; happily also, I am able to say you possess them. I have always hoped and believed that you were one of the favoured children of your heavenly Father, by the many trials to which you have been called. This recent sorrow only strengthens my opinion. He does not willingly afflict, but has always some gracious, though not obvious purpose. We must adore now; we shall understand hereafter. We shall then see laid open all the gracious purposes and merciful reasons of those afflictions which now seem so mysterious and inexplicable. These are the seasons which try our faith, and which, by calling it into exercise, prove it to be a really living, comforting, supporting principle. You have, my dear Lady Waldegrave, every consolation which the sad nature

of the case admits. Yours is indeed *deep* sorrow, but it is *pure* sorrow, it is unmixed by any still more poignant feeling. Her course was short and blameless. She had not adopted the reigning corruptions; she had been taught to fear God, to renounce her own merits, and to trust in those of her Redeemer. You have the blessed reflection of having contributed by the principles you gave her, to her present, I doubt not, inconceivable happiness. Think how insupportable your present situation would have been if you had to reproach yourself with a contrary conduct.

Poor Mr. Micklethwait! he is early called to suffer! May his sufferings be blessed to him. I do not know whether this fatal infant, for which he has paid so dear a price, is spared to him. If it be, I trust he will find great comfort hereafter in educating it in those religious principles which alone can give present peace or final happiness.

You have both of you my earnest prayers, that that Almighty being who has thus severely tried, may graciously support you. I am, my dear Lady Waldegrave, with true sympathy,

Your faithful

H. More.

From Dr. Magee (afterward Archbishop of Dublin) to Mrs. H. More.

Trinity College, Nov. 12, 1802.

Madam,

In offering to your acceptance the volume with which this is accompanied, I but pay that tribute of respect which every member of Christian society owes to the information, the talents, the piety, and the zeal which have so eminently distinguished your exertions in support of Christian belief and Christian morals.

Embarked in defence of the same cause, and combating (though with far inferior force) the same enemies, I feel that sort of tie which binds together in sentiment those who range under a common banner, in opposition to a common danger.

Intimately acquainted also with those excellent productions by which you have contributed so essentially to the improvement of the present times, I cannot persuade myself to view their author as a person totally unknown to me. Under these impressions, I have the less embarrassment in presenting myself to your notice, and in requesting you to accept a work, whose object at least will ensure your favourable attention. And in doing so, I entertain the less apprehension of appearing obtrusive, when I am enabled to mention the name of my much esteemed friend and relative, Doctor Percival of Manchester, and to state that it has not been without his approbation that I have taken this liberty.

I have the honour to be, madam, with the most unfeigned sentiments of respect and esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

H. Magee.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. T——.

Barley Wood, 1802.

My dear Friend,

I have lately heard, with much concern, repeated accounts of the poor state of your health. The long continuance of your indisposition makes it become serious—but without falling into the false, flattering way of those who soothe their sick friends by unfounded hopes of better days—I have really and truly the most sanguine expectation, that by the Divine blessing, a genial spring will completely restore you; especially as you do not, and I thank God for it, seem to have those obstinate symptoms which will not yield to change of seasons. I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but have been myself confined with a troublesome cold and pain in my throat (a common symptom it seems). I held up wonderfully while I confined myself to my double hose, and wrapped up in a bale of cloth, defied almost any weather; but by way of experiment I would *walk* to see a neighbour, and after sitting by her large fire in my wrappings, on coming out the cold air laid me up. I tell you this for your edification, that you may avoid a like error when you are able to get out. I am much better again.

And now to that which is the immediate object of this letter, and which is the concurrent wish of the whole family, as well as of myself. As I certainly owe the great improvement in my own health, under providence, to my present habitation, though perhaps *partly* to my habits of life, so different to what they have been all preceding winters, it is our earnest wish, that as soon as the spring is fairly set in, and your strength a little recovered, you would pack yourself up in your post-chaise, and travel hither by short journeys. If Mr. T—— cannot (as I presume is the case) accompany you, you may bring M—— to amuse you, and your maid to take care of you on the road: a fortnight, I dare say, would set you up, and at Easter holydays Mr. T—— might come and fetch you home. It is the driest house in the country. You will have a south room, which even now in a snowy day is very warm, and which, I am sorry to say, in summer is intolerably hot. *The glare of light* I am studying to abate, but heat and light are no such great calamities in February. You will have a fine airy hill to walk upon, with many a seat on which to rest, and on which you will twice a day be visited by a fresh sea breeze. It is but a moderate journey, and it is not cold like your northern pilgrimages. You shall follow your own devices and do as you please.

I have not given you a very brilliant account of the scenes I

wish you to visit. If it pleases God, however, it may be brightened by the arrival of that spring which is to cure you. Our exterior is not much brighter. The fields look as brown as gravel walks, and the evergreens are quite withered by the frost, but to-day we have some rain, and if it continues we shall soon beautify.

I have fagged hard at good old Bishop Reynolds, a fat folio of near 1200 pages, which I have almost got through. Such solid Christianity! and such deep views of sinful man! And as to tediousness, I rather like it. I never can pick up any sustenance out of your short scanty books. As to new books, I know nothing, for I am not in the way here of borrowing or hiring, and I cannot afford to buy, because I have spent all my money on trees. Of books, however, it may in general be said, that "the old are better."

My old friend Lady Aylesbury is gone. Cadell, with whom I set out twenty-eight years ago in literary connexion, is gone! He, very healthy, taken—I, very sickly, spared! Owen Cambridge, Bennett, Langton, all lately dead; besides numbers of less note, but younger and more promising, who have been dropping on the right hand and on the left. Yet, how hard it is to bring the mind seriously, earnestly, and practically to prepare for one's own call. When disappointments, sufferings, and trials drive one off from one refuge, the vain and deceitful heart snatches at another. There are so many shades of worldliness, that it is easy to have renounced the ball, and the play, and ambition, and extravagance, and dissipation, without having made much, if any, real advance towards God; and it is easy to wish for heaven, and yet very hard to get a heavenly mind.

Mrs. Kennicott is very poorly, she has had so bad a cough as to have consulted Dr. Heberden. She has been at Acton, but I believe is now gone into Oxfordshire.

Yours, my dear friend,
Very affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1802.

My dear Sir,

I was so much better for a day or two that I had hoped every day to be able to write to you on the next, but I have had many relapses, and am still very poorly. The fever has in a good measure subsided, but has left something of the old complaint; and the bad nights I get keep me back. I was promised to be quite well when I got to this elevated situation, but have been confined to my bed or room ever since I came to it. It puts me in mind of the old remark, that the first spot of earth of which Abraham took possession in the land of promise, was a

grave! it is a salutary reflection. It is a little trying to me to know that you and Mrs. W. are so near, and not to be able to see you. I hope the waters strengthen and do you good, but so short a course I fear can do but little towards winding you up for a winter's labour. Blessed be God, the most painful parts of that labour will be mitigated by the restoration of peace and plenty! How utterly undeserving are we of such blessings! "Not for any works of righteousness which we have done," &c. I agree with you in deploring the dark prospect as to religion. It is as connected with the reigning temper and spirit of the times that I chiefly lament the Blagdon business. Alas! it is not me individually; I am only a petty victim. Could such a man as B——, with principles equally hostile to the church and state, be supported by men professing themselves warm friends to both, if they were not judicially blinded, and if a general hostility to serious religion were not a common rallying point to two descriptions of men opposite enough in all other respects? As to myself, I bless God, though broken down in nerves and health, my mind is in general quiet and resigned. "It is enough for the servant if he be as his lord." I resolve not to defend myself, let them bring what charges they will. If it please God to put an end to my little (how little) usefulness, I hope to be enabled to submit to his will, not only to submit because I cannot help it, but to acquiesce in it, because it is holy, just, and good. B——'s threats of a pamphlet were suspended by a fit of the gout, but Shaw was at work with him, and he had emissaries in all the villages, who were sent to pick up any stories they could against me; his object being to destroy my remaining schools. I had hoped to mollify him by silence; far from it; he has ventured ten times greater lengths from the certainty of not being contradicted.

My love to dear Mrs. W., and tell her to give all the babes a kiss for me. God bless you, my dear friend; pray always for

Your very faithful

H. More.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. H. More.

1803.

Among the kind notices which this good season has bestowed upon an old retired friend, none have afforded me satisfaction and real comfort equal to that of my very, very dear, most valued, most esteemed Mrs. More's giving me such a charming account of her situation and health, as I durst not have figured to myself in all the times I have thought of her, which, believe me, has been frequently; that I never tell her so has been not only from the fear of troubling her, but also that "the grasshopper is a burden!" My great age remained light upon me till I lost my staff, my dear invaluable daughter; since that

deep affliction, I am sunk,—not sick; and as I prefer solitude it is a great blessing that I still preserve my eyes, and am now writing without spectacles; I praise God! You may believe I did not come to London for company, of which I have unavoidably too much; but my good son was come, and had too recently tasted of the gout for me to venture to attract him to Rosedale.

What an excellent remedy has your wisdom found for all the rigours of the winter, which used too constantly to confine you to your bed; and you are on horseback, charming! But yet, my dear friend, I have thought of you much these last three days. Your house stands very high, and this raving wind at north-east, does it not visit your tender frame too roughly?

Your neighbours visit you, my dear madam, but I hope you do not return their visits. *Car on n'est maitre que chez soi*, and you have your own corner at home, besides that our free-born weather (vide Soame Jenyns) changes so suddenly that you may have snow to go home in, and you have no sedan chairs as we have at Richmond. I have left off going to any parties for these two years, and in London I never go out of an evening but to dear Lady Cremorne's; there meeting Mrs. Carter, I was tempted to treat them with your delightful letter, and they were extremely thankful for the sincere pleasure it afforded them. Present my best compliments to all the sisters; some perhaps love Bath; but they love your health better. No wonder! You do not expect me to name your enemies; they have long since been clothed with shame; your friends are numerous and most sincere; but who shall count the number of those to whom you have been benefactress, teacher, guide! I am sure I must not begin this endless subject, but will bid you adieu, still desiring your prayers. Can I forget you? Here is your picture, and here are my shelves covered with my dearest Mrs. H. More, and who will ever esteem me as her

truly affectionate, faithful, and
obliged friend,
F. B.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

London, Feb. 8, 1803.

My dear Mrs. More,

You know so well in what a bottomless gulf of business I am always plunged at the moment I remove to my winter-quarters, that you will not be much surprised at my long silence of near two months, on which I look back with shame. I have nothing to plead in my excuse but the utter impossibility of finding time for writing. In addition to all the other occupations that crowd upon me immediately after my arrival here,

I have been obliged to do a great deal of business for the archbishop, who has been confined by a severe cold; and have been also called upon to correct a fifth edition of my Lectures, and another of my sermons. I now begin to emerge a little from this unfathomable abyss; and the first use I make of the daylight which now breaks in upon me, is to set pen to paper, and inquire after you and your sister's health.

Lord Whitworth and the Duchess of Dorset are setting a very good example at Paris, by the regard they pay to the due observance of Sunday. They have divine service at their house constantly on that day, and it is well performed. Lord Whitworth and the duchess went out from this country with the best resolutions to show all due respect and reverence to religion, to give it dignity and importance in the eyes of the Parisians, and to convince them that there is one great nation in the world that thinks there is something in it. With these views, Lord Whitworth declined going to a great review on Sunday (which was supposed to be intended principally as a compliment to him), because it interfered with the time of divine service at his own house; and the Duchess of Dorset refused an invitation to a grand assembly given by a Russian princess on a Sunday evening. The princess was very much astonished at this refusal, and asked Lord Whitworth the reason of it; he said the duchess objected to the day. Ah, says the princess, with great simplicity, N'est ce pas que Madame la Duchesse appartient à cette Sécte, qu'on appelle en Angleterre les *Methodistes?* You see, therefore, that you are in excellent company, and I think you ought to write a letter of congratulation to the duchess on her adoption into the sisterhood. She was much diverted with the good princess's sagacious conjectures.

We have just skimmed over very hastily Sir George Staunton's history of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China: it is a most magnificent publication, a beautiful type, a fine paper, a broad margin, and a whole folio volume of fine engravings. The first volume is nothing more than a description of their voyage to China, and the several places they touched at. The second relates wholly to China, and affords a great deal of amusement. There are many curious particulars relative to the face of the country, and the manners, customs, and language of its inhabitants. Among other things, the emperor's gardens appear really to justify the account given of them by Sir W. Chambers; and which Mason has ridiculed so much in his Heroic Epistle to that illustrious knight of the polar star. I read and admired your *Loyal Sailor;* but *Fantom* is the man for me: it is admirably well done, and will, I trust, produce the same effect on the middling and lower classes of the people that Erskine's speech probably will on the higher ranks of society. There are passages in that speech more eloquent and sublime than any thing I ever read in Demosthenes or

Cicero, or any other writer, ancient or modern. He dined with me about a month ago, at Fulham, when I urged him strongly to print his speech in a separate pamphlet, which he did soon after; but it sells in some shops for a shilling, in others for sixpence, which is a great deal too much. It should be reduced to twopence, or a penny, in humble imitation of your magnificent publications; and with these light paper wings he would be able, like you, to *volitare per ora vivorum*, and to enlighten the whole kingdom.

I have lately printed the new edition I mentioned to you of Archbishop Secker's Life, with a short preface and a few notes; and if it had been worth such a long journey, would have sent it upon its travels to Cowslip Green. You shall have it if you wish it, but I fancy you will wait, without much impatience, till we meet in London or at Fulham.

You see I have written on two half sheets of paper, which is now the high mode, and I suppose you have philosophy enough to know that two halves make a whole. Adieu. Mrs. Porteus sends her best affections to you. Take care of your health, and think sometimes on the solitary Anchorites of the happy vale.

Ever yours,
B. London.

From the same to the same.

1803.

It was at Exeter that the idea first suggested itself to us of going to Weymouth, which till then had scarcely ever entered into our thoughts; but on talking it over, we agreed, that being within sixty miles of it (a mere trifle to such travellers as we), it was highly proper that I should pay my duty to the king, especially under his then circumstances with respect to his eyes; they were, however, then growing better, and the cataract dispersed, so that there was no necessity for any operation. In other respects he looked well, and those about him said that he was better than he had been for sixteen years before.

You must have been surprised at my preaching there, and so was I too; I had not the smallest expectation or intention of doing so; for I got there late on Saturday, and concluded that the preacher had been fixed upon long before; which in fact was the case; but I had not been there two hours before I received the king's command, through the Bishop of Bristol (who was there), to preach the next morning. The place itself presents one of the gayest and most cheerful scenes I ever saw; the view of the bay, which is uncommonly fine, the shipping, the esplanade, the number of fine folks, fine horses, and fine carriages, continually passing and repassing, with an encampment of 10,000 men on the adjacent hills, form altogether a

very striking and splendid spectacle. Add to all this, the king's yacht, which we saw; and which is, I suppose, the richest, most beautiful, and most highly-finished vessel in the world.

It is not a little flattering to me to find that I shall be immortalized by forming a new era in the annals of Barley Wood. It is much more gratifying to me than to have been recorded in those of the empire of France, or the more respectable one of Hayti. I rejoice to hear of the flourishing state of *my* arbutus, and that *your* hill has already changed its complexion; it is nothing more than what the poet foretold—

> Another age shall see the golden year,
> *Embrown the slopes* and nod on the parterre.

Yours ever,
B. London.

Mrs. H. More renewed again, during the progress of this year, her secret controversy with her own heart, and her solemn pledges of service in the work of edification and practical piety. Her diary of this year presents to us the mirror of a mind gathering strength daily from its increasing conviction of its natural weakness, and from the succours of grace conceded to prayer and self-abasing confession before the throne of grace.

Jan. 1, 1803.—Since I have been in some measure drawn off from the pursuits of the world, and have laboured, though in a most imperfect manner, to assist others in the knowledge of the truth—my life being active and my health bad, I find I have neglected my writing; but being now, through the will of God, brought to a life of more leisure and retirement, I resolve through grace to resume it. And do thou, O Lord, grant that I may be more fixed in my thoughts, more frequent in self-examination, more heedful of the emotions of my own mind, more mindful of death from thus marking the progress to it. O Lord, I resolve to begin this year with a solemn dedication of myself to thee. Thine I am: I am not my own; I am bought with a price. Let the time suffice for me to have lived to the world—let me henceforward live to Him who loved me and gave himself for me. Lord, do thou sanctify to me my long and heavy trials. Let them not be removed till they have answered those ends which they were sent to accomplish.

I have this day had an awful admonition—heard of the death of Mr. Cadell, my bookseller for twenty-eight years, only a few years older than myself! born in the same village! In many respects we were alike prosperous, and went on with great amity in all our literary concerns. He abounded in the wisdom of this world, and his counsels to me were profitable.

He was a useful man to literature. His friends Gibbon, Hume, Robertson—where are they?

Jan. 2.—Saw Spencer's profits of his book against me advertised in a list of subscriptions to the Bath Hospital. Though I could not but see in this the most studied insult of the governors, yet I bless God I was not very deeply hurt at it. I was hurt for Dr. R——, who in the same list carried one hundred and nine pounds to the charity; yet the governors received the poor sum of 10*l.* from his and my calumniator. "Put not this money into the treasury, for it is the price of many reputations."

Jan. 3.—Lord, let me see more and more the reason of this late visitation, yet I *do* see it. "I said, in my prosperity, I shall never be moved." I set too much store by human opinion, though I did not then know it. May these trials lead me to look to Him, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again—who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself."

Jan. 5.—I fear I am become more intent on reading Scripture and cultivating retirement, than willing to advance others. I have hitherto erred on the one side; the danger now is, lest the slanders I have met with should drive me to too much caution and silence.

Jan. 7.—Various trials, acting on a nervous frame and keenly feeling temper, have disturbed my peace and health, I fear to the discredit of religion. Blessed be God, my mind is not only placable, but is become serene. Instead of being disturbed by every petty event, I now endeavour not to think very much of any thing which is to end when this life ends.

Jan. 8.—Have been frequent in prayer for poor Mr. ——, who is supposed to be dying; Lord, lay not to his charge his offences against me. I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—Formerly I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go up unto the house of our God." Now I labour to submit cheerfully to be detained by sickness from church; yet it is a great hindrance to spiritual improvement, and I ascribe partly to this, that I have scarcely ever known any one person who has lived long abroad, retain much serious piety. Lord, I thank thee that my lot was cast in a land of light and knowledge, where the name of Christ is publicly professed, and Christianity preached in its purity. I bless thee for thy day, thy word, thy Spirit. Lord, grant that my advantages may not one day appear against me; and that while strangers are called from the north and the south, from the east and the west, *I*, with all my means, may not be shut out of thy kingdom.

Jan. 10.—Heard to-day of fresh persecution; new attacks from the old quarter, after frequent promises of silence. Lord, grant that I may bear this with a holy resignation to thy will. If reputation be the sacrifice thou requirest, thy will be done. I try daily to look less for human applause, and more

to his favour, which is eternal life. Grant that I may not be content with *saying* this, do thou enable me to *do* it.

Jan. 12.—Finished reading "Halyburton's Life." It is so ill-written, so full of Scottish idioms and vulgarisms, and so uncouth, that together with the gloomy state of his mind, it was a heavy labour to get through the first half; but the second made rich amends, it exhibits the most consolatory view of a soul having struggled with and conquered habitual sin; all ending in such a vigorous unshaken faith, and such a triumphant death-bed, as must animate the coldest heart, and leave the most cheering impression of the truth of Christianity. It would be well worth while to abridge, polish, and reprint this ill-written but striking testimony to the truth of religion.

Jan. 13.—I was struck at hearing read one of my own stories! "'Tis all for the best!" meant as an answer to Voltaire's ridicule of Optimism. The story goes strongly to the vindication of every dispensation of Providence, and inculcates unqualified submission in the warmest terms. I blushed to think that I had not acted up to my own views—"Thou that teachest another, teachest not thou thyself!"

Saturday, Jan. 15.—Petty worldly turmoils ruffle the temper and take off from spiritual mindedness. Against these I resolve to be more on my guard. Captain and Mrs. —— left us. While they were here we kept up a constant system of useful reading: nothing so good for hindering family talk from degenerating into mean useless trifling.

January 19.—A delightful letter from my dear ancient friend Mrs. Boscawen, 84, her praise of me too exalted, but kindly meant to support me under my strange attack; she desires my prayers—how many do this, who little know how much more I need theirs; and what a poor, erring, sinful creature I am.

January 20.—I try to adopt into practice this remark. If I get repentance by affliction, it is not so much a trouble as an advantageous traffic; it is a voyage which has pain in the way, but treasure in the end. No affliction can hurt him that is penitent and believing; if we escape, it will make us more thankful; if not, it will bring us nearer to God.

January 24.—Seeing that evils which I feared have been graciously withheld, and mercies which I despaired of have been granted, I would learn to trust God more, to commit myself to Him, to throw aside all anxiety, and neither to fear remote evils, nor to look for distant good.

January 25.—With sorrow I find, that though it has pleased God by various trials, both in my health and fame, to wean me from what is called the world; and I have, through grace, obtained a considerable deadness to honours, pleasure, and human applause, yet I have been grieved to find the same spirit still at work on nearer occasions, and the daily petty affairs of life. I am discomposed by trifles which I despise, and feel

inequalities of temper at trifling faults in others; am impatient at their follies, weaknesses, imprudences; forgetting how often I myself offend, not only against them, but against infinite mercy and inexhaustible patience. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ.

January 26.—Altered my will. I have tried to make it conscientiously. Made it a point to leave a legacy to the Bath Hospital, as a mark of my forgiveness to those governors who received from Spencer the wages of iniquity, with a view to inflict public disgrace on me. Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

January 27.—I am thankful to say that my thoughts in the night, in which my waking hours are many, are for the most part on serious subjects; but I grieve to find, that though my reins chasten me in the night season, yet when the light of day restores cheerfulness and gayety, and objects are alive about me, I cannot get back altogether to that spirituality which the night encouraged.

January 28.—I find it hard, nay impossible, to acquit myself during the day of the promises and resolutions made in the night season: this furnishes fresh, constant reasons for flying "to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness;" it serves to keep the heart humble, by showing its constant need of pardon, mercy, and the pleading of the divine Intercessor.

February 2.—My birth-day! How little was my prospect this day twelvemonth, that I should live to see it. I would enumerate some of the mercies of the past year; raised up from a long and dangerous sickness—from a broken state of nerves and spirits—restored to a serene and resigned frame of mind—able to thank God, not only for amended health and spirits, for the many comforts and alleviations of my long and heavy trial, but enabled to thank him for the trial itself—it has shown me more of the world, more of its corruptions, more of my own heart, more of the instability of human opinion; it has weaned me from many attachments which were too strong to be right. Among other mercies, I have been preserved from injury when my horse twice fell under me. My schools are not only continued, but God has raised up a powerful protector in the new bishop. He has enabled me to meet, without resentment, those whom I knew to be my enemies. He has given me a new and delightful habitation, and continued to me many friends; "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" May I seriously renew my repentance for the sins of the past year, and enter upon a new course of holy obedience. I would also reckon it among my mercies that I have escaped the bustle and worldliness of a Bath winter, and have so much time at my disposal. Oh! that I could spend it to the glory of the great Giver.

February 3.—Finished "Blatrie's Life of Julian," which has given me a far juster view of that apostate's character than

Ammianus, Warburton, or Gibbon; less partial than the one—less prejudiced than the others. Mrs. A. Addington lent it me to read, with a view to comparing his character with that of Bonaparte. Certain points of resemblance are very striking—their vanity, hypocrisy, and affectation. The author has proved what he undertook to prove, that he was not a *great* but a *singular* man.

February 6.—In the night I had much comfortable intercourse with my Heavenly Father, and felt resigned to his will, whether it decreed that I should pass through honour or dishonour, evil report or good report, life or death; but when the business of the day returns, my own heart, and the frivolous conversation of others sadly diminish these good impressions. Oh for more spiritual permanence of mind!

February 10.—Poorly to-day in body, and inactive in mind; an indifferent, feverish night, and in the wakeful intervals not disposed to think seriously. Lord, enable me to glorify thee in my body and my soul,—which are thine.

February 13.—Confined all the week by my cold. I fear I have not gone forward in the past week; have read Scripture, &c. as much, but with less feeling, less attention—found it very difficult to compose my thoughts, and to fix them with comfort upon serious subjects: even the night has been less favourable to pious meditation than has lately been the case: it is, I am willing to hope, partly from nervous restlessness that I have found it difficult to keep down intruding unpleasant thoughts.

February 14.—I find it hard to keep up near views of eternity when alone, and the more hard as these subjects are banished from company. Oh Lord! take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh; tender, impressible to the good motions of grace.

February 17.—A sleepless night, but I thank God, no great pain. I did not indulge my gloomy thoughts: nor did lamenting recollections obtain power over my mind, but I was enabled to repeat larger passages of Scripture and to pray.

February 18.—Another month has passed over my head. I have to be thankful for its mercies. No calamity hath befallen, nor any evil overtaken me, but such as is common, and to be expected in a life frail, uncertain, and suffering. Oh for warmer aspirations after a life that shall have no sorrow and no end!

February 27.—I am grieved to find on this Sunday, though I have leisure, I have not the right relish for serious objects. I find it impossible, alas! to confine my thoughts to any devout contemplations for any length of time. "Who shall deliver me from this body of death and sin?" I thank my God through Jesus Christ, that my mind kept up a sense of devotion for a blessed interval on first awaking this morning.

March 2.—This day finished Paley's "Natural Theology,"

It is a very able work—evinces the author's acquaintance with anatomy, and almost all science. All these endowments are made subservient to the grand purpose for which the book is written. But the book is deficient in some essential points.

March 8.—Heard of the death of Mr. John Stonehouse; how can I not feel for him as the son of my faithful and most attached friend Sir James, my counsellor, physician, and divine; who first awakened me to some sense of serious things! The young man was brilliant, but unsteady. That God, who knows the creatures of his forming hand, knows what of their defects are to be imputed to bodily infirmity or mental irritability. It is the consummation of his mercy that he has reserved us all for his *own final* judgment by Christ Jesus; who cannot but be touched with the feeling of our infirmity; who was in all things like ourselves, sin only excepted.

March 12.—Poor Captain —— has been spending some days with us. I think it has pleased God by the trial of his sickness to work a material change in his heart. There seems to be in him a growing delight in spiritual things, and a tenderness of conscience. I bless thee, Lord, that that exemplary servant of thine, his sergeant, was one of our first scholars at Cheddar, and that thou hast graciously preserved him in faith and virtue in a station so full of temptation. With thy grace a camp may become a sanctuary, and without it the holiest place may be converted into a scene of iniquity.

March 15.—Finished this day, for the second time, Bishop Horne's "Paraphrase of the Psalms." A work of great edification, and of a sweet and devout spirit. I do not know any book that has greater unction and savour of piety. Only one thing surprises me, that this excellent man falls into the common error of mistaking baptism for regeneration. Surely it is confounding the outward and visible sign with the inward and spiritual grace.

March 24.—I feel in finishing my garden that I have too much anxiety to make it beautiful; that it occupies too much of my attention, and tends to give worldly thoughts a predominance in my mind. How imperfection mixes itself with all we do and are!—This innocent relaxation, which Providence seems kindly to have provided for me so seasonably in the time of my distress and depression, is in danger of becoming a snare, by fixing me too much to that world, from which I am in other respects trying to free myself. May I ever remember, that whatever keeps the mind from God,—that stops the heart short of heavenly things, however harmless in itself, becomes sinful, by drawing the time, and thoughts, and affections from their proper and legitimate objects. I have, perhaps, too strong a passion for scenery and landscape gardening.

Sunday, March 27.—By the great favour and goodness of God, I have been this day enabled to go to church. Adored

be thy holy name, that I am again restored to this privilege. O may it be sanctified to me! May I lift up my heart in gratitude for every spiritual blessing, for Sabbaths, for ordinances, for ministers! May I be less unfruitful under these multiplied advantages! Every opportunity increases my responsibility. —Let me awfully remember that it was to the *professors*, to the *instructed*, to those who, because they had the *means*, made sure of salvation, that the Lord said, "Depart from me, I never knew you."—Better to have been a pagan, a blind ignorant idolater, than a disobedient Christian, or an unfruitful believer.

Good Friday.—May the awful transactions of this holy day sink deep into my heart, and may I resolve with more effect than I have hitherto done, to live henceforth to Him who died for me. May all my reading and meditation this day respect that great event on which my own salvation and that of the whole world lies.—Lord Jesus, hasten thy great work, and grant that the knowledge of thee may cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Bring in the Gentiles—convert thine ancient people the Jews, and finally accomplish the number of thine elect.

April 13.—A fresh call to repentance and preparation, in the death of one of my oldest friends, Mr. L——. Our acquaintance began when I was eighteen; we were both then devoted to poetry, literature, and intellectual amusement—his was a singular character; about the middle of life he renounced worldly society and reading, yet persisted in a close application to business. He fell into the habits and opinions of the mystics—was much given up to secret devotion, devout meditation, and a thoughtful intercourse with his Maker. I have no doubt of his sincerity—but he was a character rather to be admired than imitated. He left off at last all public worship. Taking no active part in society, he brought little glory to God, and was less useful to mankind than his talents, his virtues, and his fortune ought to have made him. He was, however, one of the most amiable, gentle, and self-denying of men, and with all his peculiarities was, I doubt not, a sincere Christian *in his way*. May I be found watching, as I doubt not he was!

April 19.—On Sunday I was enabled to go twice to church, through the goodness of God. Shipham in the morning; the first time of my visiting the schools. I hope I was thankful for being restored to my poor children, and a very full and flourishing school, well informed in the Scriptures. We can only put Christianity into their *heads*—do thou, O Father of mercies! put it into their *hearts*, and sanctify our labours.

April 22.—Rev. R. Whalley passed a day or two with us. I am always edified by his highly devotional spirit. He seems more dead to the world, and to realize the invisible things of eternity more than almost any man I ever knew. We conversed much on serious subjects, and read largely in Bishop

Reynolds. I have to lament that the impression of such reading and such conversation is so soon effaced. Last night, having lost my feverish symptoms, I was enabled to keep up devout thoughts and prayers during all my waking intervals. Oh! that I could carry them more into the intercourse of the world!

May 4.—Indisposition of body and mind has prevented my writing. Things the most trivial and contemptible occupy, distract, and indispose the soul for its proper work. I fear I have gone back in religion this week. My waking nightly thoughts have been less voluntarily pious. I find with sorrow that I stand in need of continual calls and awakenings; for when all goes on peacefully, I easily degenerate into sloth and deadness.

May 5.—One ill consequence I experience from my long trial is, that whereas I used to watch for all occasions for introducing useful subjects, I am now backward to do it, from the idea that all I say may be called enthusiasm—alas! it is a difficult case;—I know not how to act—Lord! direct me by thy Spirit. The low tone, too, of common conversation is very unfavourable to a spirit of devotion. I seize, however, what time I can to be alone, and that is the time I most truly enjoy. I do not get weary of holy reading; but meditation and prayer too soon fail. Just finished Hayley's Life of Cowper. Cowper's letters are interesting, as they present to view the genuine, affectionate, benevolent heart of the incomparable author. I was disappointed to find so few of his religious letters printed. The biographer seems to forget, or not to know that religion was the grand feature, the turning point in the character of Cowper. It was difficult to write his life truly, and yet tenderly. Hayley has very judiciously sunk some circumstances which might have hurt religion; and he has treated his insanity with great tenderness. The whole is written in a good temper, and much favour is shown to religious people. As to the composition of the life, by way of preface, it is in a bad taste, florid and incorrect. It is, however, with all its faults, a pleasing work, but might have been made far more useful. The letters wind about the heart, and captivate the affections by their naturalness, truth, elegance, and simplicity.

June 18.—A long pause. P. and I have been absent a month at Cheltenham to drink the waters. However I may be as to bodily improvement, I fear my soul has not prospered in health. With fewer impediments than I have almost ever had, fewer trials, more leisure for reading and meditation, I am not more spiritually-minded. I read with little improvement, I fear, though I read much. O Lord, do thou root the spirit of worldliness out of my heart. It flourishes there, because it finds a congenial soil.

July 8.—Have been looking at one of the answers to Overton. My very soul is sick of religious controversy. How I

hate the little narrowing names of Arminian and Calvinist! Christianity is a broad basis. *Bible* Christianity is what I love; that does not insist on opinions indifferent in themselves—a Christianity practical and pure, which teaches holiness, humility, repentance, and faith in Christ; and which, after summing up all the evangelical graces, declares that the greatest of these is charity.

July 20.—I had hung up my harp on the willows, never more to take it down, as I thought; but importunity on the one hand, and supineness on the part of others, have driven me to write a popular song on the dread of invasion. What a state of things must we be in, when the most immediate way of doing good that occurs is for *me* to *write* a song!! I was driven to make it merrily loyal; had it been serious, it would have been scouted.

July 29.—Heard to-day that my enemies had been undermining my character among those of the highest ranks. I am anew accused of disaffection to those whom my humble talents have heartily supported, and whom it is one great business of my life to support. Blessed be God! I heard this with little emotion. O how thankful am I that I can now hear such charges with patience! May I more and more learn of Him who was meek and lowly—may I with humble reverence reflect that even that divine and perfect Being was accused of sedition, and of stirring up the people.

September 30.—I find it easier to pray that others may be weaned from the world than to be weaned myself. I have spent this week nearly in my garden; too much occupied by amusement without doors, and company within. I am now, through the mercy of my God, come to the conclusion of another month. Great have been my mercies—great my undeservings. I would especially be thankful for a letter from the Rev. ——, acknowledging the good done in his parish by my tracts—and to his own soul by one in particular—that on bringing religion into the common business of life. May my heart be filled with gratitude for that goodness which has vouchsafed to do its work by so worthless a tool.

Sunday.—We were all at Wrington church and at sacrament. This last is a blessing I have so rarely enjoyed the last two years, that I cannot be thankful enough for any such opportunity. O Lord! hear and confirm the vows I offered up to thee at thy table; strengthen my faith, animate my hope, influence my charity. I was not well; I hope that may partly account for the coldness of my heart. When shall I be dead unto sin and alive unto God?

October 4.—Mr. T—— came to Bath in a weak state of health. May God raise him, not only for the sake of his family, but the world. May his beatification be deferred, that his example may be continued.

Saturday, Oct. 6.—While watching over the vineyards of

others, "mine own vineyard have I not kept." Professing to have given up in a good measure the world, and to be careless of human opinion, was I not too much pleased at the high esteem professed for me by the Duke of —— to various persons. I hoped I had learned to value praise and reputation only as an instrument of usefulness.

Tuesday night, October 9.—At home for reading and prayer; but a cold heart and dead affections. Lord! prepare every heart, and especially my own, to confess with deep contrition and self-abhorrence our great and numberless transgressions; and may we say, in the view of our great military preparations, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and departeth from the living God."

October 13.—What a miscellaneous world! What different scenes occupy successive days! Yesterday P—— and I dined at Clevedon, to meet the Duke of ——, though our hearts were fresh bleeding with the recent wound of Drewitt's death. I thought it right to go, as a desire had been expressed for my acquaintance, which, under any circumstances than those of my late trials, I should have thought of no importance. But neither the compliments nor the splendours of the day could make me forget my dear departed friend. We staid all night.

Friday 14.—My beloved friend Mr. Wilberforce and family came to pass a few days. I bless God that we were permitted to meet once more in this tempestuous world, in tolerable peace and comfort. I hope to profit by this fresh view of this excellent man's faith and holiness; his superiority to worldly temptation and worldly censure; his patience under provocations, and his lively gratitude for the common mercies of life.

Monday 17.—After breakfast the Wilberforces departed for Bath, and P. and I for Cheddar, to pay the last sad duty to Drewitt. When I saw the poor widow—no tears, no murmurs, no complaints, it was the most heroic piety and exemplary fortitude. We attended the widow with her three young children, to take her last leave of the body before it was carried out of the house. She leaned in a praying posture for a long time over the coffin, embracing it—her little ones beside her—but not a groan escaped her, she was solemnly silent, but her heart was praying.

Mr. B. preached a most interesting funeral sermon to above two thousand weeping auditors, and it fell to his hard lot to read the prayers, and to bury the friend of his heart. After sermon, the widow solemnly walked out of her pew, took her babes by the hand, and went to the grave, over which she stood without indulging any emotion during the last sad ceremony. When all was over, she walked with her children back to the house, to which the mournful procession all returned. The sight and sorrow of R——, the beloved friend of her husband, at length forced a flood of tears from this heroic mourner.

If I am not the better for her example on this occasion, it will be among the number of my sins. Lord, sanctify to us all, and to me in particular, the solemnities of this day; and grant that the sight of youth, genius, and virtue consigned to the grave, may quicken my preparation for it. Such were the last honours paid to an obscure country curate, whose talents and acquirements would have adorned the highest station; but whose humility and piety eminently fitted him for that which he filled.

October 20.—Yesterday, the 19th, was the public fast. It appears to have been not only decently, but solemnly observed everywhere. O Lord, accept the prayers which thy sinful, but in many instances I trust, thy repenting creatures have offered up at the throne of thy grace: and grant that sorrow for sin may be an abiding principle in the hearts of all those whose lips yesterday confessed it. Accept the prayers which were offered up for our king and country. Avert the stroke which we have most righteously deserved; and grant that in renouncing all dependance on ourselves and on an arm of flesh, we may place it solely on thy tender mercies in Christ Jesus. Unite the hearts of this nation as the heart of one man, both in their allegiance to the king, but especially to thee, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; and grant that whatever may be the event, we may be taught by it a deeper submission to thy will; and if in anger thou hast decreed that outward peace should be deferred, as a punishment for our sins, grant that we may have peace with Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

28*th.*—Mrs. J—— came from London to pass three days here—the object of her visit most important—to gain hints and assistance towards a plan for educating young ladies. P. and I have spoken largely and fully on the grand subject of religion, and the infinite importance of Christian instruction. To teach a teacher, is laying out knowledge on the best interest; such seed may be reproductive of much fruit. God grant it! but the world she will have to deal with will oppose those doctrines, or rather the practices they involve; for the world's hate is not so much directed against the *opinions* as the *conduct* of real Christians.

November 1*st.*—Another month is begun. I have been negligent, but God has been gracious. He has multiplied his mercies, but I have been cold and dead under them. Even in writing this confession, I do it with an unfeeling, unbroken spirit. The country, though increasing in danger, has been preserved from invasion, and internal peace has been preserved. A public fast and humiliation looks like an acknowledgment of that God we have so much offended.

November 3.—We have had the comfort of two days of the company of our dear friend H. T. His mild, peaceful, subdued, holy, cheerful spirit does honour to religion. May God spare him to a world not worthy of him. I forgot to record that on

nearly the same day with Drewitt, B—— was called away to answer at the bar of God, for a life spent in opposition to the light of knowledge and education. He was one of the worst calumniators of poor D. Both called into eternity together! O how different the account they had to give of their respective talents.

Some petty vexations from a friend convinced me too sadly how much I am still in the power of trifles, and how little, after all, the world is crucified to me, and I to the world. Oh that I had the wings of a dove!

November 25.—Being able to do little or nothing to serve our country, it occurred to us as a sacrifice it would become us to make, that I should write and offer to give up Barley Wood to the commanding-officers at Bristol, to be entirely at their disposal in the event of the French actually landing at Uphill, eight miles distant, or a partial use of our house in the meanwhile;—a kind letter of thanks and friendly refusal for the present, but of acceptance in case of an invasion, has satisfied our minds that we did right in making the offer.

Sunday, 27*th of November*.—Too damp and wet for schools or church. Tried to improve the solitude thus afforded me. Read Baxter's Funeral Sermon, and some of the more serious passages of his life, and found them striking, and in some respects appropriate; but how sadly do I fall short of him, particularly where he speaks of his calumnious assailants. Fifty books were written against *him;* about twenty-three, I think, were written *for* and against *me;* besides three years monthly attack from the Anti-Jacobin; but while Baxter blessed God that none of these things disturbed him, I have to lament that through my want of his faith and piety, they had nearly destroyed my life. In one thing only I had the advantage, I never once *replied* to my calumniators. In this one thing his trial was less than mine—that his calumniators did not hinder him in the service of God, by diminishing his estimation as a writer; whereas I believe the false witness borne against me, has caused my works to be much less read and more condemned: but God can carry on his own work, though all such poor tools as I were broken.

November 29*th*.—I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth, and length, and depth of the radical sin of selfishness, and of the excellence and necessity of self-denial and public spirit and charity.

30*th*.—Lord! grant me more patience and watchfulness, and forgive my numberless sins, known and unknown, for the merits, and sacrifice, and intercession of my Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have been much humbled at reading the death of good Mr. Key's son, in a letter signed "Sense." What resignation to the Divine will, what trust in Christ, what love of God *under* trials and *for* trials, at the early age of nineteen! At three

times that age, how cold, how dead, how slack am I in preparation for that eternity which is so rapidly advancing.

December.—Letter from Mr. Pearson declining Cheddar. This is a great grief. Lord, let it be a sanctified grief. Teach me a complete acquiescence in thy holy will; the work is in thine hand: to thee I would commit it. Deliver my soul from all sinful anxiety, and let me not be anxious about *thy* work, but my *own*. Oh for more faith in the promises—more renunciation of my own wisdom—my own will—my own way.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—P—— is gone to take leave of Shipham. It grieves me, whose health is better than hers, thus to put the labouring oar on her—but the fear of being laid up for the winter deters me. I have spent this Sabbath morning in my own room, with much peace of mind: I never do this voluntarily; public worship is God's ordinance, and ought never to be omitted but on very strong grounds. Without public worship, all private religion would soon decay.

December 26.—In the midst of my pain I have secretly been trying to reconcile friends whom trifles had set at variance. Oh what an imperfect world it is! Good people quarrel for very nothings! For my own part, I feel so much sinfulness in my own nature, that it makes me lenient to the faults of others. I say this now with more truth from having felt sinful tempers rise in my mind to-day about trifles. Shall I not then forgive my fellow sinner his hundred pence; I who have a debt of a thousand talents to be forgiven? May we bear one another's burdens; and may I prepare for that period of pain, and weariness, and imbecility which must be the attendants of that old age which is approaching.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

January, 1804.

It is, I believe, the opinion of those who seem to be best informed, that the French are now in a state of *perfect* preparation, and are only waiting for an opportunity most favourable to their designs; which may happen any day, or any hour in the week. We are, I hope, well prepared with every *human* means of defence. I wish we were equally secure of the Divine protection. The needless violations of the Lord's day, by reviewing, and parading, and presenting colours on that day, even during the time of divine service, make me tremble for the consequences. I have taken some pains to put a stop to those practices. They are of late become less frequent, and I have *reason* to hope that they will be gradually discontinued.

One great comfort to me during my winter retreat at this place, has been the uncommon mildness of the weather. My lawn is as green as an emerald; the aconites, the snow-drops, and polyanthuses, are all in full bloom; the lilacs, the honeysuckles, the rose-trees are bursting into leaf; and while writing

this letter, I have been regaled with as fine a thrush as I ever heard in the month of June. Poor things! how miserably are they all mistaken! they fancy that spring is come, and they

> "Soon experience to their cost,
> The horrors of a nipping frost."

Among our Christmas festivities, one has been the reperusal of your works, verse and prose. I read them again with redoubled pleasure; and this renewal of my acquaintance with them has confirmed me in the opinion publicly expressed by me, which has never yet been either controverted or disproved, and which I am not likely to relinquish but with my life.

You see, that although I write in duodecimo, yet I make amends by sending you two volumes. You may thank me for not sending you five, the usual quantity of such light summer reading as I have now the honour of presenting to you.

Yours most sincerely,

B. LONDON.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. H. More.*

1804.

Yes, my very excellent and dear friend, I must send one word sooner or later, in return for the kindest of letters, which was a *cordial* to me; that *one word* must express the truest gratitude for such a remembrance, the most constant affection, and the sincerest satisfaction in the news of your better health; so happily provided for by your own wisdom and activity in removing from the vale below, and planting yourself so delightfully on a hill, from whence you can discern your magnanimous defenders. I am much pleased, too, that you do not go to Bath, since Mrs. Martha is of the same mind. To the absent ladies, I desire to be kindly remembered. From you, my dear friend, I desire the continuance of your prayers. For oh! what it is to live so long! It is, you will answer, the will of him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

My health, since the last sad stroke, declines, but is better than it was. I do not go off this floor; my son comes to see me daily, and I have seen Lady Cremorne looking charmingly, and she is, I hope, well; Mrs. Carter less so within these few days; she was taken ill while dining with Mrs. Iremonger, but is better to-day. Adieu, my dear friend. Do not forget your very affectionate

F. B.

* We find inscribed on this letter, in Mrs. More's own handwriting—"The last letter I ever received from this excellent friend."

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, Sept. 10, 1804.

My dear Sir,

The enclosed letter from my diocesan you will be so good as to return. I think you will agree with me that I could not have expected a more handsome or more unqualified answer to my long letter. I shall however be cautious of availing myself of it. It may be more prudent to wait till next month, when he is to come to Wells, to see if his conduct corresponds with his professions, and to let him be a volunteer, if he is so disposed, in his good offices in that land of enemies. I feel thankful for such an honourable support and sanction; but after what has passed, I hardly depend on anybody.

It is from no kindness to *me* that the Anti-Jacobin has changed its note; but they are frightened for themselves, now that the world has found out what are their real principles, religious and political, of the party they have so zealously espoused: but when Jacobins and infidels are to be upheld, if by doing so, Methodism (or what they call so) may be crushed. Peace be with them! Their repentance comes too late to do me any good. I am sorry you did not read it, because you would have seen how I was in love with an *actor, and two officers*, &c.

I observe attentively all you say about the importance of lending a little spirit and vigour to the periodical you mention. But in order to give a thing, one must *have* it, and there is no affectation in my saying I feel as if I should never be able again to write what anybody would read. Besides, the soil naturally meager, is exhausted, and must lie fallow before another crop can be hoped for. But foolish metaphor apart; my nerves are far from being sufficiently strong for me to write. I have acquired such a dislike to it, that I hesitate and procrastinate for days when I have even a common letter to write. I used to defy mere pain and sickness, and found little difference when any thing was to be written, whether I was ill or well; but the late disorders of my body have introduced new disorders into my mind,—listlessness and inapplication (two words of which before I hardly knew the meaning); yet as to general health I have gained much ground lately. It would grieve me sadly if my want of power should produce in you a want of will to take it up. My inability should rather stimulate your zeal. I see how important it would be. I know what strength you gave to the first number by a striking Essay. It is certainly a valuable miscellany, written in an excellent temper—sensible, judicious, and in general, candid and moderate; but it wants a little essential salt, a little sprinkling of *manners* as well as *principles*. Good people will like it as it is; but we do not so much want books for good people, as books which will make bad ones better. Do write without once thinking of such a

pigmy associate as I should be—a dwarf in my best estate, and now a dwarf crippled. Love to Mrs. W.

Yours ever,
H. More.

Her diary for 1804, is the last of those interesting impressions of her mind found among her papers, in which her thoughts flow in a consecutive series; and which, while they indicate the progress of her self-searching piety in its beautiful surrender to divine discipline, exhibits an instructive specimen of the great gain of godliness in the settled serenity and happy confidence in which it lands us at the last.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1804.—I am now, through the great and undeserved mercy of my God, brought to the beginning of another Sunday, and another year. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thy sins and pardoneth all thine iniquities." O Lord! give me grace on this day solemnly and seriously to repent of the sins of my whole life, and especially of the sins which the past year has added to the sins of my past life. And do thou touch my heart with a lively sense of thy continued, renewed, and increased mercies. Enable me this day to pass over in review these particular mercies; among others, the considerable restoration of my health and spirits; personal and family comforts continued; family misfortunes averted; opportunities of doing some good; our schools continued; kindness of friends; ability to enjoy my sweet place; escape from the turbulent life of Bath; increased opportunities of reading and retirement. I have, too, to be thankful, amid grievous alarms and dangers, for many public blessings; for an unusual degree of domestic peace and unanimity; for the cordiality with which all ranks have come forward in defence of the country; that a foreign invasion has been mercifully kept off, and that we have had time for preparation. So blind and ignorant are we, that perhaps even those very winds and tempests which have made us tremble for our safety, have helped to insure it. We know not, as to temporals, what we should ask for; let me therefore implore earthly blessings with entire submission to the Divine will: in praying for spiritual mercies, no reserve, no caution, no limitation is necessary. Lord, pour out the grace of thy holy Spirit on me and mine without measure; teach us to love *Thee* with *all* our hearts, minds, souls, and strength, and to devote the remainder of our lives to thy service, and to the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Jan. 7.—Intense pains in my head and face continue; Lord, give me more patience. "Shall a living man complain?" Oh! how much fewer are my sufferings than my sins; how much less do I suffer for my sins than my Saviour suffered for them!

Jan. 14.—Blessed be God for an interval of ease for two

days. I call myself to account for my late deadness, and hardness, and worldliness; disturbed with petty cares, and my heart much alienated from prayer by those very sufferings which ought to have drawn my soul nearer to God. "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ." A visit from Mr. A——; he declares the country is in a complete state of defence, and the foe hourly expected. Lord, strengthen our arms and prepare our hearts. Alas! what preparations are the great of my own sex making! Balls, routs, masquerades; such was the preparation Belshazzar made, when Cyrus burst the brazen gates, and Babylon was lost in a night. O Lord, awake this sinful, sleeping land. Death and eternity! impress these two awful words on all our hearts.

Mr., and Mrs., and Miss H—— came for a week; thus my solitary hours are abridged; we read together one or two sermons of Gisborne's every day, and a portion of general history in the evening. May I be rendered useful to these pleasing friends, by being enabled to make such remarks as may lead this young person to read common books with moral and religious advantage.

My greatest loss in giving up the society of my distant friends is, that I have fewer to stimulate me to the love of God. Lord, let this deficiency lead me to look more to the fountain.

Long habits of vexation and disappointment to which I am now inured, make ordinary trials light to me. Impatience has been one of my besetting evils; it is still too often ready to break out, even on occasions too small to record; but it is less than it was.

Some painful occurrences. May we pity the errors, weaknesses, failings, and evil tempers of each other. Teach us, O Lord, to cultivate a spirit of Christian charity, and to bear with each other, especially as the days of age and imbecility advance.

Let me be thankful that I have a comfortable evidence of growth in grace. I have lately heard of new enemies, and of the malignity of old ones, with composure, and I trust with submission to the Divine will. Oh! that I may be entirely delivered from the fear of man, and the desire of human praise!

I was tempted to a piece of levity, of which I have rarely been guilty; in writing a loyal paper I had approached too near to a parody on the Church Catechism. I am thankful that I felt my error, and altered the piece, even to its injury, to avoid giving offence to the serious, or any example of lightness to the vain.

My religious reading has been much abridged, but I have in general kept up my hour of reflection at the close of the day; a retirement I much enjoy and labour to secure. If religion

has lost ground in my heart lately, a day or two of pain, through grace, may help to restore it. I had this morning in bed more comfortable intercourse with my Maker than of late.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Ill health detains me from church—have been awakened to-day to more than usual fervour in prayer, in which I have been lately so dead. God grant there may not be more servile fear than filial love in it. O Lord, I have not loved thee as I ought, and therefore I have not served thee devotedly. I know not how much unbelief may be at the root of all this deadness. The Miss S——'s here for some days—a painful breach healed—no misunderstanding ought for a day to subsist between Christian friends; life is too short—peace too precious—we must "bear one another's burdens;" Christ bore *all* ours.

Lord! look upon Cheddar—suffer not the work begun there to fail.

Lord, I come to thee persuaded that all thy ways are perfect wisdom, and thy dispensations perfect goodness.

Sunday, 22*d*.—After a week of too much worldliness, my mind has somewhat recovered its tone in devout prayer in the night. I have also to-day prayed with more affection. I have endeavoured to check my own spirit, by placing death before my eyes, and carefully reading Doddridge's last chapter—the dying scene. While I read, the impression is strong and my mind serious, but when the book is closed, the heart grows cold, and the world rushes in. Some worldly trials in the week have given me less vexation than usual, but that may be not because my resignation is greater, but my animal spirits better.

25*th*.—I bless God for the holy example my friend N—— is giving of the power of religion—under tedious, painful, and dangerous disease—she is divinely supported—her children and servants are grown serious through her means; divine grace has made her to be willing to die, and resign her numerous children into the hands of her heavenly Parent.

Sunday, *February* 19*th*.—How uncertain are all sublunary things. Just as the delay of the invasion was lulling the country into a false peace, it has pleased God to afflict us with an awful visitation—the sudden and desperate illness of the king. Into what new calamities may this sad event plunge this unthinking nation! Oh Lord! in mercy remember us. Avert, if thou seest fit, this heavy stroke. Though we have rebelled against thee, and our national iniquities cry aloud against us, yet do thou spare us, or do thou overrule this event to his everlasting salvation, and for the public good; comfort and bless the royal sufferer, support and strengthen him under every trial, especially under the last great conflict. Sanctify it to his family, and grant that it may bring us all to a more serious

temper; to a close personal application of the vanity of life, and a constant preparation for another world.

February 27*th.*—I have been hindered from writing, by an application to compose the address for Lloyd's committee for the Patriotic Fund: I thought it my duty to contribute to that good work, though they might have found another pen. Lord, let not a foolish vanity be the consequence of the compliments received on this occasion.

28*th.*—Our Bath house is sold. I am thankful for an event which fixes us to this place for the short remainder of life, without the turmoil, care, and expense of a divided dwelling and bustling town. Lord, grant that this may prove a blessing to us all, and draw us nearer to thee. Make us thankful that our own lot has fallen in so pleasant a place,—that we have a goodly heritage; but let us not take up with so poor a portion as this life, or any thing in it.

March 7.—My diary is here interrupted, and may be so for a long time; the idea has been suggested to me to write a pamphlet on the education of a certain royal personage. I am unequal to it, yet they tell me it is a duty to attempt it; I feel reluctant, but no irksomeness in the task should prevent me, if I dared hope I could do any good. Lord, if it be fit that I should undertake it, do thou strengthen me for the work; fill me with a holy boldness,—with prudence and wisdom; and if I really set about it, let thy blessing, without which all is nothing, attend it. Have been reading the lives of Pascal, Cranmer, Hall. Few things so profitable or so pleasant as the lives of eminent and holy men: the last is not impressively written—does not enter into those domestic details so interesting in the lives of good men. Cranmer seems faithfully delineated by Gilpin, and is of all characters the most interesting to me; partly from a corresponding weakness; a more religious use might have been made of it by Gilpin.

12*th.*—A visit at last from Mrs. ——, ardent, amiable, pious. I am humbled at her assuring me that my writings have been the honoured instruments of bringing her to the knowledge of the truth; for, alas! how little power have they on my own heart and life!

Here her diary is suspended by the new call made upon her exertions, to which she has above alluded.

CHAPTER II.

In 1805 she produced "Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess." It was written at the earnest request of a dignitary of the church. She undertook it with reluctance, as being in her own estimation wholly unequal to the task; and it was only from the consideration that the princess* was at this time solely under the care of ladies, no preceptor having been yet appointed, that she suffered herself to be engaged in this delicate task. When she had nearly finished the work, the appointment of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter (afterward Bishop of Salisbury), to that important office, made her for a time resolve to desist from prosecuting the undertaking; as she thought it might be deemed at once intrusive and superfluous to interfere in a vocation which had now been authoritatively confided to a learned and able man. After some scruples, the mildness and urbanity of the bishop's character determined her to proceed in the work. It was to be anonymous, and a profound secrecy was observed respecting it. But she now conceived the design of meeting objections, by dedicating the book to the right reverend preceptor himself. The work was kindly and politely received by him; and on her sending his lordship a copy, without any intimation from whence it came, a little correspondence was opened between them, in which the bishop addressed her as a gentleman. The internal evidence, however, as usual, soon betrayed the secret, and the discovery gave birth to an acquaintance and intercourse with the Bishop of Exeter, which was equally agreeable to both the parties.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Mrs. H. More.

Fulham, 1805.

My dear Friend,

I delayed writing to you till I came hither, because I thought I should have something to say to you from our dear bishop; and now I find he is writing to you himself, so I must make out my letter from my own bat, as the cricketers say. Perhaps, too, we may tell you the same things, but we shall not tell them in the same manner, so no matter. I received your last letter at Mongeville, and put your queries to that bishop, concerning the title to your intended publication. He

* The late Princess Charlotte of Wales.

approved of the title; he said he thought it modest and appropriate.

It is a mistake that I have been thought of for the princess's establishment—if I could be thought of. A plain question, such as Farmer Worthy would have put to himself, would determine the point. Am I fit for the situation? I understand there is to be a governess, a sub-governess, and an assistant-governess. I have not rank for the first, or qualification for the second, and I am too old for the third.

Lady Elgin brought the princess to chapel here yesterday; she is certainly a wonderful little creature. She has taken a great liking to the bishop, and always desires to walk alone with him. Yesterday she desired to repeat a hymn to him, and repeated one of yours. I have heard some things of her lately which lead me to believe she has a thinking mind, uncommon for a child of her age. Just before I left Windsor, I had some conversation on the subject with Princess Elizabeth, and she gave opinions with regard to her education so like some that you have given, that I could almost have thought she must have conversed with you on the topic.

Did I tell you of the princess's soliloquy on reading the second chapter of St. Matthew? "I think," says she, "Joseph ought not to have been afraid of returning into Judea, when God had told him by an angel that he might return; but I leave that to be settled by the Bishop of London and Lady Elgin."

What curious and interesting information Lady Waldegrave's letter gives you; and in addition to it, the bishop will tell you he has had accounts of the beneficial effects of your writing in Nova Scotia.

Yours affectionately,
A. KENNICOTT.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been shamefully remiss in answering your letter, considering the sincere pleasure it always gives me to hear from you; and especially when I reflect in what a sad melancholy scene you are constantly engaged. I feel much for you, often talk of you, and think of you still oftener. I cannot plead illness for my silence, for though my general health has been very poorly, and I suffer a good deal, yet the complaint now not falling, blessed be God, on my nerves, does not much disqualify me. But we have been overdone with company all the summer. I have, however, completed my princess, though amid interruptions very unfavourable to a work which requires close attention and long sittings. I think very moderately of it myself, and suppose the world will think still less favourably.

I trust, however, that my intention is pure, though my hopes are low.

Lady Kingston, who was here on Saturday, gives a very good account of our dear bishop and Mrs. Porteus, whom she met at Villa Maria. She has just returned from a visit to all the German courts. She brings a good report of the health and apparent happiness of our princess royal. I rejoice with trembling that our beloved king is going to Weymouth; I rejoice that he is well enough, but tremble at his putting himself in so bustling, and perhaps perilous, a situation. How awful things look!

I had the honour of a visit from my diocesan about a month ago. He and Mrs. Beadon seemed much pleased with little Barley Wood. I also passed a day with them at the beautiful villa of my neighbour Whalley. My visit to Wells is deferred, in order to give me an opportunity of meeting Lady Waldegrave there, who is soon expected, and I suppose she will come here also. Mrs. Bere has left this country.

It is a curious thing that no less than *four* of my assailants should have been tried in the court of King's Bench for libels, and found guilty. Thankful am I that it has not been by me, nor in my cause. I cannot sufficiently acknowledge that restraining grace which has preserved me, not only from attacking others, but from defending myself, and that I was enabled to commit my cause to Him who judgeth righteously.

Adieu, my dear friend, believe me ever,

Yours affectionately,

H. More.

From the Bishop of Exeter to the Author of "Hints to a Young Princess."

Parliament-street, May 3, 1805.

Sir,

A severe fit of the gout has prevented my taking earlier notice of the very handsome present I have received from the unknown author of *Hints for a Young Princess.*

I shall now no longer delay returning you my best thanks for the very high degree of pleasure and satisfaction the perusal of your very excellent performance has given me.

The world will soon, I am confident, be as anxious to know as I am, to whom we are all indebted for so useful a work.

I am, sir,

With great respect and esteem,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

J. Exeter.

To the Author of "Hints for a Princess."

Parliament-street, May 20, 1805.

The Bishop of Exeter has the pleasure of informing the author of *Hints for a Young Princess*, that he has had the honour of presenting copies of that excellent work to the king and queen, and to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The queen has read the work, and has declared her approbation of it to the Bishop of Exeter.

From the Bishop of Exeter to Mrs. H. More.

Parliament-street, May 24, 1805.

MADAM,

I take the earliest opportunity to thank you most sincerely for the very obliging letter you favoured me with yesterday.

At the time I addressed my two notes to the author of the "Hints," I had a very strong inclination to address them to the *authoress*.

No one who had read with attention Mrs. More's work, entitled, "A View of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank," could doubt to whom to ascribe the "Hints."

When I had the honour of seeing the queen a few days since, her majesty, after saying many things in commendation of the new work, asked me if I knew who the author of it was. I replied, that I certainly could not take upon me to say who the author was, but from strong internal evidence, I had great reason to believe that Mrs. Hannah More was the person to whom we were indebted for this excellent book.

I hope to be able to pay a visit at Fulham Palace some morning in the course of the next week, when I shall embrace with pleasure the opportunity of assuring you in person how much I am,

Dear madam,
Your obliged and faithful humble servant,
J. EXETER.

From the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Watson) to the Author of "Hints to a Young Princess."

Calgarth Park, Kendall, May 30, 1805.

SIR,

In an age and country abounding with sensible and well-written books on every subject, and especially on the subject of education, I have met with none which has afforded me more pleasure in the perusal than the "Hints for a Young Princess." What the writer has said of Johnson,—that he never loses sight of religion,—is peculiarly applicable to him-

self or herself; it is this attention to the most important concern of human kind which constitutes the best part of a book in which all is good.

You will accept my thanks for the obliging present.

I am, sir,

Your faithful servant,

R. LLANDAFF.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

Fulham Palace, June 3, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope you were clever enough to make out, that when I wrote to you last I had not received your kind letter, which only *could* account for my not answering any part of it. I have been continually hindered from writing by change of place, by indisposition, and chiefly by company; my old friends being assembled about me, and leaving me little time to myself.

I ought to beg of you, in the first place, to dismiss from your mind any anxiety on the subject of the imprudent disclosure of my having written *the Princess*. I am almost sorry I ever mentioned it to you, as it gave your feeling mind so much pain. If I had known that Dr. Woodward still remained in the neighbourhood, I would have found him out, in order to have set his mind completely at rest; for I do not like the idea that that amiable and worthy man should feel uncomfortable for a momentary indiscretion, especially as the event has been such as to render it less important; for I must tell you that, to my great regret, the secret betrayed itself; and from internal evidence, the author was discovered as soon as the book was read. I declined the avowal, however, as long as it was possible; but the suspicion became so strong and so general, that it would have led, not only to affectation, but deceit, to persevere in silence. A curious correspondence has passed between me and the Bishop of Exeter. His candour and politeness to the *anonymous* author, whom he naturally addressed by the appellation of "Sir," did him credit. He presented the work, at my request, to the king; also a copy to the queen, and to the Prince and the Princess of Wales. He wrote me, that the queen alone had *then* found time to read it, that she was very warm in her commendations, and as anxious as himself to know the writer. As he so highly approved the book, I thought it handsome, when the secret *could* be maintained no longer, to compliment him with the first avowal, and I am expecting a visit from him, in order to talk it over. I believe the work is in the hands of most persons of high rank in London, and it has had the good fortune to please. I almost question whether it will become so popular with persons of the

second class, as they may fancy it is exclusively addressed to royalty.

Since I sent the three copies by Mr. Butterworth, I ordered another set, through him, to be sent for Mrs. L——. I sent it at that time through you, to guard against suspicion; but your tongue is now untied.

We were disturbed from our Kentish visit, by our worthy host being called to be first lord of the Admiralty, by the title of Lord Barham. Patty and I often say, what a comfort it is to have a cabinet minister who, we know, *prays* for the success of his measures; whose professional knowledge, industry, and integrity cannot, I believe, be surpassed. We were amused with the terms he made before he would stir from his retirement,—that he would not change his dress, give or accept of cabinet dinners, or attend levees or drawing-rooms; and they were glad to accept him on these uncourtly conditions.

We have been spending the last fortnight with my excellent friend the Bishop of London. He is going on well in the best sense, and has done himself great honour by the stand he has made against Sunday concerts. He has written an admirable letter, very strong and very pious, but temperate and well-mannered, to all the great ladies concerned in this unchristian practice. The effect, I trust, will be such as could be wished; they have in general behaved well, and promised amendment. He is at present engaged in carrying a bill through parliament for improving the incomes of curates, which will draw on him the blessings of the inferior clergy.

We have also spent a little time with the Clapham party. Lord Teignmouth, the Wilberforces, and Thorntons. They all regret much that they saw nothing of you when you were in England. We have all been disappointed at your not having sent any of those admirable papers you read to me to the Christian Observer; a fault I hope you will soon repair—it will really assist them much.

On Wednesday we propose taking leave of our kind friends here, and setting our faces westward. I long to salute my household gods, and to return to privacy and quiet.

Do not forget to mention your health when you write; and believe me, with every sentiment of esteem,

My dear sir,

Your very faithful and truly grateful

H. More.

From the same to the same.

Barley Wood, 1805.

My dear Sir,

I know you have chivalry enough in you to allow *place aux dames;* I must therefore begin by desiring you to thank dear

Mrs. L. T—— for her kind letter and cordial invitation, and to tell her that few things would afford me more real satisfaction than to see her at her own enchanted castle; but that I despair of ever being able to accomplish it. At least I have not energy to think of it at present, and there is this obstruction to my undertaking it at some remoter period, that I shall not be growing younger.

The pamphlet addressed to my excellent friend Lord Teignmouth was not (at least so it is said) written by the *Bath Presbyter*. Abominable as I am told it is, both in argument and principle, it really disturbed a few violent but weak persons. I know no more of it than can be picked up from reading the answer by *the Suburban Clergyman*, as he denominates himself. The author, however, proves to be Mr. Owen, lecturer of Fulham, and author of the pleasant little volume called *The Fashionable World Displayed*. His defence of the Bible Society is replete with wit and humour, and must, I think, have made the popish party (for such they appear to me) ashamed of their absurdity, if indeed any thing can. *Your* pamphlet will, I doubt not, complete the triumph of that party, which, having truth, reason, and common sense on its side, has yet not a little to encounter from the folly and malignity of prejudiced persons.

I will not attempt to answer *some* of your observations on my having so much extolled the *doctrines* of the church, because I confess I do not quite understand what you mean. You, I believe, take for granted that I meant the *Articles*, about which, not being a clergyman, I really little concern myself; whereas, if I understand myself (which perhaps I do not always), I was thinking of the doctrines only as they are exhibited in the Liturgy, about which I think *we* have but one opinion. I was even so unwilling to dwell on the Articles that it led me to omit part of what you had suggested, and if I do not mistake, there are not more than half a dozen lines which relate to them. As a party matter, I never talk or write of doctrines, thinking it makes our tempers sour and unprofitable. The doctrines peculiar to Calvinism I do not adopt, though I much reverence many good men who maintain them. This I conceive to be permitted for the exercise of mutual charity.

I should indeed have been glad to have had you at my elbow in correcting some of the numberless errors. And the misfortune is, that a large portion of them have travelled on to the second edition, which being called for before I had quite looked over even the first volume, I would not stop the press while I weeded the second. Indeed, to save time, both volumes were put into the press at once; I am sorry to say, it was before I received your first letter on the subject, so that I was not able to avail myself even of those corrections you were so

good as to suggest. In London I had no time allowed me for the business of criticising myself.

I had several interviews with the Bishop of Exeter, and extremely satisfactory ones; nothing could exceed his candour, warmth, and frankness of communication. Not the slightest tincture of jealousy or littleness. I also passed one evening with Mr. Nott, the sub-preceptor; about whom, as he, after all, *must* be the acting man, and efficient instructer, I was still more anxious than about the bishop.

The bishop being now gone to his diocess for three months, of course the whole care of the education devolves on Mr. Nott, who was so good as to describe to me his manner of communicating instruction to the princess, with which I was much pleased. The bishop appears to have a proper notion of managing her, and of casting down high imaginations.

I am obliged to you for Mr. Jebb's letter: he writes admirably. Though if he were addressing me in private, I should be thankful to have all my errors drawn up in battle array; yet I hope in public he will be "to my faults a little blind." Indeed I wish I had given more time to their correction.

Adieu, my dear sir; believe me, with every sentiment of regard,

Your very faithful and greatly obliged friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Waldegrave.

Battersea Rise, 1805.

My dear Lady Waldegrave,

As to *the secret* which I was desirous to communicate to you as a mark of my confidence and friendship, it is this—I had been for many months busily employed (at the earnest desire of some friends) in preparing a work which might assist in forming the principles of *her* who, in all probability, will be our future queen. I should have desired your acceptance of a copy as soon as it was published, which was more than a fortnight ago, but I wished you to be able to say, if questioned by the duchess or any other person, that you had not received it *from the author*. As I do not, however, feel pleasant at keeping you in the dark any longer, I write this little history. In spite of all my secrecy, I was soon found out, not from its having been betrayed, but from the style and other internal evidence. I did not however avow it, and I even corresponded with the Bishop of Exeter, who seemed highly to approve the work, without putting my name, and he addresses me by the appellation of *Sir*. I have not yet sent a copy to Princess Sophia, but think to do it soon. It is a disadvantage at first to any work to appear without a name, as it causes it to be slowly known. In speaking of it, however, you may say with

truth, that though written for royalty, it was meant to be useful also to all young persons of rank and liberal education.

But it is high time I should advert to you. In my judgment, one of the best proofs that sorrow has had its right effect on your mind is, that it has not incapacitated you for business, *your* business being duties. I well know that under the pressure of heavy affliction it is more soothing to the heart to sink down into the enjoyment of a kind of sad indulgence, and to make itself believe that this is as right as it is gratifying: especially while it mixes some pious thoughts with this unprofitable tranquillity. But who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares in life remaining. Much less can a tender mother say it, who has still so many looking to her advice, and what is almost more, to her example. It is not the smallest part of the good you may do them to let them see what effect great trials have upon your mind, and that Christianity enables you to bear up against such a stroke. It is an excellent sign, that after the cares and labours of the day, you can return to your pious exercises and meditations with undiminished attention. This will be a good criterion by which to judge of your state.

I pray God you may be able to keep your hold upon the minds of those important young men. While they continue to make you their chief friend and confidante, I shall feel the less anxiety for their safety. Mutual sorrow, however, is so endearing a tie, that you must perhaps expect it will slacken a *little* when time and the society of the world shall have weakened the sense of sorrow. I do not mean that they will love you less, but perhaps the frankness and fulness of communication may in a small degree diminish, and that imperceptibly to themselves. Your good judgment and knowledge of the world will, I am persuaded, lead you to mix so much kindness and prudence with your moral and religious lessons, as to make them palatable, and of course useful.

Remember, you are to thank not me, but Mrs. H. T—— for *the book*. I shall, however, be glad to know how you like it, and what you hear respecting it. Adieu, my dear Lady Waldegrave. That God Almighty may bless, support, and comfort you, is the hearty prayer of

Your very faithful and affectionate

HANNAH MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, Oct. 16, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am just recovering from a pretty severe illness, which confined me to my bed for nearly a fortnight. Indeed these bilious attacks grow on me. Patty is a sad sufferer; my eldest sister has also had a dangerous attack, so that we have been three

or four of us in bed at a time. All this to account for my neglect of ——.

You would weep over Cheddar if you saw the change occasioned by the death of Drewitt: no resident minister; only a galloper from Wells on a Sunday, to a twelve minutes' sermon—the church of course thins.

Lord —— teazes me with long-winded letters of sixteen pages about doing good, and teaching in schools and cottages, &c. He is one of those thick-headed, bustling, and good sort of people, who having a constitutional nervous kind of *besoin* of doing something, have luckily turned their activity to objects of some use; and instead of being mischievous, do some good, with a large mixture of zeal, and prejudice, and blunder. The *animal* rather than the *man* is active.

My dear friend Mrs. Boscawen left me a legacy of about forty volumes, chiefly the Port-royal authors. I had intended to indulge myself with other reading this summer; but am so fascinated with these writers that I scarcely ever look into another book. May God bless you in this world, and make us all more fit for a better.

Yours ever,
H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to her sister.

Fulham Palace.

A few days ago I had a very interesting conversation on the "Hints to a Princess," with the Duke of Gloucester,* at the duchess's villa at Gloucester Lodge. The party consisted of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess, Princess Sophia, the Dowager Lady Kingston, Bishop of London and Mrs. Porteus, Bishop of Bath and Wells and Mrs. Beadon, Bishop of Chichester, Mrs. Kennicott, and ourselves. After breakfast, when the company went to walk in the gardens, the duke did me the honour of addressing me at large on the subject of the new book. The encouraging things he said carried with them an air of sincerity which was very gratifying. The observations he made did great credit to his judgment, discrimination, and delicacy of taste. His remarks on the education of the great were such as I could hardly have expected from the limited circles in which princes live; but what pleased me most was the earnestness he expressed that their early years should be kept as much as possible from every sort of knowledge which could communicate any taint of evil to the mind. He added—"No boys were ever bred up in a greater ignorance of evil than the king and myself. At fourteen years old we retained all our native innocence." To this period of life he said he always adverted with peculiar satisfaction.

* The late duke.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

Barley Wood, 21st January, 1806.

My dear Sir,

It would be hard to say which is the stronger, my ingratitude or my disinterestedness; or to put it better, whether my negligence in not acknowledging your last delightful letter sooner is to be blamed, or the self-denial of my silence to be commended, when by having written an early answer, I might have entitled myself to the great pleasure of an early reply. Leaving you, who are the best casuist I know, to determine this nice point, I shall content myself with telling you with how much pleasure and how much profit I always peruse your letters; and that the last might have laid claim to an immediate answer, had I not delayed it in the expectation of reading you in print, instead of thanking you for your manuscript.

You will readily believe, my kind friend, how certainly I was gratified with your most warm and eloquent effusion. The ardent friendship, the fine writing, and the generous spirit of liberal (too liberal) praise, equally satisfied (that is too frigid a word) my feelings and my taste. I must chide you, however, for your too great delicacy, in not having pointed out a few of the many faults,—an error which I trust you will repair in the subsequent part of your comments. The little nibbling in the first Christian Observer, though well intentioned, was not judiciously done for a friendly critic, who, I am of opinion, should always point out *specific* faults, and not excite general suspicions and make vague charges, especially where they intend to serve the interests of a work. They have however made their *amende honorable*, by the very able and spirited manner in which they have assailed the Edinburgh Review of "The Princess." Of this formidable Scotch attack I had heard much, but did not know the ground on which it was made till I saw it in the Christian Observer. For though I read evil report as well as good report, when it falls in my way, and quietly kiss the rod, I do not know that I am in duty bound to give six shillings to my flagellator. I ought not to complain of their extreme unfairness and misrepresentations respecting me, when they treat prophets and apostles with still less ceremony.

But to turn to pleasanter topics. I remember always to have felt a kind of envious pleasure in reading Lord Clarendon's account of the delightful society of friends, the Seldens, the Chillingworths, the Hales, and the Digbys, with whom he lived in learned and elegant retirement at the seat of the accomplished Lord Falkland. Such a feeling, animated by the lively sentiment which an actual acquaintance with most of the party bestows, did I experience at your description of the society and the intercourse at Cashel. I am charmed with

your account of the archbishop, and I bless the good providence of God which has lifted such virtues into such a station, their appropriate niche.

We have had here for four or five days on a visit, a clergyman of superior learning; a very respectable, correct man, but one of the most strenuous disciples of the Daubinian school—of that school he is an exact, though, perhaps, rather favourable specimen, on account of his natural mildness of character; which happy temperament, however, does not in the least remove his prejudices or diminish his unrelenting hatred of those writers whom it is the fashion to call evangelical; but which you and I had rather distinguish by the name of spiritual. He reverences Kipling as I reverence Luther. He added, that he has no idea of the possibility of Christianity without episcopacy. I assured him of my great reverence for episcopacy, observing at the same time that I thought that charity, love, and self-government gave a more unequivocal proof of Christianity, than a bare adherence to any particular form of church government. He thought this highly heretical. When I spoke of spiritual religion, and the sort of writers whom I thought likely to promote it, he declared he had never read one devotional book. I ventured to recommend Pascal, upheld as his reputation is by mathematics on one side and brilliant wit on the other, and Nicole, whose strength of argument I hoped might gain some quarter for his serious piety; but he will soon find out that their talents will not cover that multitude of sins which their spirituality involves, and that Jansenism is only methodism in French. The misery is, that these fiery polemics read only one side of the question; and if, through natural mildness, they should ever be disposed to relax, the monthly appearance of the Anti-Jacobin Review new braces their slackening bigotry, and rekindles the smouldering embers of immortal hate.

Methinks I had rather talk of any thing than public affairs. The political horizon looks black and lowering. The foundations of the earth seem out of course; but, blessed be God, there is an omnipotent hand which directs the storm. Oh that we did not exclude Him virtually from the government of His own world, by looking to means only! Is it matter of comfort or of alarm that we are to have forty thousand Russians to assist John Bull in defending himself at home? I am grieved to learn, from a friend of his, that Mr. Pitt is in a very shattered state;—voice and appetite gone—takes no sustenance but eggs and brandy twice a-day: but his mind is still firm.

Do you know that the last actual information I had of you was from the Duchess of Gloucester? She had heard much of you from Lady Kingston, and her royal highness was aware how much satisfaction it would give me to read the pleasing accounts she was so good as to transmit respecting you from that lady.

If, through the undeserved mercy of God, we should continue a free and uninvaded country, we shall look forward to the hope of seeing you in the summer.

Amid the tide of troubles which seems preparing to overflow us, it is a great mercy that our good king remains so well. He has, I am persuaded, strong sentiments of piety, and great trust in God; it is deeply to be lamented, that those about him, in their zeal to amuse him, contribute considerably to weaken his religious habits, particularly in having drawn him sadly to relax in his observation of the Sabbath. I wish any one had the honest courage to tell him a little circumstance respecting a prelate whom he has always loved and honoured above the whole bench, the Bishop of Worcester. The king had last summer intended a visit to his venerable aged friend, and a letter was sent to fix the day of his coming to him. The bishop happened to receive this letter on a Sunday, and no entreaties of his family could prevail on him to open it till the next day, lest the knowledge that the king was on the point of coming should agitate his spirits and indispose him for the duties of the day. I record with pleasure this little circumstance of a once polemical and worldly prelate. My dear Bishop of London is going on nobly.

My correspondence with you is something in the spirit of our wily African traders at Bristol, who are not ashamed to send the poor *blackies* beads, buttons, and bits of glass, and to expect gold dust in return.

Best regards to Miss Ferguson. I hope your delicate health stands this terribly relaxing weather. All here are much yours; as is, my dear sir, with the truest sentiments of affectionate esteem,

Your faithful and very obliged friend,
HANNAH MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Waldegrave.

Barley Wood, Feb. 1, 1806.

MY DEAR LADY WALDEGRAVE,

While I was reading your kind and affecting letter last night, so strongly picturing human calamities, Patty interrupted me by reading from the newspaper an event which I fear must nearly have overwhelmed your heart, already bowed down with such a succession of trials and sorrows. I truly sympathize in *your* heavy portion of this fresh and great public loss. What a calamity for British India! I do think that the sudden removal of three such public men as we are now deploring, is a token of divine displeasure against this long-favoured country. For Mr. Pitt's death we have felt all the regret that is due to talents which have seldom been equalled, and integrity which has never been surpassed. I agree entirely with you, that we must not, however, overvalue the instrument, but look up to

the hand that employs, directs, and removes it at his pleasure. Yet when I contemplate the public losses we are now groaning under, I cannot help thinking that when the master of a fabric takes away its support, it looks as if it were intended that the building should fall. In the more *recent* instance, you, my dear Lady W., are not confounded with the common mourners of an empire, but have to lament the loss of an attached and valuable friend. May God give you the consolations of which you stand so much in need! You have clearly one of the most decided marks of his own children, that of the frequent visitations of his afflicting hand. Yet a little while, and how will the scene be changed to those who love and serve God. Tears shall be exchanged for joy, darkness for light, doubt for certainty, and faith for fruition! I tremble for the life of H. T.; he seems to be hastening to that blessed state for which indeed he is so ripe. I really fear he is fast declining.

My own health has been bad the whole winter; and within the last month I have had several alarming attacks. Had I been tolerably well I would have come to you for a night or two, for I really long to see you. It is too probable that my physician will send me to Cheltenham early in the spring, about the time of the usual London journey. But if it please God, I will not leave the country without seeing you; and will, if possible, make you a visit, if it should be inconvenient to you to come hither. Our horse is still lame, so that I have not been beyond the gate these three months.

When you have five minutes leisure, I shall beg a line to say how you do. Be assured, my dear Lady W., of the cordial esteem and fervent prayers of your very

Faithful and sincere

H. More.

CHAPTER III.

In the year 1806 Mrs. H. More was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, which appeared to have originated in a cold, caught in returning from one of her schools. A pleuritic fever succeeded, of so inveterate a kind as for many months to resist the strongest remedies. Under her protracted sufferings, her composure and placidity of temper were so remarkable as to make those around her exclaim, "Would that her enemies and traducers could be in her sick room!"

A year had nearly elapsed before her pulse could be materially reduced, or a change effected on which any hope of her restoration to health could be reasonably founded. It was a sad interval of suspense to all who felt her worth, or had lived within the warm influence of her benevolence or friendship.

The poor seemed to lose all care for themselves in their concern for their benefactress; and the great, and even the gay, joined with the humble and virtuous in a common partnership of sorrow. No class of society had escaped her searching philanthropy, and all seemed to have an equal interest in the prolongation of her existence. The letters which were received by her sisters, upon this occasion, amounted to some hundreds. They were destroyed; but had they been preserved, their unvarying topic would have excluded the variety to which letters owe their interest. A short extract, however, from a letter received by her sister from her physician, whose watchful attention and profound skill ought not to be forgotten, will interest the reader.

From Dr. Lovell to Mrs. M. More.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I cannot express how much comfort your account of your excellent sister has given me, and I sincerely hope and pray we may be able to prolong a life so valuable to her friends and so beneficial to society. Should it please God to crown my endeavours with success, it is evident you will owe me no gratitude, and, I have no doubt, you will pay it where it is most merited. I do not mean to undervalue your kind expressions, but should I be permitted to save your sister, I shall, in so doing, benefit thousands, a consideration more pleasant and comfortable than all others.

R. LOVELL.

It was nearly two years before her recovery was sufficiently established to enable her to turn her thoughts towards any literary exertions. Her mind was rapid in resuming its energies, and was advancing in its forward march, while her body followed with a languid progress; and her friends were not a little surprised to find her pen, in spite of her infirmity, actively engaged in executing a scheme which had long occupied her mind, of presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colours of character, and with the breathing vivacity of dialogue and discussion. But some letters and transactions which belong to this interval must have place before we say more of this work.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More

Middle Temple, London, April 7th, 1807.

DEAR MADAM,

Mrs. Stephen is, I thank God, progressively, though slowly, recovering from the direct effect of her sad accident, in a kindlier way than her constitution promised; but the stomach feels the consequences of her long confinement to one posture, and,

if I had written on that subject two days ago, I should have written rather anxiously. Since that time there is much improvement, and it encourages me the more, because it seems to be produced by a new tonic medicine of much efficacy, which she has begun to use; if not by another cause, which is now likely to last—the genial weather, which has at last arrived.

This trial, though a mitigated, has been a long and severe one; but it has been admirably sustained, and so as to raise her in the estimation of all who know her; though I will venture to say to an old and partial friend of hers, that was no easy work.

To myself, the accident was a source not only of alarm and anxiety, but of gloomy speculations, to which I am by no means in general addicted. My views of the ways of Providence will perhaps never again be quite so cheerful and pleasing as they have been; for though I have seen and felt many sorrows, and have been no unobservant witness of the sufferings of the pious and the good, I never intimately knew any case which so strongly exemplifies the truth, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and that "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." To human eyes, it would have seemed that her sufferings, poor dear woman, were great enough, and her enjoyments scanty enough before; nor was there ever a person more disposed to supply, by generous self-denial and voluntary submission to hardships in the path of duty, the common offices of exterior or interior chastisements, while her constitution was become more than ever a source of daily sufferings. Her patience and cheerful resignation under them had also visibly increased.

But God sees not as we see. To his unerring wisdom this new trial was known to be salutary, or it would not have been permitted. I am not distrustful, therefore, of the care or the goodness of that Providence which I have always loved to contemplate; but regard its awful discipline with more apprehensions than before. "My heart trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments." If such afflictions be necessary for such a meek, chastised, patient, and faithful servant of God, what have *I* not to expect, and what have not many who are dear to me to expect in this life, or to apprehend in the next!

God, however, mixes consolation, even in the bitterest cup. In my case, he has so equally balanced good and evil that, if a mind naturally sanguine has never desponded, so it has scarcely ever been permitted to exult. *The abolition of the slave-trade!* How happy would that event have made me, if it had not been counterpoised by domestic affliction and anxiety! In spite of private feelings, however, it has rejoiced me, and, I hope, inspired much of gratitude to the Most High. What a promise of happiness does it bear to millions, and hundreds of millions of our species! From what a load of odious guilt and shame does it deliver our country! It enables us to hope well of our

native land, to put up hearty prayers for its prosperity, unmixed with the chilling reflection, that the destiny of a large part of the children of Adam is poisoned by the prosperity of England. May God so influence the hearts of our new rulers, that the righteous principle of this measure may not be departed from, but followed up with those further efforts for the final deliverance of Africa on which the late ministry had resolved.

But I am troubling you with far too long a letter, and therefore must take leave of that favourite subject. With kind respects to Miss Martha More and your other sisters, whom I have not the pleasure personally to know, and with best wishes for your health and happiness,

I am, dear madam,
Very respectfully and very sincerely yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Mrs. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, July 30, 1808.

The sight of your hand-writing, my dear friend, rejoiced me; and I thank God there was nothing in your letter to diminish the pleasure the subscription gave me. A wild rumour had reached us that you were coming to Clifton; to be sure it would have been more profitable to *us;*—I hope East Bourne may be better for *you.* To Weymouth I owe, under God, a considerable increase of strength, but I could not bring myself to stay more than a fortnight. Though we only went one stage a day, travelling disagreed with me. I am certainly much stronger, but I suffer great pain, and my nights are restless. I do not sleep even tolerably above once a week. At the end of two years' confinement, wanting three weeks, God in his great mercy enabled me to go to church, and I have been twice to the schools, which are very flourishing. Though we are neither of us very competent, we get on. In October we shall keep our twentieth anniversary of the opening of Cheddar schools. We have very many children of those who were then scholars, and within the last eight or nine years above one hundred are gone out to service (well instructed and promising) from Cheddar only. Do you remember John Hill, our first scholar, whose piety and good manners you used to notice? He afterward became a teacher, but war tore him from us. Judge of our pleasure at Weymouth to see him in full regimentals, acting as paymaster and sergeant-major! There was a sort of review. Everybody praised the training of eight hundred men so well disciplined; the officers said they were fit for any service. One of them said to us, "All this is owing to the great abilities and industry of Sergeant Hill—he is the greatest master of military tactics we have. At first he was so religious that we thought him a Methodist, but we find him so fine a soldier, and so correct in his morals, that we now do

not trouble ourselves about his religion." He will, probably, be adjutant on the first vacancy.

I did feel for you on leaving Broomfield, but still more, I confess, for those you left. Clapham seems coming to nothing. By-the-way, we never had so good a meeting as this year at Shipham. I did not dare venture. Poor Patty, though ill able, entertained near a hundred gentry at dinner, among whom were about twenty clergy. It is a fatiguing and expensive day, but I trust it has had its uses. Many similar institutions have sprung up in consequence. We had a young Irish nobleman there, who talks of setting up something of the sort. He is lately settled in this neighbourhood, and seems fond of visiting us. He has been living for seven years in the sink of infidelity in Germany, Berlin, &c., but now seems remarkably well-disposed. He rides here to breakfast, ten miles, before eight o'clock, that he may not lose prayers.

A letter this moment from the Ville de Paris. Bedford says things now look very promising from the Spaniards; a week ago we were rather desponding.

Pray give my love to Mrs. W., in which my sisters join. Patty desires to be very particularly remembered.

Yours, my dear friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, April 5.

My dear Sir William,

No! I cannot express to you a tenth part of the pleasure which I felt on reading your most kind and interesting letter. The delightful family-picture was so pleasing to my mind, that I was never weary of contemplating it, and I am in love with all the portraits individually and aggregately. Every change of this very capricious season brings on a fresh attack of fever, —and though the calendar tells us it is April,—my own feelings corroborate the testimony of the leafless shrubs and the brown grass, that it is December. I confess I have had intervals in which I *could* have written, but it is so unpleasant to be always speaking ill of one's self, that I deferred my letter from one week to another, in the hope of being able to tell you that I was emancipated from my long imprisonment. I thank God, however, that I continue to bear it cheerfully; and when the *rigours of the month of May* are past, I trust I shall again experience the blessings of fresh air—

> "He does not scorn it who has long endur'd
> A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs."

How have I felt, how have I *tasted* these lines of Cowper! I remember it was said more than twenty years ago, that I was

the only one of the old school who strongly relished Cowper; but then he had not published the Task, which, I am sure, must have converted *you*, though I think our friends Mrs. Montagu and Lord Orford were never brought over to the faith. Beattie came over but slowly, and I took the credit of his conversion to myself: I believe I rather frightened him into it. And so you agree with me that conversation is absolutely extinct. The classic spirit has, I think, declined with it, and I should think poetry extinct also, did it not in Walter Scott give signs of life. I have not read "Marmion," but hear it is not unworthy the author of the "Lay."

I would have given something if I could have drank tea with your family party the evening after I had finished "*Corinne*," which your account led me to read. There never *was* such a book! such a compound of genius and bad taste! such a fermentation of sense and nonsense! The descriptions of Italy are the best; and the descriptions of love the worst I ever met with. There are no shades. As there is little nature, it excites little interest; and the virtuous hero is to me a gloomy specimen of frigid sentimentality. Corinne herself gave me too much the idea of Dr. Graham's Goddess of Health, or the French Goddess of Reason, or the English Attitudinarian of Naples, for me to take a very lively interest in her. Yet let me acknowledge, that though like Pistol I swallowed and execrated, yet I went on swallowing; and I must own, it is a book which requires great knowledge, and very considerable powers of mind to produce. She never stumbles so much as when she attempts to introduce Christianity, as there is no subject on which she appears so completely ignorant. You see, evidently, that she drags it into play as a creditable novelty, having, I am told, tried Atheism without success in Delphine, which I have never read.

I have been reading through two books sent me by the authors, my friends, both clergymen of Bristol. One, the Life of Thuanus. One felt glad to be introduced into such respectable company as the authors and statesmen of the days of Henri Quatre, the Sullys, the l'Hospitals, the Casaubons, the Heinsius's, and the Grotius's. I counselled the author to translate the huge works of Thuanus, but he says the irreclaimable prolixity must ever prevent their being popular. The other is a pamphlet, "Latium Redivivum." The object to repress the universality of the French language, that provoking criterion of the ascendency of France, and to restore the popular usage of the language of Rome; at least to make it the colloquial tongue of schools and universities, and the medium of our communication with foreigners; and especially that ambassadors shall negotiate in Latin. And why not as well now as in the days of our once "right-lerned" queen? Though I fear some of our corps diplomatique would not be very Ciceronian.

But it is time to revert to your kind letter; and allow me to

say, that from no part of it did I derive such heart-felt satisfaction as from the evidence it afforded me of the pious feelings of your heart, and your devout recognition of the merciful hand whence your multiplied blessings flow. O, my good friend! there is no other stable foundation for solid comfort but the Christian religion; not barely acknowledged as a truth from the conviction of external evidence (strong and important as that is), but from embracing it as a principle of hope, and joy, and peace, and from feeling its suitableness to the wants and necessities of our nature, as well as its power to alleviate, and even to sanctify, our sorrows. Little as has been my own progress in this school, yet that little was an unspeakable support to me on the bed of sickness; and in my weak and helpless state I often thought what would have become of me if I had then had to begin to learn the elements of religion!

You have, doubtless, heard that I have had far greater trials than any which sickness could inflict. I will only say, in a few words, that two Jacobin and infidel curates, poor and ambitious, formed the design of attracting notice and getting preferment, by attacking some charity schools (which, with no small labour, I have carried on in this county for near twenty years), as seminaries of vice, sedition, and disaffection. At this distance of time, for it is now ended in their disgrace and shame, it will make you smile when I tell you a few of the charges brought against me, viz. that I hired two men to assassinate one of these clergymen,—that I was actually taken up for seditious practices,—that I was with Hadfield on his attack on the king's life; one of them strongly insinuated this from the pulpit, and then caused the newspaper which related the attack to be read at the church door. At the same time, mark the consistency! they declared that I was in the pay of Mr. Pitt, and the grand instigator (poor I) of the war, by mischievous pamphlets; and to crown the whole, that I was concerned with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat!!! That wicked and needy men should invent this, is not so strange as that they should have found magazines, reviews, and pamphleteers to support them. My declared resolution never to defend myself, certainly encouraged them to go on. How thankful am I that I kept that resolution; though the grief and astonishment excited by this combination nearly cost me my life. I can now look back, not only without emotion, to this attack, but it has been even matter of *thankfulness* to me; it helped to break my too strong attachment to the world, it showed me the vanity of human applause, and has led me, I hope, to be *more* anxious about the motives of my actions, and *less* anxious about their consequences.

I am happy in the esteem of neighbours, and my schools flourish. I have a sister whose associated labours supply my lack of service. I had intended to have said more in answer to your letter. Your two eldest sons I well remember, and

Miss Pepys. I rejoice they are all such blessings to you and their excellent mother.

I beg my most affectionate respects to Lady Pepys. How glad I am at your honourable and profitable retreat from your professional labours. May God bless your clerical son, and make him an instrument to his glory!

Yours very sincerely,

H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, May 12, 1808.

My dear Friend,

To have written to me at all so kindly and so spontaneously as you did, excited my warmest gratitude; but to follow it up by another most friendly and delightful letter, convinces me that you will not be sorry, during the short space before "we go hence and are no more seen," to hear now and then from your old and sincere friend. I am aware, however, that such kindness demands some discretion on my part, and that I must not alarm you by too quick a succession of letters, but encourage you to resume the habit of writing to me now and then, not as a task, but as one of those many occupations in which your whole life has been passed, the object of which has always been to afford comfort and satisfaction to somebody.

The day is not long enough for what I find to do, now that I am supposed to do nothing; and if I can but so employ the short remainder of my time as to be able to render a good account of it hereafter, I have no apprehension of not passing it to my own satisfaction, while it shall please God to continue my health. "Thou upholdest me in my health," are the words in which I daily acknowledge my dependence on God's goodness for the continuance of it, and I humbly hope, as I do not trust in my own strength, but look up to him with the deepest sense of gratitude for all his mercies, that they will be continued to me. But I "rejoice with trembling" when I hear of such disasters as the loss of Lord Royston, and ask myself, how would it indeed have been possible for me to bear the stroke! Indeed, my good friend, I am thoroughly sensible that if religion is so necessary to keep us temperate in prosperity, it is our only support in adversity. I can safely say that the most delightful moments of my life have been those in which I have raised my heart towards heaven in thankfulness for the innumerable blessings which I have enjoyed. If devotion be, therefore, my greatest delight in the time of my health, what other comfort can I look to in the time of my tribulation, and in the hour of my death! How strangely unacquainted with the delights of religion are those who consider it only as a system of hard duties to be performed, which afford here nothing but labour and sorrow, though hereafter they may be

attended with their reward. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that as Bishop Horne says beautifully on our Saviour's caution against too great anxiety for the morrow, that he has consulted in his precepts our happiness here as well as hereafter. By-the-way, did you ever see those beautiful applications of passages from the Classics of Bishop Horne, published by Mr. Jones? One of them was peculiarly pleasing to me from Terence's Phormio, act 1, scene 3.

Poor Mrs. Ord! she is, I think, the last of those we used so often to meet—how few old friends left! *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* You see how profuse I am of my Latin, but I have great pleasure in communicating any classical allusion where I know it will be relished. As to the common intercourse of life, it seems to me that I might have walked up and down St. James's-street all my life with Florio, for any use that literature is of in *conversation*, but it is my great delight when alone, and *that* is much more important.

As my time is now more at my command, it has occurred to me that I could not make a better use of it than to take an active part in soliciting the assistance of the public to prevent the Middlesex Hospital from being shut up: for, as people bestow their charity upon *new* institutions, they are apt to let the old ones shift for themselves, till, by degrees, our finances have become so inadequate to the relief of the many poor wretches who apply, that we have been obliged to appeal to the public for immediate assistance. I mention this because I think it not improbable that you may know some persons who have much to give, and would not be sorry to know where their money might be best applied.

Have you read Shee's Rhymes on Art? Some parts are excellent, particularly those on the French Revolution, where he speaks of new experiments in government, made with the same apathy as if they were performing some operation in chymistry—

> "What shapes of social order rise refined,
> From speculation's crucible combined,
> While cool state chymists watch the boiling brim,
> And life's low dregs upon the surface swim:
> What though midst passion's fiery tumults tost,
> A generation's in the process lost,
> The calm philosopher pursues his plan
> Regardless of his raw material, man."

Did I tell you how much my son and I were struck with a work of Madame de Staël, "*Sur la Literature.*" We both thought it excellent, though possibly in some places too refined. As to "Marmion," I do not know such powers of representation in very modern poetry: but there are no lines which one wishes to get by heart, like those in the "Last Lay," and so many of them bear such marks of haste and idle-

ness, that he who could do so much better ought to be whipped for them. The battle is the best I remember since old Homer. You see the banners stoop and rise again. It has been upon every table this winter.

And now, my good friend, have you had enough of my poetico-prosaic epistle? or shall I tell you that, at the age of sixty-eight, I am sitting for my picture at the earnest request of my dear children? Could I but show you the letter in which my son conveyed his own and his sister's request, you would say that you never saw a *picture* of filial attachment which gave you more pleasure; what then must it have afforded me! People used to threaten me, when I first undertook to educate my sons, that they would hate me as their schoolmaster, but, thank God, I am daily receiving marks of the sincerest attachment from them.

Do not fail to cherish the remembrance of me, as of one who has never ceased to entertain the most cordial attachment to you, mixed up with a great degree of veneration for your piety, virtues, and talents; and if you ever do permit yourself to offer up a prayer for your friends, let me hope that you will join with me, in supplication, that we may meet in heaven!

Ever yours,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Dec. 19, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

You must not judge of the pleasure I receive from your letters by the celerity of my answers, nor conclude that my friendship is as capricious as my health, because I do not show it by overt acts. Your last pleasant remembrance received, I am ashamed to say, early in the summer, contained one passage that was really tantalizing, viz.: "was there any house to be had in this neighbourhood capacious enough for your large family?" If I could have answered affirmatively, do you think I should have deferred writing a single post? Our pretty country is very thinly planted indeed with gentlemen's houses, and of spare houses there is not one. Yet the bare suggestion, that had that been the case, we might have spent together some hours, not unpleasant—not unprofitable, was rather vexatious.

I have not yet recovered any thing like health. I am in almost constant pain; my nights are frequently bad; and I am almost totally confined to the house. Yet I have so many mercies! I have such a pleasant prison—would you could see it! my fever is gone—my spirits are not bad. I am able to employ myself, I should rather say amuse myself, and to see not only my neighbours, but generally to have a succession of passing friends in the house, one or two at a time; which suits

an invalid better than great country dinners, which, in my very best estate, I always thought one of the miseries of rural felicity.

Among my more intellectual neighbours are Mr. Addington, Sir Abraham Elton, and W. Whalley, men of taste and elegant literature. My valuable and pious friend Lady Waldegrave is also come to settle near us. She has had more domestic sorrows, and has borne them with more Christian fortitude than any one I know The last transient visiter who honoured our humble cottage was the Duke of Gloucester;—we had not met since the abolition of the slave trade.

My old friend Dowager Lady Spencer, whom I had not seen for many years, has been spending a few days with us. There is the same animation and frank pleasant manners: nothing I think is altered but the impression which time has made on the face.

You will forgive all this verbiage, if, like me, you think it interesting to have an old and absent friend realized to you after so long a separation.

I have been quite a wild enthusiast about Spain; but now, as is commonly the fate of enthusiasts, my spirits are quite sunk. I have been making all my clever young friends learn the language of these noble patriots; and all my little Spanish library is dispersed among them, *par ci par là*, except my nice edition of Don Quixote, which dear Mrs. Carter left me at her death. When will this second scourge of God have done his work? When the end for which he was sent to torment the earth shall be accomplished. He who uses the rod can break it in a moment: but the end seems not yet. I was amused yesterday with a farmer: speaking of Bonaparte, he said there was but one way to put an end to his destructive course; "He has already," said he, "changed his religion many times; he has been Mussulman, Catholic, &c. Make him a Quaker, and then he *can't* fight."

Apropos of Mussulmen, have you read Mathilde? There is a wonderful fertility of imagination, rich description, and varied incident. The story is very dramatic and well conducted; yet I found it a little tedious. I think, after all, her object is to prove that a Turk may be a better man than a Christian. *Elizabeth* was a very pretty tale. How one name suggests the idea of another woman of the same name, for it is difficult to speak of Elizabeth without speaking of Miss Smith. You have doubtless seen and wondered at her life and fragments. I knew and admired her long ago, before I suspected what knowledge lay concealed under that modest countenance. Her mother has just sent me a beautiful engraving of her, which I much value as a striking resemblance. Her translation of Job, which is in preparation, is said to be the finest ever made. I am reading her Klopstock—but to own an unfashionable truth, I am not fond of German poetry or prose. It seems to

me more diffuse and less classical than that of the other modern languages. I ought to observe, however, that I am a very inadequate judge, as I do not understand the German. I never took a fancy to it.

I hope you have read Paley's Sermons. They have given me singular pleasure, and that from a variety of causes, but chiefly because I trace in them a change, much for the better, in the author's principles, which were certainly very unsound. I knew the man, I was an admirer of his former writings—the sense always vigorous, and clear as pellucid crystal, with a power of illustration which I have scarcely seen equalled in any modern writer; but with a laxity on certain points which has done much harm. I am truly gratified that so able a man should have borne his dying testimony (for the work is posthumous) to the great truths which he had not before so fully recognised: and coming from one whose bias was thought to be on the other side, he will be read with full confidence, and without that suspicion which, I am sorry to say, is too apt to be entertained for writers of very decided piety.

My best regards to Lady P. and your charming young people. I wonder if I shall ever see them.

Yours most faithfully,

H. More.

Some check was given to the alacrity with which Mrs. H. More was addressing herself to her new literary undertaking by the death of Bishop Porteus, who finished his course with Christian joy, and with the hope of the faithful, in the year 1809, and in the 78th of his beneficial life. A few months before his departure, he appears to have paid a visit to Barley Wood, where he passed some days in much languor of body, but with a mind cheerfully expecting the approaching summons. His decay was very gentle and gradual, and he seemed to pass out of existence with the same peace and cheerfulness which had accompanied him through it. It would be difficult perhaps to produce another instance of zeal and urbanity, dignity and humility, decision and candour, so exemplified in a single character. His death was to Mrs. More an irreparable loss. Their minds were much alike. They were both equally unoffending and uncompromising, earnest and moderate, firm and affectionate. Their long friendship was begun in a correspondence of taste and sentiment, and was continued and strengthened by an identity of trust and hope. The interchange of letters between them had little intermission, and amid all the varied entertainment afforded by her correspondence, we cannot but lament that so little of that which passed between her and this good bishop should be extant. It is well known that these letters from Mrs. More to her venerable friend were composed with much care and spirit, sparkling with her brightest thoughts on manners and books, and rich

in spiritual comments and applications of religious truth. The bishop had declared his positive will, that his executors should destroy his papers; and it is to be feared that the letters of Mrs. More, through inadvertence, or a too literal compliance with the general injunction, were made to share a common fate with the bishop's own documents.

Dr. Porteus bequeathed to Mrs. More a legacy of 100*l.*, and she consecrated to his memory in the plantation near her house at Barley Wood, an urn, with an inscription as unpretending as her sorrow was sincere. "To Beilby Porteus, late Lord Bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship." The life of the bishop by Dean Hodgson, has recorded his last visit to Carlton House, and the apostolical purpose of that visit, in relation to which it may be added, as an interesting fact, that immediately before the dying prelate set out on his holy errand, Mrs. More received a note from him, requesting her prayers for the Divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had thought it was his duty to undertake, without further explaining his purpose; and in a few days afterward she received a second note, and with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

May 2, 1809.

My dear Mrs. More,

I thank you for your delightful letter, but am now writing to you on a very different subject. From a concurrence of most untoward circumstances, I am in great difficulties and distresses. You will easily suppose I do not mean pecuniary distresses. No, it is of a very different nature. My great hope and resource is, what I have always had recourse to in such cases, prayer. Give me then your frequent and fervent prayers, and I shall hope for that most powerful protection of a gracious Providence, which I am convinced has never failed in similar cases.

B. London.

May 5, 1809.

My dear Mrs. More,

Prayer has had its usual effect, and all is now perfectly right.

B. L.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Mrs. H. More.

Fulham, May 24, 1809.

I have much satisfaction in writing to you, my dearest friend, because I think the account I have to give of our beloved bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After

his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of those two distressing notes to you was a report that he had heard of the institution of a club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression, he requested an audience of the prince to entreat of him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted. Can any thing be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the prince; and with agitated earnestness conjured him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The prince received him most graciously, seemed much affected, said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity, but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should. It was during this business that he wrote those notes to you.

The last week was a most distressing one at the time, but now to be reflected upon with comfort. Pious zeal and true Christian humility were prevalent amid all his rambling. On the Friday he was brought to Fulham; on entering the great hall, he clasped his hands, and said, "I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place." The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and admired the beauty of his lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized with something like a convulsion, was taken to his sofa, had a cordial given to him, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them for ever on this world. He had frequently prayed, but always with devout submission to God's will, to be spared the pangs of death; and he was spared them.

In the drawer of a table at which he lately wrote, were found various little prayers and ejaculations written upon scraps of paper, even upon visiting-tickets, any thing which came to his hand as the pious thoughts rose in his mind.

Our dear Mrs. Porteus does not appear to have suffered in health, and I hope will not. For every thing else we must trust to time, which our merciful Father has ordained shall soften our greatest afflictions.

The last solemn offices were performed at Sundridge. He ordered that every thing should be done as humbly as was proper for his station. But it was impossible to keep it humble, so many of his numerous relations would attend.

Tell me about dear Patty. How continually I think of you both in this sad house.

My dearest friend, you know what a high opinion our beloved bishop had of the effect of intercession, and particularly of your prayers. This awful week has led me to renew the resolutions I have so often made, and, alas! so often broken, of amending my life; pray for me that I may keep these reso-

lutions better than I have my former ones. The time, as you say, is short. I have now lived sixty-one years. A tremendous time to look back upon with so much wrong and so little right in the dread retrospect. Mrs. Porteus sends her best love.

Yours ever most affectionately,
A. Kennicott.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, June 5.

My dear Friend,

Your heart-breaking and heart-rejoicing letter was sent after me into Gloucestershire ; but as we were on the move, I had neither time nor composure to answer it. We have been home three or four days, and were so fortunate as to have crossed the Severn in the only day in which we could have done it without storms.

After reading your most interesting letter once, I was obliged to put it away for several days before I could acquire fortitude to read it again. Most heartily do I praise God for the easy and peaceful departure of our ever-to-be-lamented bishop ; but still more fervently do I bless the Divine goodness for having given him grace and strength to exhibit a spirit so heroically pious, so near the end of his race, and for having made his closing scene so bright. As long as I live, I shall derive comfort from the recollection that his naturally timid and modest mind was enabled to give such an evidence of the power of true religion, as to present his dying frame, sustained by his Christian spirit, before the prince, who, perhaps, struck by the remembrance, may be influenced by it many years after the affecting vision passed before his eyes. I honour him more for this difficult exertion of piety than for a hundred acts of charity, because *they* were a gratification to his nature, but *this* was a triumph over it.

I write on the *birth-day*. How many times, or rather how incessantly, have Patty and I thought of you and dear Mrs. Porteus this whole day ! How many anniversaries of it have we passed together ! What a blank will this day seem to you both ! Yet our sorrow is mitigated by many alleviating, many soothing, considerations. His life had been long and prosperous,—happy and useful far beyond the common lot. Full of days, of honours, and of virtues, his death was without a pang, and he may literally be said to have fallen asleep. It gives me the most solid pleasure, that, considering his frequent interruptions from company and business, his mind retained so much spirituality as is manifested by the numerous scraps of prayers and ejaculations you speak of. Any particulars which may farther occur of the state of his mind, I shall take a particular delight to hear.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Porteus's health has sustained tolerably this heavy blow. May it please God to sanctify the affliction to her and to us all! May it quicken us in our preparation to follow him! For the dear bishop's kind remembrance to me, I feel as I ought. I hope our sorrowing friend will not be displeased at my outwardly sympathizing in her afflictions by putting on mourning. How do I mourn inwardly for the diocess of London! What a change! I think of the melancholy hours our friend is spending in preparing to quit a place so improved by their liberality, and so adorned by their good taste. I rejoice, however, that you are able to be with her: it will be no small mitigation of her painful feelings.

You said nothing about your health; pray repair this negligence, and let me hear how you bear these searching storms. They tear me sadly.

My sisters, especially Patty, join in every kind wish and remembrance to both.

Yours ever, my dear friend,
most affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Mrs. H. More.

Fulham, June 23.

My dearest Friend,

My conscience reproaches me, and will not let me leave this house without sending you a few lines, to tell you how we have been going on, though I could have done it more easy at several other times than now, when I am just setting off for Windsor. But indeed I have had much writing for dear Mrs. Porteus, and very much reading in obeying the order of our dear bishop, almost all whose papers were to be burned. Every thing we found tended to exalt our dear friend, to give fresh proof of his sincere piety, his profound humility, his industry in searching out the truth, and the best course to be adopted in every circumstance that came before him in the way of business, lest he should be led into any error of conduct.

Dear Mrs. Porteus has gone through the whole sad business wonderfully, but a great trial is yet to come. She is now going to Sundridge, where, she says, she "dreads a calm;" for here the necessary business has filled up, though with melancholy employment, the vacancy which she will there find, with all its sad recollections. She sends her love to you. Love to all.

Ever yours,
A. K.

Extract of a letter from Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Boughton, 1809.

We have passed the summer as the last, partly at Taplow, and partly at this place, but return to London on Friday, which I shall do with some regret, as here I catch every gleam of sun, from its rising to its setting; and, as a friend of mine once said, "I don't see what a man has to do in London, who has no share in the plunder of it."

You are probably acquainted with every circumstance relating to your good bishop's death. Mr. Streatfield says, that the last Sunday before he died, he was supported to say grace at table, and Mrs. P. wished him to spare himself that exertion, or content himself with a bow of gratitude or reverence. But, weak as he was, he said, "I know some *do* content themselves with a bow, or, when they say grace, do it as if they were ashamed of what they were doing; but I will say grace as long as I am able to utter it."

W. W. Pepys.

From the Rev. Thomas Gisborne to Mrs. H. More.

Yoxall Lodge, Dec. 14, 1809.

My dear Madam,

Since your favour arrived, I have been considerably occupied. I am desirous to name the circumstance, as being that which has prevented me from thanking you sooner. When a kindness comes unexpectedly, and I may add undeservedly, there ought not to be any unavoidable appearance of neglect to raise a surmise that the arrival was not welcomed.

I am not using words of course, in saying that your account of the present state of your health gives me cordial pleasure. The pleasure, too, was like your letter, unexpected. For though I had heard of improvement in general terms, I had not anticipated so high a degree. The best preparation, I believe, for a Christian use of health, is a Christian endurance of sickness. And if the languid hours of convalescence made the public very deeply your debtors, how much more may not be expected from the alacrity of renovated strength? But I am far from imposing a task upon you, or from wishing you to impose one upon yourself. Walk, plant, enjoy the open air, recruit in every way which it may please God to place within your reach. And when the desire and the season for mental exertion become united, work with moderation, or rather with forbearance.

We hope that you will not always be a stranger to this spot, and that when you see it, you will regard the scenery with a share of the partial approbation with which you regard its inhabitants. Though our woodland honours are defaced,

we have yet some noble relics of the ancient forest to produce, relics which, like ancient medals, rise in value both because they are old and because they are scarce. You will not like them the less if they bring to your recollection several of our common friends, and among them the late Bishop of London. I had a note from him, written about a week before he died. On that account alone it would have been interesting; and it was doubly so because it was imperfect. The hand and the mind seem to have faltered together; and the interrupted, and in itself unimportant sentence, spoke perhaps a louder lesson than any period which he uttered in his prime. You are highly encouraging in your expressions concerning the large and the little book which you have accepted from me. The completion of our forest church (I quite enter into your feelings about a church, as distinguished from a chapel, and accord with them) is a subject to me of joy, mixed, I trust, with much gratitude.

Mrs. G. has now no remaining sensations of the accident from which she and others had a most merciful deliverance, and is now, with the rest of us, well. The accounts of T—— have been far from comfortable. May it please God to strengthen him. Wilberforce will have given you the details of his Cowperising summer. I have not had them yet, nor have I heard whether the place has suggested a poem. The Bishop of St. David's I cannot be said to know personally, never having seen him since he was obliging enough to introduce himself to me very many years ago. But from reports concerning him, I have been accustomed to regard him with very high respect. With Mrs. G.'s and my daughter's best regards,

Believe me, my dear madam,
Very truly your obliged,
T. GISBORNE.

The work which next issued from Mrs. More's pen was an experiment upon which she did not venture without much anxious hesitation. She published it at first without her name, not intrusting the secret even to those very few who were usually in her confidence on similar occasions. It appeared in Dec. 1809, in two vols. octavo, under the title of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," and excited such immediate and universal attention, that she received, in the course of a few days, notice from her bookseller to prepare for a second edition; but before this edition could be put to press, and in less than a fortnight after the first appearance of the work, it was out of print, and the booksellers, all over the country, became clamorous for copies. In nine months after its first appearance, she was followed to Dawlish, whither she had gone to try the effect of repose and sea-air, by the eleventh edition, which presently gave place to the twelfth.

In America, "Cœlebs" found a proportionably favourable reception; four editions succeeding each other with a rapidity almost unexampled in that country, where her works have been always duly appreciated. Thirty editions of 1,000 copies each were printed in that country during the lifetime of Mrs. More. She continued for a long time after the publication of "Cœlebs" to receive, to her no small amusement, letters from her intimate acquaintance, earnestly recommending her to read it, and giving a description of the characters, sentiments, and general tendency of the work. Others, however, discovered her style before they had proceeded far in the perusal, and in letters of a humorous character, addressed her as its author. She stood firm, however, against all these attempts to draw a confession from her, till it had run through several editions. We will now produce the correspondence to which "Cœlebs" gave rise; and at the head of objectors shall be placed the Roman Catholic priest, the Pope's vicar-general.

Buckland, near Farringdon, 1809.

MADAM,

I have only lately had leisure to read your "Cœlebs," which, indeed, I have not yet finished. I call it yours, because I am told you acknowledge yourself to be the author; and readily you may acknowledge it, for certainly it is a very excellent performance. Some persons, I know, have applied to it Lady Belfield's observation (p. 383), "Surely, you would not have these serious doctrines brought forward in story-books?" My complaint is from another quarter. You, madam, now, and on other occasions, have assumed the high office of a *censor morum*, and a censor also of religious practices and religious belief. To pronounce on these subjects, without danger of error, a very accurate knowledge should have been previously acquired. This knowledge you have not always, even when your censure is peremptory. Page 123, you say, "Why, this is retaining all the worst part of popery. Here is the abstinence without the devotion; the outward observance without the interior humiliation; the suspending of sin, not only without any design of forsaking it, but with a fixed resolution of returning to it, and of increasing the gust by the forbearance." As nothing more severe was ever said against the religion of Catholics, so was nothing ever uttered by their worst enemies more groundless, more false, more calumnious. The whole passage contains not a particle of truth. I am a minister of that religion, and my name may not be quite strange to you. Whence have you drawn your notions of our tenets? For of them you speak, and not of practice, which too often, even in the purity of Protestantism, I presume, cannot be defended. In all your reading have you never taken up *one* of our moral writers? Have you never, in the intercourse of a life not the shortest, been so intimate with any Catholic as to

have made a single inquiry on the subject of his or her belief? It cannot, I think, have happened, that a mind such as yours should have rested satisfied with first impressions, and, not caring whether they were true or false, have boldly uttered them, as the occasion offered; though thereby the prejudices of many might be strengthened, the feelings of others hurt, and the sacred cause of truth manifestly injured. Yet so it must have been. Can you persuade yourself that your favourites, Fenelon and Pascal, held those detestable principles which you unblushingly impute to their religious belief?

Nothing is more surprising than that you Protestants should be so utterly ignorant, as you really are or seem to be, of our tenets; when we all, whatever be our country, think alike, and our catechisms and books of instruction lie open before the world. The Bishop of Durham, in a late charge to his clergy, among a variety of false imputations, dared to assert that for the basest purposes, we had suppressed the second commandment, though the first Catholic child he met, had he questioned him, could have shown the folly of the assertion. And yet I have no doubt the numerous clergy who were present all believed that, on this and other points, his lordship was speaking truth. Is it then, that you secretly fear that your boasted reformation, the source of some little good, and the source of many ills, cannot safely be maintained unless all those charges against our faith be obstinately adhered to, on the supposed truth of which that great defection originally commenced, and was continued? I must believe this to be the policy of your proceedings; because, however clearly, by our lives and the evidence of facts, any charge be refuted, it is not for that relinquished, but returns again and again. Thus the Bishop of Durham, though one of our catechisms was put into his hands, will continue to assert that we have suppressed the second commandment. You copy from one another, without taking the smallest trouble to look for truth where alone it can be found. Is this honest, honourable, or Christian-like? Is it, in a serious inquirer, any proof of that *consistency* which you so properly recommend?

To state the real tenets of Protestants is a very different task; for where shall we find them, when no one can be sure that any two of you, even in what are called *essentials*, think alike? The anarchical principle of *private judgment*, the key-stone of the Reformation, lets every man loose from authority, and tells him to draw his religion from the Scriptures, as, by the light of his own understanding, he shall interpret them. This it is which has filled this country with so many sects, and must continue so to do. Luther, your great apostle, how unlike to the men of Galilee! established and used it for his own purpose, and when that was gained, would most willingly have sunk it in the ocean. And so, I believe, would your establishment of this country. I know that every man

is free to join you or any other society; but the more he thinks for himself, and rejects all external authority, the stricter, it appears to me, is his adherence to the above principle, and consequently the truer Protestant he is. All formularies, such as your thirty-nine Articles, obviously subvert the principle and annul your liberty.

And now, madam, can you sincerely believe that your church, cooped up within the narrow precincts of this island, not admitted by a large portion of its inhabitants, and not united by any bond of faith or discipline with any other Christian society on the earth, is that church which the apostles were commissioned to found when their Master sent them into the world "to preach the gospel to every creature," teaching them to observe "all things whatsoever He had commanded," and promising to "be with them alway, even to the end of the world;" that church which, in the creed, you profess to call *Catholic?* How ill, truly, has an island been chosen for the seat of this church. And how can you reconcile the principle of *private judgment*, which allows every man to choose for himself, with that terrible denunciation of our Saviour, that "he that believeth not" his gospel, manifestly *as* he had taught it to the apostles, "shall be damned?"

When it is considered how deeply-rooted your prejudices are, and that every English Protestant, whatever be his persuasion, is, from his cradle, taught to believe that his religion is alone enlightened, and his morality alone pure, while that of Catholics is a mass of absurdity and impiety, I am disposed to make many allowances for the ignorant and the weak-minded, and all those whose condition of life affords not time nor opportunity for inquiry. But to *you* I cannot be so conceding. Let me then request, before you appear at that tribunal where the secrets of the heart will be revealed, that you will review the grounds of those opinions which you have imbibed against us, and not presume that confidence in your own belief, without the good work of charity towards others, will ensure salvation. Mr. Tyrrel was rather this way inclined.

It was not my intention to have said so much; but for what I have said I make no apology. One word more: when again you censure our doctrines, have the goodness to drop the insulting words *Papist*, *Popery*, *Romanist*, fit only for the Bishop of Durham and Dr. ——. They are no longer admitted *dans la bonne societé*. I had written so far when I took up your second volume, and finished it. The lessons you continue to give are very good, and the doctrines such as every Catholic, necessarily *as such*, admits. But did you not know this? And if you knew it, under what impression could you say that, in practising *abstinence*, we required no concomitant *devotion;* that we were satisfied with the *outward observance*, without any *interior* act; that when we pretended *sorrow for sin*, it was without any *design* of forsaking it, and that, at the time, we

entertained a *fixed resolution* of returning to it, meaning by a temporary forbearance to increase the *relish*?—Let me put it to your conscience: Are you not shocked, on the review, to know that you could impute such tenets to any society of Christians, even to that society the most ancient and extended of any, whose admirable works of morality you must have read, and to the lives of many of whose professors, celebrated for wisdom and piety, you could not have been a stranger? But with such tenets, no morality, no piety, not a spark of religion could consist. The Newgate Calendar would be alone fit to record their names.

Thus the question stands: you and the Methodists whom you oppose, read the Scriptures and expound them as, in the sufficiency of your judgments, it shall seem best. We, having received the same Scriptures, receive also on all points of faith and morals, that sense or interpretation of them which, by the learning and piety of ages, has been delivered down to us. I ask you, which method is most rational, most humble, and most secure, as leading to that meaning in which the Word of God was originally committed to writing?

I am, madam, with great respect,
Your obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH BERINGTON.

From Mrs. More to the Rev. Joseph Berington.

Barley Wood, 1809.

REVEREND SIR,

It has been my lot to be frequently attacked. It has been my practice never to defend myself. I should not now have troubled you with an answer, did I not feel it necessary to correct the misapprehension on which you ground your resentment.

In the passage of "Cœlebs," page 123, it has been obvious to several persons whom I have consulted since I had the honour of your letter, that the expression, "Why this is retaining all the *worst* part of popery," evidently meant that there was also a *good* part which she had rejected. "The worst part" which she had retained is expressed by the term "abstinence;" the good part which she omitted is said to be "devotion." The "outward observance" is the thing censured, because it is disjoined from "the interior humiliation," which is not only implied, but plainly expressed in words.

This I declare was my meaning. At the same time, now it is pointed out to me, I am equally ready to confess that the latter part of the sentence, which in my mind had no particular reference to Catholics, is not sufficiently guarded, but as it stands, *does* seem to form a close to the foregoing sentence. This I shall obviate in future by putting a full stop after the word "humiliation," and shall begin the following sentence, thus:—"*It is* superadding," &c.

Sir, in this plain letter I neither intend compliment or controversy. I honour good men, whatever be their religious persuasion, but I honour their virtues without adopting what appears to me to be their errors. I am too zealous in my own faith not to admire zeal in the opposite party. I can pity that want of charity in you of which I am so mercilessly accused by you, though I doubt not your intention is as pure as your language is acrimonious.

It is true, sir, I am not unacquainted with your best divines. After near twenty years' search, I have put myself in possession of almost all those excellent authors *Messieurs de Port Royal*. In no writers have I found a more exalted devotion. Pascal, Nicole, Saint François de Sales make also a part of my little library. On the other hand, I have perused with profit and pleasure Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, &c. You yourself, sir, have taught me to admire St. Bernard. My strong objection to some of your doctrines by no means interferes with my cordial respect for those good men who hold them.

I fear I am falling into the common error of those who, fancying that they are undervalued, are led to overvalue themselves. It would better become any other than myself to tell you that when the emigrant clergy of France took refuge in this country, our house at Bath was for many winters constantly open to as many as resided there. They were cheerfully received at our table, and no religious altercation ever took place between us. With still more reluctance I feel myself called upon to add that I was a warm, though unworthy, coadjutor of the London Committee in their cause; and the profits of a slight pamphlet in answer to Dupont, about 240*l.*, were assigned to those conscientious exiles. I lamented then that it was so little, and I lament now that the asperity of your accusation has driven me to the painful necessity of saying any thing that savours of vanity or boasting.

Sir, I have no motive in this brief answer but to express my concern, if I have offended against Christian charity, and to ask your pardon if I have unintentionally offended a man of piety and learning. On cool reflection, I think you will not be altogether satisfied with the harshness of your letter. Be assured, however, that no misconceptions on your part, no acrimony in the expression of those misconceptions, will diminish the respect with which

I am, reverend sir,

Your very obliged

H. More.

From Mr. Berington to Mrs. H. More.

Buckland, near Farringdon, 1809.

Madam,

The misconception of the obnoxious passage, as it appeared

to me, in your "Cœlebs," has gratified me not a little, because it has drawn from you the acknowledgment, that what you deem "the worst part of popery" is the *inconsistency* of some persons among us, who, disregarding the *spirit*, are satisfied with the *letter*, or outward observance, of the law. They abstain or fast without devotion, &c. I hastily thought that you alluded to tenets, because I could not be ignorant that, among the many charitable charges brought against the professors of my religion, no one is more common than that, in the general tenour of our lives, we copy the maxims of the Pharisees. But then I see not, in that meaning of your words, why papists should be particularly censured, as I fear other Christians must too often fall under the like reproach. Let that pass. Now, why may not the passage in future stand thus?—"This is retaining all the worst part of popery. Here is *its* abstinence without *its* devotion; *its* outward observance without *its* interior humiliation." To this you can have no objection. The misconception, I assure you, was not voluntary. You construct a sentence of three members, with one governing subject, which is *popery*, and yet say, as you now do, that the third member, in your mind, had no reference to the subject that governs it. This surely is very odd. Agreeably to the canons of composition, I formed my conclusion from a connected view of all the parts. In this, you say, I erred. Allow me, however, to add, that had you written many such passages, your fame could not have been what now it deservedly is. Rather, therefore, expunge the whole, as containing no sense, or as containing a sense which, in your mind, the words should not convey.

And now, madam, can you be surprised, understanding the passage as I could not avoid understanding it, and combining with it the thousand malevolent reflections which every day and hour insult our feelings, that I should have expressed myself with *acrimony?* Meekness itself must feel irritation. For three hundred years you have been reviling us, and we, in all forms of speech, have repelled your charges, declaring them to be utterly false, and referring you to our catechisms and books of public instruction. Nothing avails: on the next day the same dish is served up. We charge you with wilful misrepresentation. This, you exclaim, is *uncharitable:* that is, you may in charity revile, and we may not in charity defend ourselves. Even foreign universities are teazed with your follies, that you may learn from them, forsooth, what English Catholics believe! Our solemn asseverations are not entitled to any credit; and when we have taken the oaths which you exact from us, we are impudently told that oaths cannot bind us, though, at the time, you are aware that for centuries, awed by the sacred character of oaths, we have submitted, and still submit, to the most grievous privations. We do not ask you to believe our doctrines; we only modestly request that you will allow us to know what our own belief is. To this you

refuse your assent; as if our tenets, scattered through a thousand brains, and guided by no rule, were as varying and unstable as your own. In the midst of these irritating absurdities, I candidly repeat to you, that it is my conviction you are, many of you, conscious that your reformation cannot stand on its own merits, and that if the charges, even the silliest charges, against us, be relinquished, the sandy edifice must fall.

Yourself, madam, having read the works of those great and good men whom you mention, cannot possibly entertain against us the disgusting prejudice of the high and low in your church. You must be convinced that we admit no tenet, which does not, agreeably to our rule of faith, rest on the highest authority; no principle which does not tend to moral improvement and inculcate solid piety.

At the risk of being thought irreclaimably uncharitable, I must conclude by the frank confession, that after the "coolest reflection," I am not in the least "dissatisfied" with what you call the "harshness" of my last letter. The passage of your book richly deserved it, and even more. But, with equal truth, I can declare, that I entertain the highest opinion of your talents, and the sincerest esteem of your many excellent qualities. These I have long known, as I have known how kind you and your family were to the French emigrant clergy. Learn only to surmount some prejudices, and to be just to us. I am, with real respect, madam,

Your very obedient and humble servant,

JOSEPH BERINGTON.

Dr. Randolph to Mrs. More.

Bath, 1809.

MY VERY DEAR CŒLEBS,

Little did I think that while I was lamenting over my sick friend at Barley Wood, her soul had animated a new form, and, like a beneficent genius, was gone to correct, improve, and amuse the world. Well, my dear friend, though I do not in general admire women in men's clothes, you have my full permission to wear them, and would that any of my sex made so good a use of the manly privilege. Till you are transformed to an angel of light, I care not what shape you assume; and if you speak a word, I shall know you, under any mask you may choose to wear in the moral masquerade. For the character you have just played accept my hearty thanks; never was one supported with more spirit, and I owe to you more amusement, more instruction, and more consolation, than any pen can describe. I have been obliged to read you by fits and starts at this busy season; but it was an act of such self-denial to leave you, that I comforted myself in returning to other studies, that I was practising two virtues at once. I have much to say to you on almost every chapter, and this, by

the blessing of God, I hope to be enabled to do, ere long, *vivâ voce*, for in about a fortnight I go to town.

In general terms, whether I look to style, to manner, or matter; to the happy contrast and discrimination of character, to the nice arrangement of the *dramatis personæ*, and the justiciary parts allotted to them, I am all praise and admiration. In page 76, is there not a small error in making intellectual *Gladiators wrestle?*—they parry, and thrust, and wound: and one letter is omitted in the French word *délabré—affaires délabrés*. Perhaps I could have wished the poor D. of D. had not been so unequivocally marked, though the beauty of the colouring and the force of the moral is too fine to be lost. But she is no more, and I have serious letters from her, which in her confessions to Sir J. Belville, I should almost say you had copied, had you dared to venture; but then there would not have been the smallest veil. Georgina taken away in the midst of her best resolutions, had been an awful and instructive scene.

God bless you and preserve you to us many years; we shall want, I fear, many like you, and your friends in Hampshire, to save us. Alas! these Mahometan and popish alliances prove our courage; but apparently at the expense of our prudence. I must confess, with every hope, with every wish Spanish; nay, having learned their language to read their manly proclamations—I always had the Inquisition, South America, and the Low Countries hanging upon my hopes like a heavy weight, that prevented them from rising. When we can read the book aright, perhaps we shall say, *Il faut que la politique se soumette à la prophetique*. Once more, God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

F. RANDOLPH.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Sergeants' Inn, London, Jan. 26, 1809.

MY DEAR MADAM,

A confidential communication from Mr. Wilberforce has released me from the dilemma in which I stood between gratitude on the one hand, and a sense of propriety on the other. I am no longer unable to thank you for an obliging and very valuable present, of which I before concluded you to be the author, but which I could not acknowledge, without imposing on you a necessity (supposing the fact to be so) of expressly or tacitly admitting what you desired to conceal.

Allow me to offer you my opinion, that there can no longer be any sufficient reason for such concealment. The work will promote those great ends to which your other labours have been consecrated, without diminishing a reputation, which, for the sake of those ends, ought to be maintained. No allowance will ever be required for a state of health, which excites

in every friend who has the pain to witness or hear of it, surprise that you should be able to prosecute your literary labours at all.

In saying this, I rely not on my own poor judgment only, but on the judgment and taste of a majority of those few whose opinions I have had opportunity to learn, and also upon the unsoundness of those reasons for dissent which I have heard on the other side.

The fact is, that your plan as to the mode of publication, unless you wished to draw forth adverse criticism in private, was very disadvantageous. By sending it to your private friends, and letting none of them into the secret, curiosity was not only excited, but a contest for the palm of superior sagacity provoked. Junius's Letters, or Chatterton's Poems, hardly occasioned more curious research or eager controversy in public, than Cœlebs soon did in private; at least in a certain circle.

Now the majority, from the first, confidently pronounced on the internal evidence, that the work was yours; and their opponents wisely thought that the best way to prove the contrary was to discover *faults* in it. That species of human labour has at least one recommendation; it never loses its end. Some faults were found, and I doubt not to the honest conviction of the finders. It is a confession of the fallibility of my own judgment, for which I have been sometimes stared at, and sometimes laughed at, that I have scarcely ever argued the case of a client without thinking him in the right, or at least not clearly in the wrong, even when I have had all the evidence previously before me. Let a man invent arguments with a view to persuade others, and he will at least convince himself.

But however this may be, the objections in themselves appear to me, and to much better tastes than mine, either perfectly groundless, or too slight to be put in the scales for a moment against the general character of the work.

The only fault, in short, that I think worth the trouble of correcting, if it could be done in a future edition, is one that I discovered myself; which, you will own, makes me a most *impartial* judge of its reality and importance, especially considering the confession I have just been making; and the fact which I must further confess, that it served me for an argument on my own side of the controversy.

I said, this work is plainly the production of a lady, and a single lady, and one whose confidantes, if they have seen the manuscript, are all of the same description; for here is a flaw in that otherwise highly-finished model of female excellence, Mrs. Carlton, which could have escaped the notice only of strangers to the conjugal relation, and to the feelings of our own proud sex. This inimitable wife, who sets us all a crying, does not scruple to converse with her religious female

friends on the faults of her husband, and she fears having a female confidante in the house with her, lest she should talk of them always!

Now, my dear madam, I beg you not to suppose that I have so much presumption as to deem myself capable, in any other point, of improving a portrait of female goodness that has been finished at Barley Wood. But recollect the old story of Apelles, and consider me only as a poor cobler of a *husband*, speaking in the way of his calling. I am sure, also, you will admit, that no man is more likely than I to know what belongs to an excellent wife; and if disclosing a husband's faults, even to the most pious, respected, and beloved of female friends, had consisted with that character, I should, I fear, never have been honoured with that present for which I am now returning thanks.

I cannot conclude without expressing a warm and sincere approbation of the general plan of your work in point of religious utility. It has long appeared to me that well-planned and well-written works of the novel kind might be powerful instruments in correcting the irreligious taste and manners of the age, especially in the fashionable world, and among the rising generation. I might, indeed, for the fashionable world, fairly substitute all ranks above the lowest; for in which of them are not novels read with avidity, and in how great a degree do they form the moral sentiments and judgments of the young? The stage, in my opinion, has not a tenth part of their influence; and though that must unavoidably be left in the hands of the many at present, and is from its very constitution in a much greater degree the slave than the master of the public manners and opinions; not so with novels; if a fertile invention, sound judgment, and correct religious principle were employed in composing them, I doubt not that a sufficient interest might be given, without admitting any thing that the strictest purity could justly condemn. Indeed, you have proved this, though perhaps with less of incident and plot than would be necessary to rival,in minds of little intellectual culture or refinement, the romantic stories of which they are so fond. You have gone as far, I doubt not, as was prudent at first, in so new a line of religious effort; but if the experiment be as successful as I believe it will prove, others, or you yourself, perhaps, may be encouraged to venture further, and give us as much of a novel as may consist with the maintenance of religious propriety in the good characters and right feelings in the reader.

I beg you to offer my best respects to all the ladies at Barley Wood, and to remember me very kindly and respectfully to Mrs. Martha More, whom I have the pleasure to know, though not half so well as I wish to do. Believe me, dear madam, very respectfully and truly,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JAMES STEPHEN.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, March 14, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Your most kind letter, and Cœlebs, which I found on my table at my return to town, are entitled to my warmest thanks; but as I have of late been made quite sick with apologies, in letters printed for the *amusement* of the public, I will not make any for acknowledging so much kindness.

When I tell you that I was delighted and edified with Cœlebs, I say no more than the truth. The discrimination of character and the good tendency of the work would themselves make it worthy of any writer; but the beauty of the language, and the brilliancy of such frequent and always *consistent* metaphors, stamp it for your own. I have not scrupled to declare, everywhere, that I have not met with such writing as I can produce in Cœlebs, since the days of Burke, unless it be from your own works. As to "Mathilde," I was disgusted with the everlasting opposition with which sacred objects are made to combat with human passions; they are brought too *near* to each other. Sensuality and Christian purity may be discussed *abstractedly* in the same page without any offence; but I cannot endure the crucifix and the lover to be brought into the same room; and I remember to have heard our friend Mrs. Chapone express the same disgust. By-the-way, how much *her* name has risen since the publication of the two small volumes of her letters to Mrs. Carter, &c. There is more *substance*, more *tangible materials* in one of her letters, than in twenty of what are now published as familiar letters; which consist chiefly in inquiries after headaches and pains in the stomach, or apologies for not having written sooner, what the public would, perhaps, have been equally well satisfied had they never known to have been written at all. I take a very warm interest in whatever affects the health of my living friends, but I can no more sympathize with the cholic of a person who has been dead for thirty years, than I could feel indisposed by the garlic which disagreed with Horace eighteen hundred years ago.

I am glad that poor Lady W—— is near to such a friend as you. Hers, indeed, are such afflictions as require the tenderest sympathy of a friend, but can receive little consolation from any one but the great Comforter. It is in circumstances such as hers that the inestimable value of religion is duly *felt*. We assent, perhaps, in prosperity, to all the advantages which are said to be attendant upon a religious life, but it is only in affliction that the heart feels the insufficiency of all earthly consolation, and speaks the language which is hardly *understood* while it is at ease, "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee, my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth

after thee, in a barren and dry land where no water is."—"Comfort thou the soul of thy servant, for unto thee do I lift up my soul!"

You inquire after the Montagus. I passed two days with them at Sandleford very agreeably this last autumn. The first volume of our friend's letters are coming out, but I quake for their reception, as they were written as early as seventeen years of age. You have heard the current bon-mot, when somebody asked whether Matthew Montagu and Montagu Matthew (in the House of Commons) were the same person. "No," replied a man, "there is as much difference as between a chestnut-horse and a horse-chestnut.

As to Miss Smith, I was all admiration at what I read about her in Mr. Bowdler's account, but have never seen any of her productions, and am now glad that I have not to lament the loss of her as an acquaintance. My admiration of talents does not decrease from old age; and I often think of an answer which an old uncle of mine once made when I congratulated him on retaining his relish for the Georgics,—"I desire to live no longer than I can retain my relish for poetry and apple-pie!"

I walk much alone when I am in town, and I take great delight in repeating to *myself* the finest passages of Homer which I have formerly committed to memory. The practice of learning by heart all the finest passages of the poets I very much recommend to my children, who (you will be glad to hear) still continue to be every thing I could wish.

From the account of your visiters, you may say with Horace, "*Pauperemque Dives me petit.*" I met with a passage in Warburton's letters which struck me as very wise. "In your commerce with the great," he says, "you should endeavour, if the person be of great abilities, to make him satisfied with *you;* when he is possessed of none, to make him satisfied with *himself.* The spirit of conversation seems to have fled, and I doubt much whether all our endeavours and apparatus will be able to recall it. One reason, no doubt, of this is, that the events which are passing before our eyes are of such an interesting and gigantic nature, that it would be affectation to talk of ancient wars, when every thing dear to us is at stake, and involved in the present. I remember that finding Lord Lyttleton writing one morning, I said to him, "So, my lord, closely employed upon Henry the Second!"—"Henry the Second!" replied he, "who can think of Henry the Second, when our colonies are all in a flame?"—"Remember," said he to me, "that if the French should once become masters of Flushing, this country must take heed to itself." What would he have said, had he lived to see every port in Europe under the direct or indirect dominion of Bonaparte?

You once said to me that the events of our time surpassed in magnitude those of every other. Perhaps (with the excep-

tion of Columbus) this may be true; but we have not yet seen the last act of the tragedy. You remember that magnificent image in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, where the downfall of Babylon is predicted. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming," &c., some parts of which one cannot help thinking, *mutatis mutandis*, may one day be applicable to Bonaparte. How I should like to sit with you, and compare that passage with the famous one in Homer, where Pluto is represented as starting from his throne! But I should be inexcusable, if I were not contented with the singular happiness of having one with me who can relish, in the highest degree, whatever is most excellent in literature.

I am low in my paper, which admonishes me to defer (with more propriety than the clergyman did who was preaching to the convicts who were to be hanged the next morning) the remainder of my discourse to some future opportunity.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

W. W. Pepys.

From the Rev. Dr. Magee to Mrs. H. More.

Bath, October 23, 1809.

Dear Madam,

This is accompanied by a copy of the new edition of the "Discourses on the Atonement," of which I request your acceptance. It is a very inadequate return for the favour which you had the goodness to confer upon me by the present of your excellent production of Cœlebs; and derives a part of its value from the quotations it contains from the writings of one of the most accomplished, and at the same time one of the most edifying writers in the English language. That the cause of good taste, of good morals, and of that which, in addition to its own transcendent excellence, is the truest source and highest consummation of both, religious sentiment has derived the most valuable support from the female writers of the present day; and that among these, and indeed among the most distinguished writers of the age, Mrs. Hannah More takes a decided lead, is so clearly the established opinion of all good judges, that it can add but little to the importance of the suffrage, that it has the fullest concurrence of him who, with the greatest respect for her talents and her virtues, has the honour to subscribe himself her

Most obedient

and faithful humble servant,

H. Magee.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. T. Gisborne.

Barley Wood, Nov. 25, 1809.

My dear Sir,

It is to me among the numberless causes of regret with which this world abounds, that the current of life carries you and me such different ways, that we have rarely met, and are, perhaps, likely to meet still less even than we have done. Yoxall Lodge is one of those desirable spots to which I shall probably never travel, save in imagination; and yet there are few places to which that busy faculty recurs with more interest. So many of my friends have given me interesting reports of the scenery and the inhabitants, that it seems to me as if I had been myself an eyewitness of both. Add to this, that my mind is powerfully drawn thither by writings worthy of any testimony of respect which the church has to bestow, and by reports of a disinterestedness which present an edifying lesson of purity of motive to that church.

If in the volume you had the goodness to send me I should venture to select a favourite, where all are highly valuable, I should, perhaps, name as *pre-eminently* good the sermon which is entitled "Justification not attainable by acts of morality." The doctrine is stated with singular clearness, sense, and precision, and it is a gain to me that I can now direct an inquirer on that important subject, to a discourse where it is so fully stated and so forcibly illustrated. I have read it several times. That on "The love of God an inducement to morality," stands, I think, the second in degree, and will I am sure be often read. I am certain it cannot be read without much advantage to the serious inquirer.

Of all the holydays in the year, I think I should have preferred assisting at the consecration of the church—

When paradise was opened in the wild.

I envy you your feelings on the happy accomplishment of that great work, and I envy your auditors theirs on the solemn and affecting address with which it was opened. May it please God to make it effectual to the salvation of many! I am pleased, too, that your edifice is a *church*. I do not much love chapels. I have a foolish whim that both chapels and chapel-holders are apt to want something of that aspect of sanctity which seems to belong exclusively to churches, made venerable by long prescription.

I was grieved to hear some time ago that Mrs. Gisborne had suffered severely by a sad accident. I hope this is happily over, and that your domestic comfort has had no other interruption. For my own part, after an attack of one fever or another for three years, it has pleased God to restore me to a

greater measure of health than I could reasonably expect after sufferings as intense as they were lasting. To a little tour which I have lately made to the beautiful coast of Devonshire, I attribute, under Providence, my having recovered such a degree of strength as to have been spending my morning in planting now in the end of November, after not having breathed the external air at this season for many, many years.

I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. and Miss Gisborne.

Believe me ever, my dear sir,
With cordial regard,
Yours very sincerely,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

Barley Wood, Nov. 30, 1809.

My dear Sir,

Your *lilliputian* epistle, announcing his *brobdignagian* successor, I have received, and perused with no small pleasure, and I hope not without some little profit.

How could you ever doubt whether the "thirty-three sheets," which I hope are only delayed, not lost, would interest me? Never entertain such unwarrantable distrusts any more, but take it for granted that your friend has not so defective a taste as to want a relish for your writings, in whatever vein you may indulge,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Am I not, however, acting a little perversely by talking about the letter which I have *not* got instead of that which I have? Is not this the very spirit of the world, to be declaiming about enjoyments which are out of their reach, and neglecting to do justice to the good things which are actually in their possession?

You were so good, however, as to say that you would be contented with a brief acknowledgment of the effect of your letter; and I thank you for saying so, my health being still in so weak a state, that writing much is out of the question with me; and there are many days when I cannot write even a little without extreme pain. I thankfully acknowledge, however, that my sufferings are diminished, and that I am much better on the whole. Though I think my mind was better when my body was worse, and that my attachment to the world was weakened in proportion as I had a nearer prospect of being removed from it.

But if I can write but little, I can, I thank God, read much, now my eyes are improved by the abatement of my fever; of course your agreeable letter could never have arrived at a more welcome period.

I travel with you, in idea, through your whole interesting tour—partake of the vivid, intellectual enjoyment at Mr. Dunn's—enjoy the piety of another Lyttleton in the person of your Lady Lucy B——; a piety bursting through obstructions, and struggling with difficulties, which I trust divine grace will enable her triumphantly to surmount. I feel my heart drawn towards this sweet lady from the picture you draw;—who knows whether "the believing wife shall convert the unbelieving husband?"

What a blessing is that dear Mrs. ——; to the poor by her exertions, to the rich by her example;—for good is catching as well as evil, though the infection is not in the same proportion. Next I enter into the perplexities and doubts of your *tender-conscienced* semi-Protestant; and think you are the very casuist to settle her mind, having fewer prejudices against her old persuasion than others who do not take in the good with the bad parts of her communion. For my own part, reading, as I almost every day do, a portion of Nicole, or some other good Jansenist, I cannot but conceive heaven open to the conscientious papist. At the same time that I should rejoice to extricate a pious mind from the pains and penalties, the errors and obscurities, the weaknesses and absurdities of their church. I most cordially agree with you that popery, in spite of its aggregate mass of religious and political mischiefs, has not precluded individual instances of the most sublime and exalted piety. Nay, in that part of religion which comes under the name of devotion, *we* on our side should probably be at a loss to produce instances as numerous and as elevated as the Romish, and this may partly be accounted for from their secluded habits and monastic lives. I, however, who am a much more secular creature than you are, am of opinion that Christians are not so much required to live *out of* the world as to live *above it*. A hard duty indeed! Yet there is a "victory that overcometh the world." I am glad you speak so favourably of Milner; in spite of his Calvinism, there never was a more honest genuine Christian. To be sure he does go often leagues out of his way to lug in justification by faith, which, however true, is not always to the point. But I admire him for the pains he has taken to grovel in the mire and rubbish of the dark ages, to pick out and brush up, here and there, a solitary saint, whom Mosheim had trampled on, or sacrificed to the delight he seemed to feel in presenting the dark side of the church.

I am not at all satisfied with the life of Mrs. Carter, nor much pleased with her reviewers. Her biographer, in order to do away the *terrors* of her piety and learning, has laboured to make her a woman of the world, and produced no less than five letters to prove she subscribed to a ball; and he respects her fondness for cards, as much as if it was her passport to immortality. Every novel-reading miss will now visit the cir-

culating library with a warrant from Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Carter was passionately fond of poetry, yet, though she lived and flourished with Pope, Thompson, Gray, Collins, Mason, Churchill, Wartons, Cowper, &c., there is not a single criticism; and though she lived with the learned, the book is naked of anecdote. Her opinions of books are confined to Mrs. West's and Charlotte Smith's *novels*. The *mind* is not at all turned inside out. You do not get the least acquainted with her notions. She was my zealous and attached friend and correspondent for near thirty years; I loved dearly her honest correct heart and highly cultivated mind. We differed just enough in our religious views for the exercise of mutual charity. She was a *Clarkist*. Her calm orderly mind dreaded nothing so much as irregularity; she was therefore most strictly high church, and most scrupulously forbore reading any book, however sound and sober, which proceeded from any other quarter. She would on no account have read even Doddridge or Pascal, two sins of which, to her great regret, I lived in the constant commission. These things were always matter of good-humoured debate between us. She vindicated herself in this narrow prejudice on the ground of her humility—that she had so low an opinion of her own firmness that she dared not venture out of the strict line which she had chalked out to herself. As some of her notions, however, were not exactly conformable to those of the church of England, it was not quite consistent with her fine sense to prescribe to herself such rigid limits. The exactness of her morality was exquisite, but her dread of enthusiasm cooled and cramped her genius and spirit.

Lord Barham says, in a letter just received, "As to politics, they are got far beyond *my* reach!" I think you would be gratified to see another letter by the same post, from my valuable old friend Lord Gambier. Your own Chrysostom might have written it, so deeply serious is its spirit.

I must end, but not without sending kind regards to Miss Ferguson. My sisters, who are most of them great invalids, desire their best remembrances. Poor Patty is worked to death in supplying my lack of service. Adieu, my dear sir, with cordial wishes for your health, peace, and comfort.

I am
Yours very sincerely,
H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Lincoln's Inn, London, Dec. 8, 1809.

My dear Madam,

I am much honoured as well as gratified by your kind and obliging letter. My dear Mrs. Stephen and I are rejoiced to have such good accounts of your health, and it would re-

quire little persuasion notwithstanding to induce her to pay you a visit at Barley Wood, if in her power. I say *notwithstanding*, for you know she is famous for her penchant for sick-rooms, and that when her friends want to see her, they have only to tie up their knockers, and send for the apothecary. For my part, I am committed prisoner to this sooty atmosphere (except that I have the liberty of the rules, which extend to Clapham and Kensington) till August next; but I should neither be surprised nor sorry if you should see Mrs. Stephen at Barley Wood before that period. She spoke of such an excursion more than once last spring and summer, but some obstacle of duty, or supposed duty, always intervened.

I should hope, however, that we are likely to see you ere long in this neighbourhood. Surely you have not renounced the habit of occasional visits to your London friends? Not for their sake only, but for that of the public, you should now and then take a peep at this great and busy scene, that you may better know how to treat of our faults and follies, by observation of their newest modes. This is the more necessary and desirable now that you have happily begun to prescribe for us in the more palatable way, and in such a way as has multiplied your patients: the laboratory at Barley Wood may prepare the medicine as before, but as you have found the way of giving it in comfits and preserves, the taste of the day is material. I speak in the hope that "Cœlebs" will not always be left like a pilgrim in an African forest, to be followed and surrounded by monkey imitators, without a companion from the same rational stock to support him in his pious enterprise, and mark out more clearly to genuine followers the path he has happily opened. The opinion I gave of the probable utility of that work has since been abundantly confirmed. I need not tell you this, for your bookseller's authority must be ample and conclusive as to the popularity of the work, and it is, I think, impossible to doubt that the good produced by it bears a more than ordinary proportion to the number of readers; most of whom "Cœlebs" has withdrawn from the trash of a circulating library, or from still worse subjects of amusement. The good he does, therefore, is negative as well as positive. But the chief consideration is that you not only loosen, perhaps wholly remove, fatal prejudices against religion in the mind of many amiable persons, but present a clear idea of Christianity, and an inviting picture of Christian life to many who, without such a work, would, humanly speaking, have had no possible chance of ever forming just conceptions of either.

Perhaps this most valuable tendency of the work is not duly appreciated by those who, from their early years, have had the blessing of hearing the genuine doctrines of the gospel sensibly inculcated, and of seeing in real life the practical fruits of those doctrines among persons of their own rank in life, and their own scale of intellectual culture. But how few,

comparatively, of the learned or polite, have possessed such advantages!

Sermons and didactic works on religion in general, if they could impress like pictures of living individual piety, are rarely read by those who most want their assistance. To the fashionable and gay, they are, generally speaking, as foreign as an unknown tongue. This, it must be granted, is culpable ignorance, yet who does not wish to remove it. We translate the Scriptures for the Welch and Hindoos, and why not translate practical religion into polished life, for the poor sons and daughters of fashion, and the lovers of romances and novels? The barriers of habit and prejudice are hardly less difficult to pass than the seas and deserts which our missionaries traverse for the conversion of Pagans.

I trust then, my dear madam, that looking to that object which infinitely transcends the worth of human praise, usefulness to the souls of your fellow-creatures, you will not be deterred by the malice of some critics, or the bad taste or false views of others, from proceeding in the new path you have opened, provided your health and strength shall permit your doing so.

I should be much surprised if the men by whom our reviews are for the most part conducted, were not very angry with Cœlebs. A literary infidel may tolerate a volume of sermons or religious tracts for the poor, but if he is to be elbowed thus by religion in the walks of imagination and taste; if scholars and fine gentlemen, as well as paupers, are to take the cross at your bidding, and piety to be reconciled with good breeding and elegant manners, it is time for the poor skeptical critic to look well to his own future estimation in society, and to guard, while he yet can, his own peculiar domains. But I trust you will leave the public to settle the account with these gentlemen, and indulge us with another novel in the same spirit, but as much more novelish as you please.

I wish it were in my power to raise your spirits a little as to public affairs; but my own views of them, whether I look at home or abroad, are very gloomy. The best point in the prospect is our commerce. I am well-informed that the commercial revenue has exceeded, during the last three-quarters of a year, what it was estimated at the last budget by full three millions. Our exports far exceed all former example, and our import trade is so great, that not only are the new docks and their enormous warehouses full to overflowing, but every private warehouse on the river side, from Blackwall to Scotland Yard, has been put in requisition by our merchants. It is almost a literal truth, that we possess the whole maritime commerce of the world, for scarcely a sail is to be found on the ocean but under British colours, or navigated under British licenses. Such are the fruits of a system which we are told was to ruin our trade; for it is not true that the principles of that system have been departed from. The changes in the

practical application of them, by the orders in council of the present year, have been only such as the new relations of Spain, Portugal, and other parts of Europe naturally suggested and required, with such a temporary accommodation to Erskine's unwarranted arrangement with America, as could not be justly withheld.

If commercial and naval greatness could insure the safety of the country in the present dreadful state of the continent, we should have no visible cause of alarm. But I was never one of those who think an invasion and conquest of England impossible, our constitution immortal, or our financial resources not to be exhausted; and therefore I cannot contemplate the awful aspect of the times without uneasiness.

Perhaps it is not the least alarming symptom of national decline, that our party spirit, and our frivolity of popular feeling, seem to grow with our dangers. At your distance from London and Oxford, it may not be easily credited that *O. P-ism* and the election for chancellor have ten times more interest than the Spanish war or the Walcheren expedition. They have even superseded the *more important* question of Canning and Castlereagh. Happy those who in these days, or any days, are earnestly seeking a better country.

With kindest respects and best wishes to Miss Martha More and the rest of the family at Barley Wood (in which I need not say Mrs. S. if at my elbow would cordially join),

I am, dear madam,
Very respectfully, and
very sincerely yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir William Pepys.

Barley Wood, Dec. 13, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I fear you will not do me justice as to the value I set upon your friendship, and especially upon your correspondence, from visible signs and overt acts. And yet your esteem is one of the few things on earth which I am anxious to preserve, and your letters gratify me more than I can say. But besides that I do not think it fair to break in upon you so often, I have this year, I really believe, received more than twice the number, both of letters and of guests, than in any former one; and writing is not now performed with the alacrity of former times.

It is so long since I received your last letter, that if I advert to it, you will have forgotten the circumstances that made it interesting. I hope it has pleased God to preserve to you all those domestic comforts and fireside enjoyments with which your heart seemed so gratefully to overflow. For myself, I was so overdone with company, almost all of whom I should have liked individually and separately, that my good physician

sent me off to sea at the end of September, just as *summer* was beginning. I spent five weeks exploring the beautiful coast of Devonshire. Exercise, quiet, liberty, and the revival of a few old friendships, sent me home much renovated.

I was very angry with you and the rest of the world for detecting the author of "Cœlebs," through a disguise which I thought impenetrable. I wrote it to amuse the languor of disease. I thought there were already good books enough in the world for good people, but that there was a larger class of readers whose wants had not been attended to,—the subscribers to the circulating-library. A little to raise the tone of that mart of mischief, and to counteract its corruptions, I thought was an object worth attempting. Commendation and abuse have, I think, been *pretty liberally* dealt out to me. My early foe —— has kept alive all that rancour which he exerted against me thirty years ago, because "Percy," with perhaps less merit, had more success than the "Battle of Hastings." Though I am not blind to the faults of my own book, and have always received just criticism thankfully, and adopted it uniformly, yet when "Cœlebs" is accused of a design to *overturn the church*, I cannot but smile; and I own I felt the sale of ten large impressions in the first six months (twelve are now gone) as a full consolation for the barbed arrows of Mr. S—— and Mr. C——.

I suppose you know that you are soon to burn your Marmions, and to dislodge your Miltons from their niches to make way for Wallace, the expected epic, which is to shine upon and to animate us during the frosts of Christmas. One advantage I really think this hero will have over his late Scottish predecessor, that his character being real, and I suppose somewhat grounded on historical fact, will excite a livelier interest, especially among the Caledonians. Walter Scott, however, possessed one advantage, of which he does not appear to me to have made use; having no history, or even tradition, to which he was obliged to conform his hero's character, he was at liberty to make him, if not a better man, yet at least a more honourable and interesting rogue.

Among our latest visiters we have had a poet and a prelate; B——, the poet of urns and obelisks, and the excellent Bishop of St. David's, who is, perhaps, doing more for the intellectual and spiritual good of his fellow-creatures than almost any of his contemporaries. He has undertaken the Herculean labour of raising the tone of morals, learning, and piety of a large Welsh diocess, to which he gives all his time and a large proportion of his income. I cannot speak of bishops without recurring to the very severe loss I have sustained in the death of my zealously attached friend at Fulham. I had spent the month of May with him for twenty successive years, and only my want of health prevented my being witness to the closing

scene. "No action of his life became him like the leaving it." His hope was full of immortality.

I have read only four of a thick octavo volume of sermons which I think extremely striking. The author's name is Skelton. There is admirable sense compressed in remarkably few words, sound logic, and solid piety—I mean as far as I have gone: the work has a high character.

What an unaccountable world do we live in! and how providentially are we preserved out of the general wreck! What bright spots have we to illuminate our gloomy prospects, I mean as far as naval and commercial prosperity go! I had a letter last night from the best authority, which declares that our commercial revenue exceeded, during the last nine months, what it was estimated at in the last budget, by full three millions; that our exports exceed all former example, and our imports are so great, that all the enormous new dock warehouses are overflowing, so that every private warehouse from Blackwall to Scotland Yard is put in requisition by our merchants. But while our ministers atone for the miserable failure of ill-concerted and ill-conducted enterprises by fighting duels, and while the national frivolity is so excessive, that stupid *O.P-ism*, and the election at Oxford, swallow up the very remembrance of the Spanish war, and the miseries of Walcheren, I cannot take much comfort when I look at home or abroad. But if there is little support in looking round, there is always much in looking up. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and to those who love and serve him, things cannot go finally ill.

Be better to me than I deserve. Write soon—write much—tell me what books you read—how your excellent young people go on—how Lady Pepys's health is, and whether your own maintains its ground—whether you have read Lord Valentia, and whether you are in an intermediate state between the two reviews which I have been reading (the British and Quarterly); one of which elevates him, I should suspect, above his real standard, and the other depresses him below it.

My best respects to your excellent lady.

Adieu, my dear Sir William,

Believe me, from taste, esteem, and affection,

Very faithfully yours,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1810.

My dear Friend,

I was absent when your kind letter came, or such was the impression its affecting strain produced on my mind, that I should have answered it immediately. I am but just returned from a little tour among some good and agreeable friends in

that beautiful part of Gloucestershire which is near Bristol. I have been rubbing up some of the friendships of my early youth, and making, I had almost said, too many new ones. I have been visiting with a soothing sort of feeling the scenes where we used to *gipsy*, and traced many a spot where I had picked dry sticks to boil the teakettle under a shady oak, or broiled a mutton-chop on knitting-needles. The companions of these harmless rambles are all dead! while our sickly family are all alive! One of my pleasantest visits was to Blaise Castle, where I dwelt on the spot over which our dear Bishop of London rode on his little horse.

Poor Mr. Windham! In this day of scarcity we could not afford to lose his brilliant talents. I greatly admired them, though I was not always satisfied with the objects to which they were directed. While great men are alive and flourishing, we think of little but the splendour of their abilities;—as soon as they are no more, how does the bright gold become dim, and with how little comparative delight do we reflect on any thing connected with their talents, except the application of them! I think much of him, and of his many excellences. I hope he made his peace, through the Prince of Peace, with that Being who had given him so great a responsibility.

Pray, when you see the Bishop of Durham, express my gratitude to him for his kindness in sending me his very admirable, informing, and convincing pamphlet on the popish business. I learned some things from it which I did not know before, and was confirmed in some which I did. I thought it would be doing his lordship a favour *not* to write to thank him. How overwhelmed must *he* be with letters, when such a humble creature as I am sometimes ready to cry at the multitude which I really cannot answer, besides being ruined with postage.

Cadell and Davis have sent me my account. The expenses of printing, paper, &c., are exorbitantly increased, and I had nearly 5000*l.* to pay for expenses, besides all the booksellers' profits, partly in consequence of my having given *more for* the money than any book that has lately appeared. As you know, books do not sell in proportion to their intrinsic value, but to their size. I was vexed to see Miss Smith's Fragments, excellent as they are, and Mrs. Montagu's Letters, two shillings a set more than Cœlebs, though there is not much above half the paper and letter-press. I do comfort myself that I have sold an honest, if not a good book. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, you will be glad to hear that I *cleared within the year* 2000*l.*, to be paid by instalments, 500*l.* a quarter. I have had the first quarter. That Walter Scott's two guinea poem should produce 2000*l.* is not strange; but that a trumpery twelve shilling one, so cavilled at, and abused too, should produce the same sum so soon, was what I had no reason to expect. The copyright is still in my hands.

June 12.—This letter was written so far as soon as I came home. I brought with me a cold and sore throat, which sent me to my bed, from which I have just risen; and the first thing I do is to take up my pen to finish this scrawl. I had two more teeth drawn as I passed through Bristol, which make fourteen in little more than a year. Alas!

My bilious complaints have mended with the weather, so there is no talk of Cheltenham. Dr. Lovell wants me to go *somewhere* in the autumn, if only to escape the inroads of company. In such an uncertain world, and in so sickly a family, I cannot plan any thing. The north I have never seen—I should like to be the *Lady of the Lake;* but shall hardly get so far. Sir T. and Lady C. Graham, who have been here, press me to go to Wetherby, where they tell me my chamber-window would open on Gretna Green. But *au jour la journée!* I endeavour to make my views short. I wish it were not so difficult to live in near views of the eternal world. In point of *retirement*, I have not gained much by giving up London and Bath. My eyes, I thank God, are better.

How is dear Mrs. Porteus?

The good Bishop of St. David's paid us a second visit. He drove over from Bath to breakfast, and as it was Easter-Monday, he desired after breakfast to read the whole church-service to us. It was so primitive, and so like all he does, it pleased me! With guests and work-folks, we mustered a decent congregation.

Do let me hear from you a little oftener. How my heart has ached for the king.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Believe me, with true affection, sincerely yours,

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to J. Harford, Esq.

Barley Wood, 1810.

Have you read the "Lady of the Lake?" it is full of beauty. The descriptive parts exquisite. There is more of character and incident than in Scott's other poems. Ellen is the only woman whom he has ever made interesting. She is amiable, frank, and pleasant. There is also an amiable maniac, who, I think, comes next to Richardson's "Clementina;" still there is wanted in all Scott's poetry, that without which no poem can cling about the heart and affections, I mean a due admixture of moral, or rather of religious reference. The former of these it is which makes the charm of Beattie and of Goldsmith; and the union of both in Milton and Cowper, captivates while it exalts the soul of every reader who has a soul.

As soon as Patty is able, I must go to Bristol for a few hours on business, and, if possible, as a point of duty, see that poor lady I mentioned to you, whose head has been sadly in-

jured by some unsound religionists. Best regards at Blaise Castle.

Yours very sincerely,
H. More.

From the Rev. J. Venn to Mrs. H. More.

Clapham, April 30, 1810.

My dear Madam,

It has given me the highest pleasure, and I am sure it will afford you an enjoyment of the purest kind, to know that your earnest labours in the best of causes have not been in vain. How far indeed they have been successful, you will never know till that great day when all the good which we have been the means of doing (and which is so wisely now hidden from our sight) will be revealed; when all the happy effects of the prayers, cares, and labours of the righteous will be made known to their own astonishment, as well as to the universal admiration of the sentence which they will receive; and when on the other hand, the dreadful effects of the sinner's crimes, and the wide-spreading devastation occasioned by them, will display the righteousness of the doom passed upon him. But I think you must already have known far more than enough to recompense you for all the calumnies occasioned by the Blagdon controversy, and all the pain which for a time you suffered from the most malicious and groundless aspersions.

The case which has suggested these reflections is that of a poor man in this village, who lately died in a most penitent and happy state, which he owed entirely to the perusal of your little tracts. He was a driver of one of the stage-coaches in this place, was very drunken and profligate, and never attended a place of worship; but beginning to sink under the injuries which dram-drinking did to his constitution, one of our benevolent visiters of the district in which he lived called upon him, and left with him a parcel of tracts. "Sorrowful Sam" was the one which particularly struck him, and was blessed, I think I may justly say, to his entire conversion. His illness was long and lingering, but he gave every satisfaction which could be desired of a solid change of heart; and upon his death he earnestly desired that a copy of that tract might be given to each of his children, with a solemn charge to them to read it over every month. His widow was also very deeply impressed, and is become now, I hope, truly religious; and thus has a whole family probably been rescued from ruin by that excellent tract. It was the production, I believe, of your sister Sally, who I am sure will rejoice on this account.

I am also happy to find that "Cœlebs" is equally beneficial in the higher circles. The aunt of a lady in this neighbourhood, whose excellent niece suffered much restraint and hardship (I must not call it persecution) in consequence of her

seriousness, is now, from having read "Cœlebs," no longer prejudiced, and herself reads the books which her niece recommends. I have heard also of another lady, within a mile or two of this place, who has received similar benefit. These instances have occurred just by; but I have heard of many at a distance, where still more beneficial effects have been produced.

Now that the idle clamours against the work have been silenced, and that the public approbation has been testified by a sale, I believe absolutely unparalleled, you may expect to receive here also a recompense for your sufferings on this score; for my own part, I can truly declare that I look upon it as one of the most useful works which was ever written, for the purpose which it was intended to answer. Most truly do I thank you for your kind present of it, which I am truly ashamed to think that I did not acknowledge as soon as the author was certainly known; but delay in writing letters propagates itself, till at length what was only deferred for a day, or week or two, becomes impossible to be done, because it ought to have been done so long ago. The instance I have related above has, however, broken the chains by which I was held, and I determined at once to write and confess my own shame, and congratulate you upon the good you do.

For my own part, alas! I continue useless—my harp has long been hung up on the willows—and I have not been able to preach, I believe, ten times during the last fifteen months; sometimes my voice appears to recover its usual tone, but the exertion of preaching soon destroys again my reviving hopes. However, it is God's holy will, and I submit; it is his correction, and I would willingly kiss the rod; it is his punishment, and I deserve it.

I am, dear madam,
Your much indebted and faithful friend,
J. VENN.

From the Bishop of Lincoln to Mrs. H. More.

Buckden Palace, October 5, 1810.

MADAM,

I am highly gratified by the note which I have had the honour of receiving from you this morning. I am very happy that our sentiments coincide in many instances, and I am particularly glad that you approve of my last chapter.

I cannot but take this opportunity of relieving my mind, in some degree at least: I have often reproached myself for not expressing to you my gratitude for your present of Cœlebs. Be assured that I read very few pages before I discovered the author, although I had been positively assured that it did not come from Barley Wood; but as you did not choose to put your name to the book, I thought it would be impertinent in

me to write to you, and more especially as I found that your confidential friends were silent upon the subject; and therefore I did not venture to disclose my opinion even to them. Thus far I do not feel any reason to be dissatisfied with myself; but I feel that after I was informed that you acknowledged the work, I ought to have written to you; and for this omission I take shame to myself. May I hope that you will pardon me, and that at this late moment you will allow me to assure you that Cœlebs afforded me the highest satisfaction: not merely the pleasure of reading a book written in very superior style, with an interesting story, and a just delineation of character; but as I went along, I could not but feel a strong conviction that a work, so excellent in its principles, and so entertaining in its nature, must be in an eminent degree useful, to a class of readers in particular who seldom take up a book but to derive mischief from it.

I am very sorry that you complain of ill health. We have sometimes the pleasure of hearing of you by our common friends. I beg you to believe that Mrs. Tomline and myself will always feel a sincere interest in every thing which concerns your comfort and happiness. Mrs. Tomline is at present in Lincolnshire, or I should have been charged with her kindest regards to you.

I am, madam,
Your very faithful and obedient servant,
G. Lincoln.

CHAPTER IV.

When it is remembered with what righteous boldness Hannah More, in her younger days, when surrounded and caressed by whatever was most dazzling and distinguished, had published her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," it will not seem extraordinary that as experience matured and established her principles, and her spiritual strength received farther supplies from Him who gives us a right judgment in all things, she should have devoted her time wholly and decidedly to the promotion of man's eternal interests; but it may well surprise those who have experienced the fatigue of the thinking part in the labour of composition, have felt the pains of uncomplying thought, and have struggled with circumstantial hindrances and interruptions, that the pen of this intellectual lady should have maintained its steady progress in the midst of an overwhelming correspondence, the hourly aggression

of visits, and an almost constant state of sickness and suffering.

In 1811, she produced a work of two volumes, entitled, "Practical Piety," which she had begun something more than a year after the appearance of "Cœlebs." Having announced it with her own name, the first edition was bespoken while in the press, and it ran on very speedily to a tenth. To be insensible to the testimony to merit, implied in the success of her efforts, ought not to have been expected even in Hannah More, by those that most admired her; but those who knew her best were satisfied that the result of her labours, most gratifying to her mind, was the demonstration afforded by the great demand for her work, that the prayers with which she had committed it to God had been answered in the blessing which had made it an instrument of touching and awakening many hearts. Of this she had proof the most convincing continually coming to her knowledge to the end of her life.

From James Stephen, Esq. to Mrs. H. More.

Ormond-street, London, April 30, 1811.

My dear Madam,

I have too long delayed to return my thanks for your kind and very valuable present. The delay has not proceeded from insensibility to the honour of such attentions from you, which expose me much more to the danger of vanity than ingratitude; but I waited first for leisure to express my sense of it in a suitable way, and next because, after having lost some time, I did not like to write merely to acknowledge the casket before I had examined its contents. This, indeed, is a pleasure which I have not yet been able to exhaust. I have been very closely occupied with parliamentary and official duties, and I set off on an interesting excursion in the Easter week, without remembering to put your books in my trunk. I have read enough, however, to be able to say from experience that the effect of your new work is likely to be such as you most desire. If it does not do much good in the minds of your readers in general, it must be because they do not stand so much in need of impressive religious admonition as I do, or because such impressions are as evanescent with them as they too commonly are with me. If you give, as you prepare us to expect, and as the subject indeed implies, little that is substantially new, you give what is more valuable, old and most important truths in a new and interesting dress. To change even the garb of religious instruction and exhortation is not easy, but is highly useful and important. Nor is it a matter of small account that many who too rarely open a religious book will read a work of *yours*, even on practical piety, lest they should seem to be ignorant of such novelties in the literary world as are sure to engage general attention. A

work sent home even from motives like this, may do good in the family, and perhaps to the buyer himself.

It was a little against the grain with me to be content with this new gift from your pen, after expecting from it a companion to my friend Cœlebs. I looked for another novel, as I am a true man, when I heard you were again at work; a novel that a Christian might not fear to leave in his parlour, unless from the danger of losing a second reading of it himself, and the good effects of which he might back against a whole volume of sermons. But I see that neither my opinion, nor that of the public at large, nor all the thanks or petitions of your bookseller, can counterbalance with you a few bad tastes that shall be nameless. For my part, I shall receive the bounties of Barley Wood thankfully in whatever shape you please to bestow them; but after opening so new, so fertile, and in my poor judgment, so profitable a vein, in which invention, with the other powers of your pen, might find full employment, you ought not to abandon it as not worth further working; or not at least on the suggestion of any other mind than your own.

That you have still strength of mind and body to labour thus usefully in any way, is a blessing to yourself and others, which may it please heaven to prolong. I need not say that Mrs. S. joins in that prayer. With her and my best respects and kindest remembrances to the whole family circle at Barley Wood,

I am, my dear madam,
very sincerely and respectfully
your obliged and obedient servant,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Lord Teignmouth to Mrs. More.

Portman-square, May 28, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

From various causes, which it is unnecessary to detail, I have only had an opportunity within the last fortnight to read your last publication with that attention which it merited; and I was unwilling to acknowledge my sense of the obligation conferred on me by your present, until I had in some measure appreciated its value. I can now most truly say, that the perusal of it has afforded to me the highest gratification, and it will be some proof of the sincerity of this declaration, when I assure you, that I mean to read it again and again, not for gratification only, but improvement. With this disposition I willingly resign the task of criticism to reviewers, remarking only that I should have been better pleased to have had four volumes of the same quality instead of two. Judging of others by myself, I feel that we all want to be reminded of our duties, and of our failure in the performance of those duties; espe-

cially those which we are every hour required to practise; of our neglect in watching our thoughts, emotions, and tempers; of the too predominant indulgence of a selfish disposition and habit; of the absolute necessity of a holy life, and the extensive obligations implied in that expression; and, above all, of the great account which we must one day give. The public is therefore obliged to you, and I cannot but sincerely thank you for a performance which has supplied so much matter for serious reflection and self-examination; which has made me think and feel; which has instructed and deeply interested me; and from which, by God's grace, I hope to derive real benefit. While I see, with combined feelings of pity and sorrow, the numerous controversies which issue from the press, I have reason at the same time to rejoice that it is not unproductive of books of "practical devotion for the increase of piety and virtue," and that works of this kind readily obtain a general reception and approbation. You are eminently entitled to applause for your labours in this line: the sentiments in Cœlebs have made an impression on many minds, to which they would have had no access if they had been introduced under a more formal garb; and "practical piety," which is calculated to instruct the wisest, will, I doubt not, tend to inform many who are both ignorant and unsuspicious that they are so.

In expressing my feelings with so little reserve, I am aware that I expose myself to a suspicion of flattering, but why should I on this account be silent? Indeed, my dear madam, I should be gratified if any thing I have said should tempt you to future exertions for the good of mankind. It is true that we have many excellent manuals of piety and devotion; but the public taste varies, and those productions only which are adapted to it will stimulate it. Justin justly observes, "that the understandings of men are as the chords of musical instruments; when a string sounds, the strings which are unisons to it, if within proper distance, will vibrate," and as you possess the talent of adapting your writings to *all* tastes, with very few exceptions, I trust you will continue to exert it as long as it shall please God to give you health and strength for the work.

In all these sentiments, Lady Teignmouth most cordially concurs. We have both long been invalids, and for myself I can say that I owe a very severe indisposition, which I have suffered ever since the 25th of January, to application, and which for many weeks precluded the use of my pen beyond absolute necessity. We have the greater occasion, therefore, for a manual of practical piety. A few years, at the utmost, will determine whether religion has had "that influence on our hearts, and on the conduct of our lives," which it ought to have, and as we advance towards the period of our earthly career, we are more disposed to read those books which renew and fortify our conviction of this truth. Your whole

performance, and especially the concluding chapter, is well calculated to produce this effect, and to lead to that heavenly meditation which Baxter describes with a pen plucked from an angel's wing. If you have not the passage in your memory, you will thank me for transcribing it from mine.

"Other meditations are as numerous as there are lines in the Scripture, creatures in the universe, or particular providences in the government of the world. But this is a walk to Mount Sion! from the kingdoms of this world to the kingdom of saints; from earth to heaven; from time to eternity; it is walking on sun, moon, and stars, in the garden and paradise of God."

Lady Teignmouth begs her most affectionate remembrance to you, and we unite in kindest remembrance to Miss P. More and your family. I am, my dear madam,

Your obliged and sincere

TEIGNMOUTH.

From the late Lord Barham to Mrs. H. More.

Barham Court, 1811.

MY DEAR AND LONG ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I thank you for your kind and long letter, and am much pleased that "Practical Piety" has found its way into the great world, although it cannot be expected that it will overtake Cœlebs: the subjects are very different, and though both are excellent, yet very few like to have their faults so plainly pointed out. My own opinion is, that it is the most valuable and useful of all your works, and will be the means of much serious reflection to many people who have never turned their thoughts to religious subjects. If any chapters struck us more than others, they were the two last of the second volume; but indeed the whole excited our admiration. I am promised the usual visit from Mrs. Porteus in the autumn; I wish you and Patty were in strength to accompany her. Our long uninterrupted friendship is a source of much comfort to me: many and many of those whom I loved and confided in are gone before, but I do not grieve as those without hope. I have lately obtained a great treasure in having Lady Middleton's correspondence with Mrs. Bouverie for many years put into my hands by my daughter. Mrs. Bouverie never had the courage to destroy them. Such an established and faithful friendship I have never read of. To me, who was so closely connected with the parties, they afforded the greatest pleasure, though of a melancholy cast.

I have been altering the church, and making a gallery for ourselves. We gain thirty-five seats, at an expense of more than 300*l*. Our public measures are too tardy to be successful; want of forethought and preparation is the great fault of all administrations, that of Bonaparte excepted. He has

however received a check, which I hope will tend to the general good of all Europe. The idea of so many lives being sacrificed to the ambition of one monster is heart-breaking; but as we see not to the end, we must be patient. Honesty and application will go a great way in carrying on public business; if these are wanting, all the talents which we hear so much of will prove vain: I say nothing of religion and virtue, but whoever throws them aside, must have little to expect from Him who governs even the falling of a sparrow. My health is as usual good; but I feel a gradual weakness, the natural consequence of declining years: much reason, however, have I to be thankful; my spirits have been always moderate, but equal; and if I have any character, it is moderation in all things. What a wonderful machine is this Bible Society! Many, however, are still dead to its consequences: too many of the clergy in this neighbourhood are hostile to the unexceptionable work that is carrying on. Kind remembrance to all, and doubly to Patty, from (my much valued friend),

Yours most affectionately,

BARHAM.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, March 27, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The state of my eyes, which is always rather weak, does not afford me a very near prospect of finishing this letter, which, however, I am resolved to begin, if I can do no more than merely thank you for your very kind remembrance of me in sending me your last excellent work. I have read it with much delight, and much emotion; perhaps I might add, with much envy, for it places your indefatigable exertions in favour of virtue and religion (notwithstanding your frequent indisposition) in such a point of view, that I can find no other consolation for not attempting to imitate them, but the well-founded consciousness of not being able. To pay you compliments upon the brilliancy of thought and expression which occur in every page—upon the beauty and consistency of the metaphors, which are luxuriant (I had almost said) to redundancy; or even upon the intimate and accurate knowledge which you display of the human heart, would be but poor praise in comparison of what you deserve for your zealous and anxious solicitude for the salvation of souls. Whether it be because the impression is more recent, I cannot say; but it strikes me as being the best of all your performances, and as admirably calculated to terrify the wicked, to rouse the negligent, and to keep the most watchful upon their guard. There is, however, an impression which I find it makes upon some of the best and most religious characters, which is, that of despair of ever reaching such unattainable perfection; and a thorough disbelief that the generality

of their friends and acquaintances, who have been virtuously and religiously educated, and seem to be in the constant habit of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God," can possibly be in such a state of reprobation as to incur the final displeasure of the Almighty, and be destined to everlasting punishment. These are, perhaps you will say, self-satisfied Christians, and in greater danger, because their eyes are not open to their own corruptions. It is observed also, that you seem to have forgotten that our Saviour, when he says that "he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," seems to admit that there were (at least at that time) some righteous; and that when it is said that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons," it seems to be implied that even a considerable number might so live as to be acceptable to God. Upon the whole, they seem to think you have selected all the texts of an opposite tendency, without attending sufficiently to some of the above description; and that a more gloomy picture of human nature, with reference to a state of future rewards and punishments, is there exhibited, than upon a fair view of life, and all parts of the gospel taken together, should be impressed upon the mind, especially that of young persons who have been religiously educated.

You made me laugh at the consolation which you say many people receive from the consciousness that they are neither Galatians nor Corinthians; but it was the only part where I was at all inclined even to smile; for I am sure the tenour of the whole was to make the best of us look grave. May it have its due effect upon all who read it!

Farewell, my dear friend,

I am ever affectionately yours,

W. W. Pepys.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

May 7, 1811.

My dear Friend,

Those unhappy wights who do not speedily answer such letters as you write, are, to adopt a vulgar phrase, no one's enemies but their own. Your letters always afford me so much gratification, both for their own value and from certain associations inseparable from the recollection of pleasure never to be repeated, in society never to be again enjoyed, that I wonder at myself for not sooner entitling myself to hear from you. The truth is, I am condemned to receive, and conscientiously bound to answer, such a multitude of letters, neither entertaining nor interesting to me, frequently from strangers, and on matters of business, recommendations, and applications, on which I can do little or nothing, that my attached, and valuable, and pleasant, and instructive friends are

precisely the persons from whose correspondence I am in a good measure cut off. Having but little intermission from either company or bad health, my time does not turn to much account.

Your approbation of my book is very comforting and encouraging to me. My expectations from it were low. It is nothing to the public that it was written in constant pain, and it is the worst of all apologies that it was done in such a hurry, that it was very little longer in writing than in printing. But life is short; mine is particularly uncertain, and I had persuaded myself that it was better to bring it out in a defective state than not at all. I now see many faults and deficiencies, which I have somewhat laboured to diminish. I thank you for telling me of the objections made to it. Your remarks would lead to a large field of discussion, which I would rather enter upon with you in conversation than in writing; because they would involve replies and rejoinders which could not conveniently be made.

I am not aware of that excessive strictness of which your pious friends complain. The gospel is strict, "The cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye," though only used as metaphors and illustrations, is surely more strict than any thing I have said. It is true, I invariably maintain the same principle, that *the standard of religion should always be kept high.* The very best of us are sure to pull it down a good many pegs in our practice, but how much lower is the practice of those who fix a lower standard than the New Testament holds out. Your friends, who you say "are in the *constant habit* of doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God," have indeed reached high attainments. I believe I do wrong to judge of others by myself, for I declare to you I have such a constant sense of imperfection in my best thoughts, words, and actions, that I continually need the refuge of a Saviour, and continually petition for pardon through him, and for the purifying and comforting assistance of his Spirit. I must have expressed myself very ill if I have said, "that at the end of a long life we are to remember every fault." I am sure I cannot remember mine at the end of a month, or a week, which was my reason for recommending our spiritual accounts to be kept short. But we can, I think, all remember the particular sins and failings to which we are most addicted, and I meant that we should not content ourselves with *general* confession, except in public worship, but dwell on our personal and individual sins. The individual wrong propensity, besetting sin, and evil temper, is surely known to every serious inquirer into the truth of the gospel, and into the obliquities of his own heart, and this was what I meant by a specific repentance.

In a former very kind and pleasant letter upon Cœlebs, I recollect you wished I had contented myself with treating religion in a more general way, like Addison and Johnson, and had

not entered into the peculiar doctrines of Christianity so much, which would have pleased more generally.

This I think was the substance of your remark—I will not stay to look for your words. Now, my dear friend, I am afraid I am going to shock you, and to lower myself in your esteem. I love and honour those two men in a very high degree, though the term *love* rather belongs to Addison, *honour* to Johnson. Yet I am persuaded their writings would have done far deeper and wider good, had they not generalized their religion so much. The soundness of Johnson's principles is incontestible, but he scarcely ever enters on any evangelical truth. When he tells us himself that he had scarcely ever read the Scriptures through, and when we call to mind that he had besides some superstition and weakness mixed with his piety, we see the reason of his reluctance to dwell on these topics. Addison had a very devout spirit. His Saturday papers on the Evidences are admirable. Still he appears not to have entered into those deep views of evangelical truth which abound in Pascal, in Fenelon, in Baxter, Leighton, Bishop Hall, &c. His ideas and feelings of the Deity are sublime and elevating. If it were not the height of impertinence and conceit to refer to one's self, I would desire you to turn to "The Hints to a Princess," vol. ii. p. 149, where you will see I have endeavoured to do justice to those two noble authors, though I thought it would be invidious to say what I have here said, of my regret that they did not dwell more on the doctrines of Christianity, and on what distinguishes it from all other religious systems as a scheme of salvation.

I have been reading with pleasure "Bennet's Christian Oratory." It is not a brilliant work, but full of sound good sense, very spiritual, practical, and serious. I deal little in speculation, and never in controversial works, and like no devotion that is not sober-minded. Some of old Baxter's practical works I think you would admire. I have lately read his "*Advice to the Aged*," his "*Dying Thoughts*," and his "*Saint's Rest*." One must allow for the style and diffuse manner of those voluminous old writers. They are, however, full of matter. I like them far better than our wordy moderns. I except Bishop Horsley and some few others.

Apropos of moderns, one of the most valuable, has, with his amiable family, been passing some days with us—I mean Mr. Gisborne, with whose *Sermons*, *Duties of Men*, *Duties of Women*, and *Survey of Scripture*, I doubt not your people are well acquainted. It is hard to say whether he be a more sound divine or amiable man. His sermons are truly Scriptural, without the least tincture of bad taste or enthusiasm. He lives like a patriarch, at the head of his nine children, with his estimable and amiable lady. I have thoughts of visiting him in his forest at Needwood, of which, as he draws finely,

he has taken the scenery before it was, alas, nearly disafforested. We had authors, too, among our last week's visiters.

To-morrow I am expecting to see a granddaughter of your old revered friend Lord Lyttleton—I mean Lady Lucy Barry.* She is lovely in mind and person, and from being a little gay, is become very serious. She gives a pleasing account of the piety of the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, whom I used to meet at your house, and of whom I had lost sight.

I was equally grieved and surprised to hear of the loss Sir Lucas had sustained. I truly sympathize with him and you. I had never heard it. Your Croydon epitaph is admirable and appropriate. It is in the manner of Crashaw or Fletcher, or some of our other old poets. I hope you have shown it to your afflicted brother. I do pity him from my heart.

As I have laid myself under no vow not to write oftener, I hope you will not punish me for my silence by going out your full time. I have most self-denyingly exceeded mine.

I beg you to present my most affectionate respects to Lady Pepys, of whom I retain the most pleasing recollections. Your sons and daughters cannot remember *me;* them I perfectly remember, not, indeed, under their present form of men and women, but as fine promising children. Are we to have any more Montagu letters?

Adieu! my dear friend. Think of me as one who is become neither a bigot nor a misanthrope. My spirits are good and even gay.

Yours truly,

H. More.

I believe *we* are the only existing correspondents who write letters of nine pages without once adverting to politics; without using the words bullion, Portugal, Wellington. I was a mad enthusiast for Spain at the beginning of things. I am afraid my enthusiasm for the country arose from my fondness for its brightest gem, Don Quixote; but *their* coolness has cooled *me*. I begin to fear that in the order of Providence, such a religion and such a government *must* be overturned.

From the Rev. Dr. Magee to Mrs. H. More.

Trinity College, Dublin, Sept. 7, 1811.

Dear Madam,

The copy of your last excellent work, in consequence of some mismanagement in the transmission by the bookseller, reached me late; and, partly from my own illness, partly from the succeeding illness of other members of my family, I have been still later in offering my acknowledgments for so gratifying a mark of your remembrance and attention.

On the powers of thought and felicities of language which

* Afterward Lady Farnham.

characterize this as they do every other production of the author's pen, I shall make no observation. A tale so often told is too trite for repetition; and, although in one view the same might perhaps be said of the spirit of Christian piety and the zeal of Christian benevolence which animate the work, yet in another it will not apply. The commendation bestowed on the doing good is often the proof that good is done; and to the mind which, like superior natures, derives its happiness from contributing to the happiness of others, it is a tribute due in point of justice, no less than a testimony demanded in point of truth, to confess the admiration and the sympathy excited by the beauty of those virtuous and religious sentiments which it displays and recommends. In such cases praise is in some degree participation; and while it certifies the benefit, cannot be unpleasing to the benefactor. Praise of this nature neither can I be ashamed to give, nor you to receive.

I have read the work on "Practical Piety" with real edification. My taste, my heart, and my understanding have all received their several shares of improvement; and I have risen from the perusal with a strengthened impression of what I have always felt on the perusal of your writings, that the life of the author has been a public benefit and a public blessing. For its continuance, and for its continuance with the enjoyment of health both bodily and mental, you have my most sincere wishes, as you must have those of all who wish well to the best interests of human kind.

This country seldom supplies much of literary intelligence. Dr. Hales is prosecuting his great work on Chronology with his usual industry. He is on the point of bringing out his second volume, which, in the process of arranging in their due places the events of Scripture history, will be occupied as much with sacred criticism as chronology. As to myself, with every disposition to labour in the vineyard of sacred literature, I find that I am altogether an unprofitable workman. The drudgery of the perpetual circle of academic employment which belongs to my peculiar situation, joined to a frequent recurrence of ill health for some years, has essentially interfered with my meditated exertions in the way of publication. In the course of the winter, however, I hope, with God's assistance, to bring to light a volume, which has now for nine years (a length of time demanded by the poet for the poem) lain by me in a state nearly ready for the press. The volume I design as the forerunner of an extended work on the prophecies relating to the Messiah.

I remain, dear madam, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

Your much obliged
and very faithful servant,
W. Magee.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Pleasant as your letter was, and much as it entertained me, I should not probably have answered it so soon, but for a most distressing paragraph in the papers respecting a frightful danger of the Bishop of Durham on Highgate Hill; I read it with horror, and shall take it kind if you will send me half a line to say he is well. I figure to myself what his acute sensibility must have suffered from the catastrophe of the unfortunate postboy. I had been just rejoicing in the account of his more than usual good looks and good health, which we had the pleasure of hearing from the two Mr. Lysons, who made us a visit lately. They were, as usual, very informing and very entertaining, and would be still more so if they would agree not to talk both at once. It was an old agreement between us, that when they came to the letter S, Barley Wood should be their head-quarters; but as they have only completed the letter C, I shall not live till they perambulate Somersetshire, nor do I think they can expect to complete so vast an enterprise.

It was not with your usual discretion that, on intending to tell me how long you were to stay in town, you took care to put your broad wafer over the two words which were meant to inform me. You have perhaps left London; otherwise, like the old woman recorded in the first poetical composition I remember, "if you are not gone you live there still," which I will venture to suppose may be the case.

You ask me what I propose to do in the summer? I am afraid of saying, "To-morrow I will go into such a city," &c. The Gisbornes press me very kindly to visit their forest, of which, however, fine as it may be, themselves are the best part. I have neither promised nor refused. As soon as parliament is up, the Thorntons, whom I have not seen for five years, come to us for a few days. We are also expecting the Hoares. I forgot to say, that if I would promise to go to Yoxall Lodge, Mr. Gisborne said he would write and *make* you join us there. You see he knows how to bait his trap.

I hear the high Calvinists declare war against "Practical Piety." Is it not a little hard that one must not write one's own sentiments, but the sentiments of others? We have many opinions in common, but if I adopted their *peculiar* opinions, I must write against my conscience. One of their criticisms will make you smile. They say that my having called the sun *he*, is idolatrous; as if I believed in Phœbus or Apollo! If this be true, both David and St. John were guilty of idolatry.—See Bible translation of nineteenth Psalm, and Revelation i. 19—

to say nothing of good Dr. Watts's Morning Hymn. I wish the book had no faults more substantial than these.

We are paying, in common with all invalids, the penalty of this drenching weather. It makes us beautiful without and sick within. How do you stand it? I just spy something suspicious of what to the best of my remembrance is *sun;* but it is so long since I have seen HIS face, that I ought not to speak too positively.

When you see Mrs. Porteus, remember me kindly to her. Adieu, my dear friend!

Ever affectionately yours,
H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 9, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Accept a hasty line for your entertaining letter; I have been so constantly in motion, or in company, or indisposed, that I have not written one letter but of absolute necessity or business since I met you that last morning. You have not the less lived in my affectionate remembrance. Instead of the stipulated fortnight, Mr. Gisborne detained us a month in his charming forest, accompanying us, however, on our excursions. We obeyed your commands in making the Derbyshire tour. Matlock is enchanting, of a different character, but not more interesting than Malvern, where we staid a couple of days in our way to Staffordshire Every thing concurred to make our visit at Yoxall interesting; scenery of a peculiar character, and pleasant society in the house and neighbourhood. Among our inmates was Mr. ——, brother to Lord ——, the bent of whose mind and the turn of whose conversation incline me to believe that he is not unworthy to fill the pulpit at Lutterworth, once so worthily filled by Wickliffe. It is delightful to witness the many accessions to the cause of Christian piety in the higher ranks of life.

We are come to this fine old town to visit some friends. Both the near and distant views are intimately connected with our history. Here is the battle-field where Harold once fought; and since still more distinguished by the fall of Hotspur, Harry Percy. They do not exactly show the spot where *Falstaff ran away.* Another hill presents the scene of the valour of Caractacus. Another of an ancient oak, said to have been planted by Owen Glendower. Still more substantially valuable are the numerous edifices consecrated to public charity; all appear to be remarkably well conducted. With public charity the name of Richard Reynolds naturally connects itself, as it did in Colebrook Dale, the most wonderful mixture of Elysium and Tartarus my eyes ever beheld; steam-engines, hills,

wheels, forges, fires, the dunnest and the densest smoke, and the most stupendous iron bridge, all rising amid hills that in natural beauty rival Dovedale and Matlock. We grieved that excessive fatigue and heat, rendered more intolerable by a withering east wind, prevented us from roving through Reynolds's fine walk, which he keeps up for the benevolent accommodation of others. To-morrow (alas! it is still a parching east wind) we propose, if it please God, to set out on a little Welsh tour with our hosts, to peep at the Vale of Llangollen, Valle Crucis, Chirk Castle, &c. &c. We hope to return over the classic ground of Ludlow, a town I much wish to see. May God bless and direct you, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. King.

Barley Wood, Nov. 6.

My dear Madam,

Your interesting letter written in August deserved earlier notice. I must defer to account for my silence, till I have requested you to stop your kind benefaction to Shipham Club, you being the only member that has not discontinued it, since sickness and infirmity have induced us to give up the public meeting. Our friends regret losing their annual pleasant day, but we are no longer equal to the fatigue.

You will be surprised to hear what a rambler I have been. I, who never reckoned on going again out of my own little circle, took courage the beginning of August to set out with Patty on a long-promised visit to our excellent friend Mr. Gisborne at his forest in Staffordshire. The forest indeed is destroyed, with which I was disposed to be dissatisfied. But when I saw near ten thousand acres of yellow harvest, when I saw a beautiful new church erected, and a handsome parsonage built and endowed, and my admirable friend preaching to a good congregation, in a place so lately the shelter of thieves, and poachers, and vagabonds, I gave up my romance in favour of such solid improvements. Mr. Gisborne and some other gentlemen still possess a beautiful piece of forest about their respective habitations. Mr. G. spends his large fortune in a most liberal manner. His establishment is large, and his manner of living elegantly hospitable. We had an excellent society in the house, which is the abode of talents, piety, and benevolence.

We staid a month with our friends at Yoxall, and then crossed the country to visit some old acquaintances at Shrewsbury, whence we took a peep into North Wales, and visited the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale. With the vale and the ladies we were much delighted. We paid a visit in our way home to your valuable friend the Bishop of Gloucester,

who received us most kindly. He spoke with affectionate concern of the domestic loss you have had the misfortune to sustain.

My journey was of service to me on the whole. The chief benefit I reaped from it was that it improved my sleep, which I had never recovered since my great illness. Patty's complaint in her head continues. It has extremely affected her hearing, and her eyes are so weak and inflamed that she can scarcely read or write: this is a great trial to her; and my two elder sisters are very infirm.

I am very sorry not to have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Collinson, but he was so circumstanced that I could not reasonably expect it. I hope he received a copy of "Practical Piety," which I directed Cadell to send him. I should have ordered one for you, but I did not know where to find you.

Your future plan of life, my dear madam, will, I trust, prove as comfortable as it is rational. I hope it will please God to sanctify to you every trial, and to make your remaining days, days of peace. Should you ever visit this part of the world, I hope you will not forget your friends at Barley Wood.

I must venture to direct at random. If you are at Gateshead, pray remember me kindly.

Yours, my dear madam,
Very faithfully,
H. More.

From the Rev. R. C. Whalley to Mrs. H. More.

Chelwood, 1811.

My dear Madam,

Your very kind and acceptable present of books required an earlier acknowledgment; and your introduction of it by a little story added a grace to it which you know how to give all your doings. I am peculiarly beholden to you on my son's account, who I presume has by this time expressed his own thanks. It so fell out that he was with me, though just getting on horseback for Wells, when the parcel arrived. Nothing in the book-way could be more welcome to him than Leighton's works, with whose schemes of religion he entirely coincides, however distant he may be from him in that holiness of soul which properly belongs to it. Yet, blessed be God, he is a pure and holy character, and evidently a growing one.

I have often lamented that you know so little of ——. Indeed, it is not easy to know him well, for he has an invincible shyness about him, and has nothing of the art of setting himself off. He wishes one of these days to visit you for a day or two under my wing, and I hope we shall accomplish it; but his distance from me renders opportunities of that kind scarce and precarious. To see more of him would be the greatest comfort I could have in the creature, but the main part of it I can

taste at a distance—the knowing him to be of God's family and household, and being assured that we shall, when God sees fit, be brought together for ever! I have also the happiness of believing that there is of late a material change wrought in his wife, who was an amiable and valuable domestic character, and, as far as nature went, disposed to fall in with him in every thing; but I saw nothing further till a letter I received from her not long since convinced me of it. Her husband had been dangerously ill, and that, she said, brought her to see his value for the first time. Oh! it is of the last importance that they who are connected together for life should not be disjoined in the life of faith. The living soul will always be hampered by the dead soul. No graces can act with freedom under such circumstances, nor can children (which is a main thing) be rightly brought up for God. But innumerable are the little discordances that must arise from that great discordance, and the least suspicion of having a child of wrath in one's bosom must be a sad weight there. How merciful is God in taking off my portion of such a weight! for a weight it has been even to me. What I *ought* to render unto God for this and all his blessings, I well know—but, alas! I vow and pay not.

I have been up and down as to health through the winter. While I had the wisdom to confine myself, I endured tolerably well; and when I had the folly to tempt God by going out to do some duty, I was sorely punished for it. Latterly, and during all this fine weather, I have been very weak and ill. A jaundice has been hanging upon me, my recovery from which has been retarded I believe by self-will—a degree of sinful repining at my not being able to go out to visit sick and dying persons, of which there have been more instances here of late than anybody can remember. Six people have died almost altogether in this little parish; and it was impossible for me (so ill was I myself) to have much communication with any of them, with some none at all. But I comfort myself with thinking that I never ceased to warn every one of them, in private as well as public, of the danger of neglecting the salvation offered them, and of receiving the grace of God in vain. I do not think you can long to see me so much as I long to see you, and spend some quiet convalescent days with you. I do not dare come out at present, and when I can venture, must first pay a visit where I think I can be of *more service* than at Barley Wood; however, when I once get out, I trust not to return home without seeing you, of which you shall have intimation; and if you will send as far as Bristol for me I shall be glad of that ease; I have a thousand discourses to hold with you, among which your excellent books will not be forgotten. I say nothing of them now, because in truth I have not yet fairly read them; but I have no doubt of the good they will do, though your hopes are low. It is good certainly to keep all one's

hopes and expectations low—except the hope of eternal life, and that should be confirmed in us. It ought to be an undoubted thing with Christians that God has accepted them in "the Beloved," not from uncertain transitory feelings and impulses, but upon the strength of the holy irrevocable promise to believers; here I rest—and if I did not, miserable should I be, since my taste and enjoyment of sensible comforts has long been very slender indeed. And now, my dear friend, rejoicing that your health is as it is (though I could still wish it better)—for to write books implies in my mind a considerable strength of frame and nerves, independent of intellect,—and wishing you all every blessing together, and that my eyes may ere long see and partake of it,

I am, your ever faithful
and grateful friend and servant,
R. C. WHALLEY.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady O. Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Saturday, Feb. 1812.

MY DEAR LADY OLIVIA,

I appear to you in a new character, that of a prompt and forward correspondent. Were you to give this representation of me to my friends, they would never suspect the portrait to be mine; but having occasion to send a request to Mr. Addington, though I wrote to you only two days ago by Lord Gambier, I could not resist the temptation of thanking you for your kind little volunteer letter, received last night. One gift is worth two debts; to the latter justice obliges us, the former is more acceptable as being more the fruit of affection.

You are to understand that I have a particular notion about correspondence. I would not give much for what is called a *fine letter*, even from those who are most gifted in writing; if I want sentiment, or fine things, I can get them in books. What I want in a letter is to know what my friend is doing, or thinking, or saying. Now this I cannot find in a book, nor can I by this mode get at the heart and mind of the writer, as I can by little unpremeditated details. This is one of my objections in general to the publication of letters; if they are honest, and open, and faithful, the peculiar interest they excite is in the mind of the person to whom they are written; hints and details are nothing to the world, which is only looking for fine sentences and polished periods. Cowper's letters are all ease and kindness, and feeling and affection—they were written for his correspondents. What Miss Seward's are I need not say, except that good taste revolts at them, and truth and candour abhor them; they were written for the public. But I did not intend to say a word of all this when I began. I only meant to say how delighted I was with your dinner, and with your kindness in being impatient to make me in some measure a par-

taker of a society of which I should have been so happy to partake.

If you see Mr. Way again, have the goodness to ask him if he has received a letter from me. Not knowing his address in town, I enclosed it to the Bishop of St. David's, who had perhaps left London; if so, it will follow him to Durham, and he will probably forward it to Mr. W. to Stanstead Park. He is a pretty sort of a geographer, to think that place compatible with Brampton!

I am once more going through my darling Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on St. Peter. It is a mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth. Each chapter would make a volume of modern theology. Nothing is superficially described. He always goes to the bottom, and, without wearying the reader, hardly leaves any thing unsaid: he always catches hold on the heart.

Are you acquainted with Lady B——? I have not seen her since her marriage, but she promised to be a most interesting character. I saw some letters from her on her change of situation, full of such right views and Christian plans and resolutions as tended to confirm my opinion that she would prove worthy of her father. He is now most conscientiously bestowing his patronage on none but exemplary characters, and is indeed a prelate worthy of *olden time*. Adieu, my dearest Lady Olivia; I commend you and yours to your God and their God.

Yours most faithfully,
H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, March 31, 1812.

My dear Friend,

As the terms on which you and I correspond make it unnecessary to trouble you with the various reasons why I have not before thanked you for your last delightful letter, I shall dedicate no part of my paper (which always appears too scanty when I am writing to you) to excuses and apologies. You will be glad to hear that it has pleased God to continue to me my health and good spirits, though I attained, on the 11th of January, the completion of my seventy-second year; and that all my six children, though they have long since been out in the world as men and women, continue to afford me, as they have ever done from their birth, nothing but comfort and pleasure. When I look about me, and see what so frequently occurs in other families, I cannot help feeling the deepest gratitude for such inestimable blessings; and I trust that He who sees what impression they have made on my heart will accept that gratitude as the best incense I can offer. I remember, when I was young, though very much awake to the *fear* of

God, I had very confused notions of what could be meant by the *love* of him, and though I could repeat very cordially my thanksgivings for *preservation*, I could not bring myself to join heartily in thanks for my *creation:* whether this might arise from not having at that age duly weighed and appreciated the blessings which I enjoyed, or from any depression of spirits arising from my health not being so good as it has since been, I cannot say; but certain it is that my gratitude has increased in proportion (though an inadequate one) to the blessings which I have experienced; and were I called upon to say what have been some of the most delightful moments of my life, I could with great truth answer, those in which I felt that gratitude most sensibly; when, therefore, I am told that heaven will consist in praising and adoring the Author of good, I can now perfectly understand that language; and though much of the delight arising from the sensation of gratitude must here be much alloyed by a sense of one's own unworthiness, yet when that is removed by the delightful sound of "Well done, good and faithful servant," I can conceive no greater happiness than that of adoring such transcendent goodness and mercy.

You see how naturally, the moment I sit down to write to you, my thoughts turn upon religious subjects; which arises from my having so long considered you, not only as a saint, but an apostle, and is the pure effect of association, not of any desire of paying my court to you by appearing to you peculiarly affected by a sense of religion.

I am quite glad to find that you like Lady Lucy Barry; she appears to me to approach as near to that state which Milton so well describes—

> ——"When oft converse with heavenly habitants
> Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
> The unpolluted temple of the mind"—

as any person I ever knew, and I am sure she must have been highly gratified by a visit to you. I was much struck when I was talking with her, some years ago, on serious subjects, to recollect how long it was since I conversed with her excellent grandfather on topics of that kind. Does it not often occur to you, that persons with whom you have formerly talked intimately on the interests of a world to come, are now initiated into the secrets of that country from whence no traveller returns, and may now be pitying our misconceptions, or rejoicing at the rectitude of our ideas and feelings concerning it? I suppose it was the prevalence of this speculation which gave such celebrity, when I was young, to Mrs. Rowe's Letters. For my part, feeling myself to stand, as I do, on the confines of the world of spirits, I take no interest in reading any thing so much as that which tends to confirm my faith, strengthen my hope, and establish my confidence in the mercy of God.

I have therefore, this last summer, been principally employed in reducing extracts from that delightful book of Psalms, under the three heads of supplication, trust in God, and praise and thanksgiving. This, I know, has been often done, but I thought it most useful to do it for myself. I have also been much employed upon Macknight's Commentary; but I have very little satisfaction from any thing which requires much explanation, or is made the subject of much controversy, because I am persuaded that the gospel was intended for the poor and ignorant as well as for the rich and learned, and therefore nothing can be essential to salvation that requires long and laborious habits of theological study to comprehend. We have been amused lately with the Life of Lord Charlemont, though written evidently under the influence of party prejudices; but I am so fond of all biography, that were I to begin the Life of Jack Ketch, I should never quit him till I saw him hanged on his own gallows, and read his last dying speech.

I hope the great exertions which are now making to diffuse education among the poor have your approbation, and that you feel no apprehension lest all the ploughmen should desert their ploughs as soon as they are able to read. If they followed them merely for amusement, I should indeed be alarmed lest they might prefer the superior entertainment of reading the Arabian Nights; but as hunger is equally formidable to the best poet as to the lowest thresher, I am in no fear of the land remaining uncultivated; and believe that the proportion of those who are hanged and cannot read, to the literati who undergo that punishment, is enormously great. "If you had lost your way in a wood, and saw two men at a distance," says an author, "the one with a gun, and the other with a book in his hand, to which of them would you address yourself?" But the reformation of manners among the lower orders in Scotland since the establishment of parish schools supersedes all argument upon the subject. I may perhaps have told you, that upon my accosting a poor boy who was tending pigs on a desolate heath in Scotland, and asking him whether he had ever heard of Fingal, he answered that "He was a great captain." I am so persuaded that whatever tends to improve the understanding, and give *mind* an ascendency over *matter*, is beneficial to morality, that a few glaring instances of great talents being devoted to bad purposes do not shake my faith on that subject; and I can safely say (without the suspicion of flattering you), that those, especially among your sex, who have been most eminent for intellectual attainments, have been most distinguished for religion and virtue.

Ever affectionately yours,
W. W. Pepys.

From Mr. Gisborne to Mrs. H. More.

Barmouth, near Dolgelly, May 29, 1812.

My dear Madam,

It is not uncommon with letter-writers, nor I believe with myself in that capacity, after proving the existing locality of the penman by an accurately copious date, to begin the epistle with some such words as these—"Here we are." This custom, whether proceeding from a laudable solicitude to overlook no discoverable means of enforcing the plainest truths, or from a cautious apprehension of overrating the quickness of perception and the intellectual capacity of the person addressed, I forbear, in the present instance, from pursuing. Yet you may like to know why we came hither, how we came hither, what we are doing here, and what sort of place this same *here* is. This division, though unpremeditated, into heads, you will think somewhat ominous; but I will proceed through them at a reasonably swift rate. We came hither because Mrs. G. has not been very stout; and as the sea has heretofore been repeatedly and highly beneficial to her, I was anxious that she should come to its margin before the summer should have elapsed. I am thankful to say, that by God's blessing even a week's residence has been evidently productive of advantage. We came hither through Shrewsbury, Welshpool, and Dolgelly (I omit inferior names), crossing the principality from east to west. The country was highly interesting, first in the way of beauty, then of sublimity. From Wels pool we passed over very irregular ground; but progressively ascending, for we were tracing the brisk stream of the Vernwy to its source, during twenty miles, through well-wooded valleys, crossed or joined by other collateral valleys and their streams, with frequent openings on the right or on the left, or in front to near hills, or to distant mountains. During the last three miles, however, all the ornamental clothing of the valley which we were pursuing became more and more sparing. Perfect nakedness ensued; the stream had diminished to a rill—was then contracted to a thread—was then lost; and we found ourselves traversing a flat peatmoss, on a situation which in Cumberland would be called a *hawse*, and in Wales is denominated a *bwlch*; namely, a high tract crossing and closing up a valley at its upper end, and joining the still loftier hills by which it is formed.

Having been much in the north of England, and once in the Highlands of Scotland, I could not but know that this peatmoss would speedily begin to descend before us; that a new thread of stream would rise from it, would accompany our course, would swell into a rill, and by receiving tributary rills, into a river, while we should be descending into a new glen, enlarge itself in its progress towards the Irish Sea. So we found the

event; and slept in this new valley at Mallwyd. But this river Dovey and its valley would have led us to the sea at Towyn; whereas we were bent for Barmouth. So we turned a little to the north-west, over an ascent of two miles, and from its summit descended into the valley, perhaps the most beautiful in South Britain, of Dolgelly. The variety of rocky and woody prominences, irregular ranges of hills, bold mountains, with the prominent and stupendous precipices of Cader Idris, form an assemblage which you must see in order to conceive it. Ten miles down this valley westward brought us hither.

Our employments here you will partly anticipate, as bathing, and walking on the sands. To these Mrs. G. adds airings, and I add walks on the hills and mountains. Two days ago I employed a long day (and did not find it at all too long for the objects to be surveyed and the distance to be travelled) in ascending and exploring Cader Idris. If you knew my natural love of a mountain and its appendages, you would know what gratification I received from this expedition. My sublimer pleasures have been occasionally varied by others of an humbler class. One morning, for instance, there was a ship launched before our window. On another I was entertained, through the thinness of the floor in the lodging where we first were housed, by hearing, while our Staffordshire footman was taking a long lesson in Welsh, word by word, from the maid of the house, the uncouth lumps of sound which, in his attempts to catch her pronunciation, tumbled from his lips. Another day I had an hour's walk with a Welsh farmer, possessed of very little English, on the hills; and found a somewhat diverting obstacle to my geographical inquiries, in his firm conviction that east was the point opposite to north. What this place is few additional words will suffice to show. It is partly hung on the sides of a rock, and partly placed at its foot, close to the influx of the river Mowddwch, a small stream, but a spacious estuary into the sea, about the centre of the great concavity of the bay of Cardigan. The long peninsula of Caernarvonshire, terminated by Bardsey Island, bounds the view at about twenty miles' distance to the north-west. In front is open sea. On the south another promontory pushes some miles into the sea, rising eastward into mountains uniting with Cader Idris. But I will say nothing about them; for I have scarcely left myself room to express our cordial interest respecting your health, and that of your sisters. As to Miss —— or Mr. ——, my advice is that you bestir yourself, and be beforehand with him or her in a continuation of Cœlebs by your own pen, and authenticated by your name.

Yours, dear madam,
Faithfully and affectionately,
T. GISBORNE.

At the conclusion of the two volumes of "Practical Piety,"

Mrs. More felt that she had not yet discharged her mind of all the ideas which filled it upon this copious and momentous subject; and after the lapse of another year, the usual interval she took for pausing between the publication of one work and the commencement of another, she began a sort of sequel to it, which she entitled "Christian Morals," and which the abundance and variety of ideas that flowed in upon her as she proceeded induced her to extend likewise to two volumes. No sooner was it announced to the public than the whole first edition, as in the former instance, was bespoken. We have said that her feelings were very frequently gratified by communications of the benefit of which her labours had been productive to the souls of her fellow-creatures, which she truly considered as her brightest reward; and with respect to this latter work, as well as those which preceded and followed it, we might appeal to the knowledge of a variety of persons now living, who are in possession of many striking instances of this nature which never happened to reach her ears. The following letter bears date just after the appearance of "Christian Morals."

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1813.

My dear Friend,

If I live much longer, I believe I shall in time outdo you in the dilatoriness of my correspondence, and that is saying a great deal. Great languor of frame (having been confined the last five weeks with a severe cough), in addition to tormenting bile, and more tormenting company, make part of my apology. I should not, however, think it was treating you like the friend of my heart, if I did not name a still more efficient interruption to writing so many letters as I ought. Having been confined six months out of eight since Christmas, and foreseeing, or rather knowing, that I have not many Christmases to expect, I was willing to turn my imprisonment to some little account, and have been writing some more *last words*. You remember how frequently in the last century fresh books repeatedly came out under the title of "More last words of old Mr. Dodd." This has been, I think, pretty much my case; but though I do not know that my writings do any good, yet I am led to say with Cato,

"While yet I live, let me not live in vain."

The book is to be called "Christian Morals." I do not talk of it, except to one or two particular friends, because I do not like to have it discussed and to be questioned beforehand. I have not finished it. Whether it is worth finishing I hardly know, but Providence sometimes works by poor weak instruments. If I had expected to be so overwhelmed by company,

I believe I should have gone from home to write more at leisure; but it is now too late in the season. We had nineteen persons here yesterday, of whom I did not know six. I have, however, had much pleasure in seeing some old friends,—H. Bowdler last week, another day Mrs. Barbauld, an acquaintance of forty years. I greatly admire her talents and taste; but our views, both religious and political, run so very wide of each other, that I lose the great pleasure that might otherwise be found in her society, which is very intellectual.

You give me a reviving hope of seeing you here next year; a hope which I will not suffer the thoughts of an intervening winter to damp.

I long to know whether you have been able to establish your Bible Society in the teeth of so much opposition. I am vexed you are likely to lose those valuable persons you allude to. I was surprised to receive last week, from the Bishop of Lincoln, his late charge to his clergy, entirely *against* the Catholic question, after having voted for Lord Grenville's motion.

I have so many things that I wish to say, that, not knowing to which to give the precedence, I am obliged to forego them all. Two most amiable and interesting friends, the Rev. C—— H—— and his wife, are staying with us. If all society was like theirs, I should be the last to complain of too much company.

When you write, do not forget to mention your own health particularly.

Do you get good accounts of the Bishop of Durham? How are Mrs. Porteus, Lady Cremorne, &c.? Tell me every thing, and believe me very faithfully

and affectionately yours,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

February, 1813.

My dear Friends,

I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but for the multitude of disagreeable ones which duty, not inclination, have extorted from me. I have at last snatched up my pen with a resolution to write, if it be but a few lines, for I have a new impediment to all employment. In addition to my now general bad health, I have had a renewal of that dreadful pain in my teeth from which I suffered so exquisitely three years ago. I have paroxysms of twenty-four hours, little short of delirium. In the long catalogue of my pains, I find this the least supportable.

I am sorry to begin in such a lamenting strain, but shall proceed, I hope, in better spirits when I get a few minutes' interval.

We were very sorry to lose the expected gratification of

seeing you this spring; but as a pleasant prospect is the next best thing to present enjoyment, we must be content to look forward to the autumn, if it please God to spare our lives so long.

I am glad you are not dissatisfied with renewing in print your acquaintance with the book to which you were so kindly helpful in MS.*

I confess that there are many things in this work which must necessarily hurt, and I fear offend, persons for whom I feel a great regard, and who will not easily forgive painful truths. To my great surprise, such is human blindness, some of the most worldly people I know affect to commend and admire it. What is the general opinion I have no means of knowing, as of course the letters I receive are all kind and encouraging. If it does any, even a little good, that is the true praise, and the only praise, a Christian should covet. I have committed the work to God.

I had ordered my bookseller to send me "Rokeby" as soon as it might be had for twelve shillings, but my kind Lady Olivia Sparrow sent me the costly quarto. It is as dear as bread. Two guineas for four hours' reading! Like every thing of Scott's, it shows the hand of a master, and abounds with beautiful descriptions, lovely images, and many felicities of expression; but we have had all this so often from his exuberant pen that they begin to lose the gloss of novelty. The great complaint I have to make in the present instance is the want of interest, in which important point it appears to me not only inferior to the "Lady of the Lake," but to his preceding poems.

I was much edified with your report of Mr. ——. What a blessing will he be to his family and his parish! I trust Lady —— will be a confirmed and exemplary Christian. Her rank, her vast fortune, her fascinating manners, sweet person, and engaging understanding will serve to recommend religion to those who will not swallow the pill till it is covered with much leaf-gold. She attaches herself to me with great affection, and has all the attractions which in return inspire attachment. May it please God to bless you both, and direct you in all your thoughts, words, and actions.

I am ever, my dear friends,
Your very affectionate
H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

51 *Great Ormond-street.*

My dear Madam,

Your "Christian Morals" have produced one effect opposite to your general purpose; for your obliging attention to me in

* Christian Morals.

sending them has, like former favours of the same kind, excited in me some vain emotions which I am too prone to indulge. But if vanity is a bad feeling, gratitude is a good one; and while you have made one person vain, you have made two grateful; for Mrs. S—— feels not less sensibly than myself our joint obligation for your kind and valuable present. But here again you have occasioned some *wrongness*, as she calls it; for your books arriving when I was going out to dinner on Saturday, it was in vain that I asked her to practise a little self-denial, and not to open them till my return, that we might start fair together. She took advantage of my absence most contumaciously; and, what is worse, it was hard to get a glance at the first volume yesterday without looking over her shoulder. I hope, however, that before she gets to the end of the second, she will find some hints about temperance in our favourite gratifications, and even a word or two about conjugal duty.

I was a little alarmed at what you say in your preface, of "the art to stop," till I found it did not end in the denunciation of which it seemed to be the prelude. You have not yet taken express leave of the public, and therefore are bound in decorum to appear again.

I admit that that same art to stop is a very important one; and well would it be for some of us parliamentary speakers if we could attain it. But it is an art which every author and authoress in the present times may acquire in the easiest way imaginable. It is only to look at the balance of your bookseller's account. Johnson truly says, a bookseller is the author's best patron. I maintain he is also in this case the best monitor; and had Horace dealt with Cadell, he would have had no need of that invisible friend who sounded in his ears *solve senescentem*, &c., if it had really been time for him to sing no more. I do not desire you to apply this commercial test on a commercial principle; but humbly submit that if it was irrational in your friend the Welsh clergyman to think he was mending the world by a sermon of which half a dozen copies only were sold, it would not be less so to suppose the public neither mended nor pleased by a work which it is buying by thousands. If you can make us better, your pen will be well employed, whether you please us or not. On the other hand, if you please us by a work like this, it will certainly be to our profit. I feel angry with those who dissuaded you from bribing us with another novel. But some good comes out of that evil. They have made the criterion on which I still dare to rely unequivocally sound.

For my own part, I could almost venture to advise you (were it not presumption in me to advise at all in such a case) to continue to write, as long as you find the pleasure in doing so superior to the pain of the effort. I doubt much whether, in works of that class to which your pen is now dedicated, age takes away from the qualifications of the author so much as it

adds, until the decay of our intellectual powers is so sensibly felt by ourselves as to make the labour of composition overpower the wish to propagate our opinions. I regard that wish as instinctive; as a propensity implanted in us by the same benignant Providence which has given to the capsulæ of certain plants an explosive force at their maturity, to scatter their seeds extensively around them. It is felt the more strongly late in the autumn of life, before our vivid hue of intellect has faded, before the progressive accumulation of our thoughts, the foliage of the mind, has fallen, and it continues while we have still any useful lessons of experience and reflection to impart; nor wholly ceases until memory and our powers of communication are in a great degree impaired. Hence the characteristic of *narrative* old age. In minds that never were strong it becomes a foible. Yet even with them it is often a source of traditionary knowledge; which in the ruder stages of society, and in the humbler walks of life, is not unproductive of useful effects.

In minds of a superior order, framed for contemplation and discovery, and endowed with persuasive or strong communicative powers, this propensity is, I believe, stronger in degree, and more durable in its influence, as well as more beneficial in its effects. I mean, of course, when religious or moral principle has given to it a right direction. And after all, how far does experience bear out that apprehension which you seem to have imbibed? I can remember several writers who have been discredited by beginning too early, but not at this moment any who have been so by stopping too late. Of Johnson, Young, and others, it may be affirmed that their reputation would be less if they had not written in old age. I am naturally reminded here of Young, whose "Night Thoughts" (my favourite work) was composed, I think, in his latest years; because I was relieved on Saturday evening by recollecting that to have been the case. Being in a prosing humour just now, and supposing you to be fond of literary anecdote, I will give you the story. I was dining in a parliamentary party with Lord Castlereagh, and he produced for our amusement in the evening some volumes of original letters, curiously preserved by Lady C——. Perhaps you know of, or have seen, the collection, which her ladyship derived (through Lady Buckinghamshire, I think) from the Duchess of Suffolk, to whom they had all been addressed. When his lordship showed us the index, comprising the names of all the wits and great men of the last age, my curiosity was immediately fixed by that of Dr. Young. I professed my enthusiastic admiration of his "Night Thoughts," and begged to see and admire, as a relic, the original letter of such a man. My request was immediately complied with, with a significant smile; and what had I the mortification to read! *Horresco referens!* It was the most fawning, servile, mendicant letter, perhaps, that ever was

penned by a clergyman, imploring the mistress of George the Second to exert her interest for his preferment!! It was, of course, laughed at very heartily. But I had the consolation to find in the letter, among his mean pleas of former adulation to the royal family, in his works, &c., a notice of his being fifty years old; and to recollect that the "Night Thoughts" were written many years later, with confessions of former ambition and preferment-hunting, which he professed, I dare say sincerely, to have abandoned, and to look back on with shame!

But I am trying your patience too severely, and showing you that I hold cheap the art to stop; for a very common reason perhaps, because it is an art of which I am ignorant.

Mrs. S. desires me to send her grateful and affectionate remembrances to you and your sisters. Pray also give my kind respects to them, and believe me with great respect,

My dear madam,

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole-street, March 31, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are too well acquainted with the ceremonial between the judge and the elephant,—who came both at the same time into a circuit town, which the judge settled by waiting first on the elephant,—not to follow, as you have done, so good an example. I have long been in hopes of a letter from you; but as I considered your kind present on "Christian Morality" in the light of an apostolic epistle, I was not sure that you might not intend it to supply the place of a letter. I have read it with great pleasure, and, I trust, with advantage; though I confess the sensation of self-dissatisfaction, which all your writings leave upon my mind, however salutary, is rather humiliating and painful. I approve the style in which it is written, as less redundant in metaphor than your former work, and therefore better adapted, perhaps, to the solemnity of the subject; though, at the same time, I am sorry to lose the delight which I never fail to receive from your use of the metaphor, which *never* changes in your hands, as it does in those of some conjurers I know, from a ring to a purse, from a knife to a guinea. You and Burke are the only *two* persons I know who can safely be trusted with a metaphor, and it may be said of you as I once heard a man say of him, while he was pouring forth torrents of eloquence in the House of Commons, "How closely that fellow reasons in metaphor!"

It is very pleasant to see, by your letter, that we have been for some time past reading exactly the same books; and I do not see why two friends may not enjoy the consciousness of both being employed at a distance on the same book, as well

as two lovers that of both looking at the same time on the moon. Your observations, too, on them correspond exactly with my own.

Many thanks for your kind congratulations on my dear S——'s marriage. She is really a charming creature, with one of the best hearts and most cultivated minds I have ever known. What you say of Lady O. S. has raised in me a strong desire to be acquainted with her, but I have not yet arrived at that happy state of confidence which would enable me to say as a Frenchman once said to me, *J'ai cru que vous seriez charmé de ma compagnie:* a sentence which I much question whether the vainest Englishman could pronounce.

Your complaint of the dampness of churches is not only well founded, but of so important and serious a nature, that I think you cannot do a better service to religion, or at least to religious people, than to take an opportunity in some of your next publications (which are sure of being universally read) of descanting on that subject, and of recommending, as somebody well said, that the old alliance between the *Aris* and the *Focis* should be restored. In recommending to you this subject, I do full as well, methinks, as a gentleman I knew, who, when I asked him how he liked the subject of a sermon, which was very abstruse, answered that he had rather hear him preach against the crime of putting alum into bread. Apropos of abstruse subjects for sermons, I shall certainly, at your recommendation, read some more of Horsley's; but must own that I have been deterred from it, upon finding that one of them was upon the place in which our Saviour passed the interval between his crucifixion and his resurrection. Such subjects as those are better left untouched, because every one sees that the most learned theologian and the convert of yesterday must be equally informed upon them. I did read, and did, I confess, experience great disappointment in reading, his attempt to show what part of our Saviour's discourses applied to the destruction of Jerusalem, and what to his coming at the end of the world. His disposing of the principal difficulty, by applying it to Judas Iscariot, appears to me very forced and improbable: Horsley was, however, the right sort of man to grapple with those and similarly difficult passages; and I am truly sorry that I could not obtain from him more satisfaction, for you cannot rank him among

> "Those commentators who dark meanings shun,
> But hold their farthing candle to the sun."

As to his explanation of the 45th Psalm, as I have no better to offer, I must be content with it, though the meaning which he annexes to it does seem very strange. I have often lamented, that instead of giving the *whole* book of Psalms to be read in churches, which habituates the people, as well as the priest, to repeat daily what they no more under-

stand than if it were Arabic, our ancestors did not make a copious *selection* of those divine passages, so feelingly adapted to every state of mind, and so expressive of the most pure and most exalted devotion.

I hear from Mrs. Dickenson, and indeed from everybody, how delightfully you are situated, and how hospitably you receive your friends; so that, were I ever to be within reach of you, I should make no more scruple of presenting myself at your gate, than a pilgrim would have had in throwing himself upon the hospitality of my lady abbess.

Pray convey my congratulations to Dr. —— when you see him, upon his marriage, though they will have but little effect, he is so used to them; as a lady once said to me when I was going to give her away to her *third* husband, and told her that she ought not to appear in such high spirits, but look timid and apprehensive—"Matrimony is like a cold bath, very formidable the first time, but when you have tried it often you become used to it."

Cadell promises two more volumes of Mrs. M.'s letters; but from what I can learn, they will not come out immediately. If I had had to advise on the former publication, I should have suggested that as some of the letters could have been written by very few except Mrs. Montagu, none ought to have been admitted which *anybody* could have written as well as Mrs. Montagu. But the editor is under great difficulties, for it often happens that some brilliant passages are so intermixed with headaches, &c., which occupy the rest of the letter, that it is hardly possible to detach the embroidery from the cloth. You, therefore, whose letters hereafter will be sought after with great avidity, should so write that the subjects, though familiar, should be always interesting; and though it might spoil your letters were you to write them with a view to publication, yet I would not have you totally lose sight of the possibility of such a thing taking place. "Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" says a father in some play to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts me when anybody squeezes my hand."—"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"—"Certainly not; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in *squeezable order*."

As I trust you never fail to repeat every day, every year, my favourite lines in the beginning of Dryden's "Flower and the Leaf," I will say nothing about this delicious spring weather; but will only add, which I am sure you feel with me, that nothing excites in me so strong an emotion of gratitude as that sense of the gracious and beneficent protection of Providence, which has permitted me once more, in health and prosperity, to see the reviviscence of these his glorious works. Remember Beattie, and the beautiful apostrophe in the Minstrel, and

Believe me always

Most faithfully yours,

W. W. Pepys.

From Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. H. More.

May 28, 1813.

My dear Madam,

When I think on the time which has elapsed since I received your last favour, I fear you must think me a most insensible and ungrateful woman, but indeed I am neither; believe me, my dear madam, I am truly alive to the honour you have conferred upon me, and *profoundly* grateful for the benefit I have derived from it. This you would have heard long before, but I have been exceedingly hurried for the last three months by unavoidable business. I promise myself a very uncommon pleasure in paying my respects to you during my stay at Mendip Lodge this summer, and long to tell you, face to face, that I am, with the utmost admiration and respect,

My dear madam,

Your ever grateful
and affectionate servant,
S. Siddons.

Soon after the publication of "Christian Morals," the family circle was for the first time broken, after the sisters had lived together fifty years, by the death of Mrs. Mary More, the eldest, who had been some time in a declining state, and who crowned a life of uncommon usefulness, integrity, and benevolence by an old age of placid and dignified serenity, and a death full of hope and resignation.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Lady O. Sparrow.

Barley Wood, April 22, 1813.

The solemn scene is closed. My dear eldest sister is escaped from this world of sorrow, and is, I humbly trust, through the mercies of her God and the merits of her Saviour, translated to a world of peace, where there will be neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Her impatience to be gone (when she had the use of her reason) was great. We had all of us the melancholy satisfaction to see her breathe her last. I thought it something blessed to die on Easter Sunday,—to descend to the grave on the day when Jesus triumphed over it.

It is pleasant to see death without its terrors. We visit the cold remains twenty times a day, and I am dividing my morning between the contemplation of her serene countenance, and reading my favourite Baxter's Saints' Rest.

Your ever faithful and affectionate
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Mr. Collinson.

Barley Wood.

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to return you my best thanks for your kind remembrance of me in sending me your valuable work. You justly conceive Hooker to be a great favourite of mine. Setting aside the inestimable importance of the subject on which he treats, he is so very fine a writer that I am often astonished at the *little*, I had almost said at the *no* progress we have made in composition, and in the improvement of the English language since his day. I am ashamed that almost three centuries have done no more for us in this very circumstance, on which we of this day so much value ourselves—the article of fine writing.

I approve much of your judgment in bringing forward these excellent old writers. Hooker is a proper successor to "Thuanus." Your valuable "Analysis" will, I trust, do great good to others, as the publication does great credit to yourself.

I sincerely congratulate you on such a patronage as that of the Bishop of Durham. It is honourable to you, and I am very glad that the very fine situation in which he has placed you is so busy a one as will call out all the energies of your mind and all the exertions of your piety. May it please God to give you his grace that you may fill your important station with zeal and faithfulness to the souls of those committed to your trust! This, I am sure, is the best prayer I can offer up for you.

I desire to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Collinson, in which my sisters desire to unite.

With much regard, I remain,
My dear sir,
Your very obliged and faithful
H. MORE.

From the Rev. A. Whalley to Mrs. H. More.

Sidmouth, Dec. 23.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

You will think me lost, or at least that my affections are; yet not so. They are only like one of those streams we have heard of, that run for a while in a concealed channel, and then spring up in a distant place, but are indeed the very same. Thus I suddenly make my appearance at Sidmouth, and I hope you'll discover and acknowledge in me, when this reaches you, the same pure and sincere attachment and regard that has won for me the great privilege and happiness of your friendship, and is of a nature, I trust, to be always recognised and distinguished from the soiled and self-seeking spirit of the world's

attachments. If all this is too flowery, correct it, and when you have put it into the plainest and properest dress, I shall still claim it as my own. Well, here I am at length, by the bounty and mercy of God, and almost beyond my expectation and hope; for the premature winter, and my own imprudence in going on with duty at Chelwood, laid me suddenly up, and I was so ill for about ten days as to be confined up-stairs, and obliged to go through a course of medicine, and with but a faint prospect at the time of being allowed to put my project of coming hither in execution: however, the week before last I did boldly (for it was boldness, considering the state of my health and the state of the weather); I set out, and resting a day at Wells, at Mr. Tudway's, proceeded towards this place, where a lodging, &c. had been prepared for me, and where I am now tolerably settled, and recovered from the effects of a cold I took upon the road so far as to be able to walk out a little when the sun shines, and to have been at church on Sunday afternoon. I can judge nothing yet as to the effect this change of air and situation will have upon me, but my chief expectation is from the entire exemption it affords me from the exertion of my lungs in duty during the cold season, which of itself seems sufficient to destroy me, without great care. Here I know nobody, and cannot be so much tempted to expose myself to what is prejudicial to my health, either from zeal to benefit the souls of my fellow-creatures, or affection for their persons and company: a wretched exemption after all for one who hath tasted of God's grace, and known the comfort and blessing of walking in love; but so it pleases God, and I ought to find joy and comfort in submitting to God's will. God is everywhere, and can and will give comfort to his afflicted people, and supply all their wants. If we could but depend upon him more firmly than we do, we should feel ourselves more effectually and sensibly supported. I am living in a room about ten feet long, large enough to contain me and the Bible; but as I suppose I shall go very little out, I could wish to be able to expatiate more within; nevertheless, the mind can range and look to a time of escape from all confinement, when she will mount up on eagles' wings and look at the sun for ever, with glorified organs fitted for that vision. O come the day, when you and I, by God's mercy and great power, and all that long for him, shall be ever with him! But while we are here, may we be comfortably here, and have so much health as to enable us to be useful. This certainly is my object in removing hither; and one balm I had to assuage the pain of it was, seeing the unaffected tears of many of the souls committed to me when I took my leave of them, which I would have done individually of every inhabitant of the parish with prayer, had not my illness put a stop to it.

Another balm which has reached me since my arrival here is the hearing, by Lady Waldegrave, that you have written to

her a more comfortable account of your own and your sister's health than she has yet had from you; indeed her whole letter is a cordial, and evidently tinctured with divine grace, written with a more cheerful, satisfied piety than usual; and may God make me thankful for this additional friend.

I wrote to S——, after I got home from you, the kindest and most useful letter I could devise; but I suppose he could not relish it or understand the love that was in it. I hear he took refuge from his affliction in Mr. C——, at Hampton; but I do not learn this from his own pen, for he has not answered me. Oh, my dear madam, there is little hope when, after all sorts of warnings and providential voices, we find the very dregs and husks of the world preferred and still relished; but after all, let us pray!

You will remember me to all your sisters; I hope God will preserve you all still long together for the good of many, and for the comfort and benefit of me among the rest, if so be it should please God to bring me back into your neighbourhood. In the mean time you can bring yourselves to *me* with pen and ink, and we can always commune with each other on the tables of the heart. God Almighty be with you all, and bless you with his presence and spiritual blessings always.

Yours ever affectionately,

R. E. WHALLEY.

From Mrs. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

1813.

A STORY.

A little girl having teased me very much the other day with, "I want this, I want that, I want the other;" to put an end to her importunity I said, "You want every thing in the world; I suppose you will want the moon next." She took the hint, and soon after came in, crying, "Give me the moon, it is my moon, I *will* have the moon."

THE APPLICATION.

Now I am a large spoiled child. Your ladyship has so accustomed me to have all my wants, expressed and unexpressed, granted, and my very wishes and even thoughts anticipated, that I too, thus spoiled, am in danger of crying for the moon. You, as a natural consequence, will fly to Herschel, and consult him upon the best means of conveying it, undertaking, if the whole should not be portable, to send me a crescent, or a still smaller slice.

My sisters, and a friend in the house, were yesterday telling me that I *must treat* them with *Rokeby*. I told them positively no; that my bookseller had a general order to send me every thing of Walter Scott's (I mean his poetry) as soon as it should

descend to the attainable price of twelve shillings. *Sur ces entrefaites*,—arrives the carrier, with the costly quarto. Happening to have two good pair of lungs on a visit to us, we fell to; but as we could only get through four cantoes last night, I defer sending my thanks till to-morrow, when I trust we shall have finished it.

Thursday night.—We *have* finished it, and are truly grateful for the amusement you have bestowed on us. Having only *heard* it, and not yet read it myself, I do not feel competent to speak decidedly as to its merits. Whatever Scott writes always shows the hand of a master. There is in *Rokeby* the same vivid tints of painting, the same varied powers of description, the same opulence of imagery, as in his former poems; but, according to my present judgment, imperfectly formed, it is deficient in interest. As it is no affront to compare an author with himself, I will venture to say that I think it far inferior in characteristic touches, in grace and playfulness, and in general power of attraction, to the *Lady of the Lake*. The fifth canto, in which I expected to find such a progress in the business of the poem, is taken up in singing songs, very pretty songs I allow; so that the events tending to the catastrophe are all reserved for the last canto, and are of course huddled together with less skill and probability than I expected from such a master of the art of poetry. Beautiful passages are numerous, and there are a thousand graces which I shall delight to dwell upon, when I come to read for myself. I am not disposed to be critical when I read poetry, where pleasure is the prevailing feeling, as it ever must be in reading Walter Scott; and therefore I should not have made the above remarks but by your command.

Now to descend to a far humbler work, and which deserves, and will meet with, far severer criticism. You command me also to tell you which I prefer, *Christian Morals* or *Practical Piety*. I can only repeat the expression I have just applied to Scott, that an author neither gains nor loses in being compared with himself. I therefore presume to say, that of two indifferent things, I myself give the precedence to *Christian Morals*. If it please God to make it an instrument of doing a little good, I hope I shall be humbly thankful to that gracious Being who supported me in writing it. This is the praise I desire; if this be granted, I shall meet censure cheerfully, conscious that I can do nothing of myself.

I was amused with a letter the other day, from a delightful friend of yours and mine. He was in a large company, in which a *don* lady said, "Hannah More's new book will cause a revolution in the country." He answered, "Madam, I wish we had many such revolutionists; but how do you mean?" "Why," replied she, "by letting the poor know that the great have faults."

To this curious criticism I have three answers. 1st. The

poor will never see the book. 2dly. They must be very dull if they have not found out the faults alluded to before. 3dly. When I wrote for the poor, I only spoke of *their* faults, and kept those of the great out of sight, and in each story introduced a most exemplary clergyman, and none but such. Pray tell me how the book is received in your circle.

As I am resolved to find *some* faults with your letters, I must tell you that I always lose some words under the seal, from your not allowing paper enough, the only thing in which you are a niggard.

The horse is recovered; how kind to think of such little things! It falls in, however, with my own notion, that it is little things which show the spirit of friendship.

Whenever your ladyship is disposed to bestow half an hour upon me, it will be a real pleasure, and some indemnification for the uninteresting, but I trust not altogether unuseful, letters I almost daily receive and write. But He in whose hands are the hearts of all men can make the meanest efforts turn to some profit.

My love to dear Millicent. May God bless your unwearied labours for her intellectual and spiritual improvement. She that is well educated for time, is also well educated for eternity. I enclose this to our dear friend at Kensington Gore. I hope he will send it you before it is stale. My sisters present their best respects.

With my fervent prayers for your present comfort and eternal happiness, I remain, dearest Lady Olivia,

Your truly grateful and affectionate

H. More.

Among the several instances of mortality which have already occurred since the year began, not one has affected me more than the death of my old friend Mrs. —— of St. James's; she was a lively exemplification of my "good sort of people."

Barley Wood, Jan. 21.—Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of my earliest friend Mr. Garrick, and of poor Louis Seize; to-morrow will be that of Mr. Pitt. There is a sort of mournful profit in these periodical returns.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Feb. 12, 1813.

My dear Lady Olivia,

I deprecate your scanty allowance of paper—a crowded margin—valuable words effaced by the seal, maugre my remonstrances! Desire dear Millicent to make you a present of a quire, to be solely dedicated to me in a handsome liberal manner. Your last letter was particularly pleasant to me, as it arrived while Mr. Whalley was staying near a week with us, and I could gratify him with such portions of it as were likely

to afford him pleasure. As we fetched and carried him back, the inclement season did him no harm. I never saw him so well. You contributed still farther to his gratification, for I reserved for our evening reading till he came the 2d vol. of Dr. Clarke, as I knew all that part which related to Palestine would be, as it proved, highly interesting to him. He was quite cheered by exchanging his solitude for a little society. Now I have finished these travels, I must repeat my thanks for the instruction and amusement with which you have enriched our winter evenings, with your varied and exhaustless kindness. Rokeby I have now read myself. I find it abounding in beauties of description and felicities of expression; but still it preserves in my eyes the radical fault, both of want of interest, and in some parts of intelligibility in the story. Remember, I only presume to find any defect in comparing this with his preceding work. You will find, as it has been pointed out to me, that in Canto IV. pages 185, 186, &c., the circumstance of Mortham's stabbing his wife in her brother's arms, is precisely the same as the catastrophe in a legendary tale, called Sir Eldred of the Bower, written by an unworthy friend of yours.

I always feel gratified when I hear of your being with any friend or favourite of mine: I seem in spirit to make one among you. For Mr. W—— I feel a particular interest: there is something in his history, character, and turn of mind that engages my affection strongly. His feelings are too exquisite for his peace, but they are absorbed by the best objects. With all his warmth, his views of religion are uncommonly sound, and perfectly Scriptural. He has great difficulties to contend with from his worldly connexions; I therefore rejoice when he makes any acquisition of pious friends. I have told him you will be a gainful acquaintance to him.

My heart rejoices at the progress of religious society—wide and more wide the blessed circle spreads in the elevated walks of life. Mr. J. Weyland's house, I trust, will be a new sort of centre for attracting the piously-disposed who want support, encouragement, and congenial society; for it is a hard case that people must either live in a crowd or in solitude; man, who is a social animal, is driven to become a gregarious one, if he neglects to cultivate his internal resources, and to search out religious friends. What extensive good has Mr. Wilberforce done among young persons of fashion, by the intellectual and religious intercourse of his family.

A few elegant quiet houses, where inquiring minds know they shall meet *good* company, in the best sense of the word,—where their good-breeding will be brought into no suspicion, and their good sense into no discredit, would, I am sure, fortify the minds and cheer the spirits, as well as confirm the principles, of many. I know many have been deterred from the society of religious persons by some want of discretion or

delicacy, which they have been glad to magnify, in order to get quite out of the connexion. I am, however, aware that all one's prudence is not sufficient to clear away the charge of enthusiasm, which the world is ever watching for an occasion to bring forward against those who exhibit a more than ordinary degree of strictness; but this they must be content to bear for their *Great Master*, who bore so much for them.

I like much your details of persons and things; pray do not spare them, they let me into the state of that society in which I passed so many years. Pray have you seen Mrs. Siddons? I wish to know how she goes on. I forbore sending her Christian Morals, lest she should think I was besieging her. Perhaps I did wrong. What says your ladyship?

I never write long letters but to you. I have been for the last month more than usually ill, and was scarcely able to speak some days while Mr. Whalley was here. I had, however, the comfort to reflect that it is better to be dumb than deaf in his company.

How did you find our good friend Lord Gambier? I have written this at different times—my headaches having rendered writing painful. I am better to-day, and my hopes, which had sunk very low, revive at the idea of our meeting once more in this world.

Adieu, my dear Lady Olivia. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might! May he bless you, and give you grace for the important part he has called you to fill.

Yours most faithfully
and affectionately,
H. More.

In the summer of this year (1813) Mrs. More visited her friend the Lady Olivia Sparrow, at her seat in Huntingdonshire. It was now becoming an effort to her to make long journeys, and her determination had been formed to desist from such undertakings. Repeated attacks of severe indisposition, although her mind resisted their effects, and seemed to come out from them a gainer in strength, and more advanced in the Christian walk and character, had made serious impressions on her constitution, originally slight, and easily disordered. The attractions of this invitation induced her to venture from her home, with a frame for which home was the proper asylum. She reached her friend's house, but it was only to keep her apartment under a fresh seizure, which unfitted her for society during the greater part of the month she remained there. From this illness, however, she so far recovered as to proceed on a journey into Kent, to visit Lord Barham, an old and much-valued friend. In her way thither, she stopped to pass some days with Mr. Henry Hoare, at Mitcham, whose name none can hear who knew his qualities without that tribute of feeling which is due to the Christian

example he bequeathed. He was "a rich man furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation." He was a rich man, a negotiator in riches, but had his treasure in heaven, and his heart where his treasure was. It was at his house that Mrs. More heard of the death of Lord Barham—a Christian nobleman, and one of those of whose character she carried with her an affectionate remembrance to the last hour in which her recollection remained to her. He had visited Mrs. More in the summer of 1812, and although then beyond his eightieth year, had gone with her the round of her schools, and her other beneficent institutions, with a briskness in the cause of humanity which had in it the promise of years and active continuance. But this year, as every other in the remaining life of Hannah More, lengthened the long list of her bereavements; —now a sister, now a friend, now a pleasant correspondent, till the whole of one age disappeared from before her, and the vacancies of her early associates were filled by a new generation, whose infancy had felt, and whose maturity confessed, the benefits of her lessons and her example.

These incidents and particulars may be to some superfluous and insipid; but those who delight in the vicinity of virtue will love to tread as much as may be in the track and footsteps of this great and godly woman; to wait upon her goings out and her comings in, upon her couch of sickness, upon her walks of charity, upon her visits of kindness, and to move along the circuit of that Christian society of which Hannah More was the nucleus and the centre.

Before she left the neighbourhood of London, she passed a few days at the houses of Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. Wilberforce, in what manner, and with what pleasure and profit, may be easily conceived. In her fragile state, every distant visit seemed so like the last that a deeper interest on that account was probably attached to it, which gave it a mellower and softer impression. On her progress homeward she made Strawberry Hill,—then the residence of Lady Waldegrave, to whom it would be injustice, as well as to Mrs. More, not to mention their mutual affection,—and the gardens of Hampton, once so dear to her, the farewell scenes of her tour. It was a journey that served the cause that was so near her heart, by exhibiting to those who shared her society in the course of her progress, a specimen of that corrective wisdom which religion produces, of the inward and outward grace which it communicates, of the harmony, proportion, and order which it spreads over the whole composition of the character; whether it appears in the manners, the sentiments, or the expressions; in the reciprocities of friendship, or in the commerce of companionship.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

July, 1813.

If I have not written to you, my dearest Lady Olivia, since the day we reached Mitcham Grove, it has not been through want either of affection or gratitude, but because I literally have not had one quarter of an hour unoccupied by sickness, or travelling, or company. While I was last writing to you I felt myself extremely unwell, but did not expect that in the week I staid at Mr. Hoare's I should only eat one meal with the family. So it pleased God: it pleased him also to raise me up again; and as soon as I was able, we removed for two days only to Battersea Rise. There I saw some interesting persons and valued friends; but the visit was too transient to allow as much intercourse as we wished. I did not dare prosecute our intended journey into Kent, and I hope Mrs. Porteus was tolerably satisfied with my reasons for declining a visit, which I feared might have again made me a burden when I wished to afford pleasure. We went to Kensington Gore, and Mr. W—— returned from the funeral of my revered old friend at Barham Court just in time to receive us. We would not be prevailed on to stay more than two days; but in that short space their kindness enabled us to see an almost incredible number of friends, the greater part of whom I had never expected to see again till we should meet in a better world.

Though we were obliged to drive through Hyde Park, I kept my resolution of not entering London. As I called on no one there, no one could say they were specially slighted.

We took Strawberry Hill in our way, and spent one night with Lady Waldegrave, who was as thankful for our short visit as if we had conferred on her some mighty obligation. She was more cheerful than usual. That well-known spot recalled to my mind a thousand recollections, partly pleasing, but more painful. The same feelings were excited in us as we called afterward at Mrs. Garrick's (we did not find her). The library, the lawn, the temple of Shakspeare, all of which I *would* see for the last time! What wit, what talents, what vivacity, what friendship have I enjoyed in both these places! Where are they now? I have been mercifully spared to see the vanity and emptiness of every thing that is not connected with eternity; and seeing this, how heavy will my condemnation be if I do not lay it to heart! We had a good journey home, and the comfort of finding all pretty well, and our little spot blooming as Eden. We have been at home only a few hours, but my heart yearned to thank you for all your kindness. Your letter followed me hither. I pray God to bless you and yours.

Ever most affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. King.

September 10, 1813.

My dear Madam,

I fear I must have suffered the imputation of incivility and ingratitude in not having sooner thanked you for your very kind remembrance of me, in sending me your new work, which, by some blunder of the bookseller, I have but very lately received. Though I have not yet had time to peruse one-half of it, I have read enough to be very much pleased with it. The thought was a happy one, and now you have adopted it, it strikes me with wonder that it was never adopted before. The pleasing manner in which you have treated the subject, and the familiar illustrations you have made use of, will, I trust, render it both interesting and useful to the general reader, and particularly to that class of readers for which you particularly designed it. You have doubtless heard of the breach which death has made in our family. My poor sister suffered much from long weakness, but her end was calm and resigned, and I trust her exchange a happy one. She was not only willing but at last impatient to depart; so that our sorrow was mingled with much consolation. My own health and that of my sister Patty is broken and infirm; yet we are still, except in severe weather, able to attend our schools: we keep up about seven hundred children, besides receiving the parents, who attend in the evening. Our teachers were mostly bred up by ourselves, so that our plans were pretty well maintained.

After having spent thirty-five winters in London, I have never ventured thither since my last great illness; and indeed I had entirely renounced all idea of another long journey. I was, however, seduced by my delightful friend Lady Olivia Sparrow, in the spring, to make her a visit at her seat in Huntingdonshire. Our enjoyment was a good deal impaired by my being severely ill for a fortnight. When I grew better, I yielded to the entreaties of my dear old friend Lord Barham, to extend my journey to Kent to pay him a last visit. Patty and I set out, and were within twenty miles of Barham Court, when the news of his unexpected death stopped us short. It was an awful and instructive lesson! We spent a few days with Mr. Wilberforce, &c., but I did not venture to enter London. I had too many friends there, and was afraid of the bustle, late hours, &c.

We have been a little overdone with company this summer. The more I endeavour to retire from the world, the more new acquaintance and additional visiters seem to introduce themselves at Barley Wood. I have, however, the satisfaction of finding a great increase of piety, especially in the higher

classes; let us pray that this may be daily multiplied. We are led to expect a new work from the pen of Mr. Collinson.

Yours most faithfully,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

November 23, 1813.

My dear Lady Olivia,

A severe bilious attack, which has lasted three weeks with very few intermissions, has prevented my writing, though in debt to you for a kind and pleasant letter. I know not where this will find you, but wherever it does, I hope it will find you well and happy. I enter into your feelings on reaching home, which is always endeared by absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce and their two daughters spent a week with us; it was to have been a fortnight, but he was called away. It was delightful to have him to one's self, at least of an evening; by day we generally had company. Our dear dean staid a night with us. You, who know our dimensions, can judge how we were crammed.

It was a delight to see those two young men of quality, P—— and R——, adorning their sacred profession by the most sincere and fervent piety; each will be a blessing in the district where he is providentially stationed. Our dean, not satisfied with preaching to an overflowing cathedral in the morning, has instituted an evening lecture in the parish church, where he himself preaches to near 2000 auditors; people go seven or eight miles to hear him. Though I shall grieve to lose him, yet it is a comfort to think that he will in all probability be a bishop, when he will have a much larger scope, power, and patronage.

I believe I told you that Owen had spent some time with us. I am impatient to hear that that worthy, ill-used man has got some preferment. If I were to choose for him, it should be a *prebend* rather than a *parish*, that he might with more propriety and impunity follow his *Bible vocation*, for the promotion of which he is so eminently gifted.

To him succeeded R. G—— and two of his sisters. Our last very interesting guest was Colonel M——, a first-rate man, and who, on account of his vast oriental literature, sound principles, general knowledge, and local information, Dr. Buchanan has pronounced to be the only man who is capable of prosecuting his (Buchanan's) important religious investigations in the East. He does not seem unwilling to lend himself to this great object, but the plague in the Levant has prevented him hitherto. He has also a letter from Lord Wellington, earnestly desiring him to join him in the Peninsula. He was his aid-de-camp in India; his life has been most extraordinary; I am persuading him to write it: four years captive in one of Tip-

poo's dungeons, or with another officer, a prisoner like himself, chained to his back! He is a man of the gentlest manners, and has brought home, after all his hair-breadth escapes, an ample fortune and a sober mind.

Our friends the two Misses Roberts are spending the dreary month of November with us. With them, they are so good and so amiable, I am under no restraint, sick or well; and they read to us the whole evening, which is a double benefit to me, as it not only gives me information, but saves my talking. I could not forbear gratifying them with your opinion of the last *British Review*.

I am afraid you will think me a sad patriot to have written so much without a word of the glorious news. God grant that all these laurels may conduct us to the olive-branch! My heart overflows with gratitude to Him who breaketh the bow, and snappeth the spear in sunder. On those joyful occasions we are kindly remembered by our friends. Mr. Vansittart, or Mr. Addington, or some one else who has the earliest information, always sends us a gazette extraordinary.

I must love you as well as I do to have written so long a scrawl in so much pain. We can pray for each other, and if I live, I hope we may still see each other.

Believe me ever, my dear Lady Olivia,
Your very faithful,
obliged, and affectionate
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Dec. 27, 1813.

My dearest Lady Olivia,

I cannot suffer this holy and gracious season to pass without wishing you, not the *compliments*, but the *comforts* of it;—without praying to our heavenly Father to give you all the benefits and blessings it is calculated to bestow. This season seems as if it was meant, not only to stir up our devout and pious affections to God, and the most ardent gratitude for the inestimable gift of his Son; but it appears intended also to stir up our warm feelings for our friends, and to quicken our desires for their temporal comforts; but more especially for their spiritual good, for their advancement in grace, for the improvement of their prospects of eternal glory, and increased endeavours after it.

There is something beautiful in the union of religion and benevolence, which seems peculiarly to exist at this season. Many whose purses are closed, and whose hearts seem shut the rest of the year, open, if it be only habitually and mechanically, at Christmas.

I do not dislike even extreme vivacity in children, because when the violence of the animal spirits comes to subside, I

would wish to see enough spirit left to make an animated character. Such volatile beings, however, are particularly difficult to manage; still it is more easy to restrain *excess* than to quicken *inanity*. The most desirable object would be, to get the seeds of true religion planted in this fertile soil, and to get these spirits and passions diverted into another channel. May you, my dearest lady, be the happy instrument, through Divine grace, to effect this.

You cheer my very heart when you talk of looking in upon us in the spring. Perhaps you may take us *in your way* from town; it is a little digression to be sure, but so you do but come, I am satisfied. I set my heart upon it. I shall hope to hear in your next that you are settled with a curate. You have a nice and hard part to act in this business. You must have *zeal without innovation*.

This phrase reminds me to tell you a story, to account for my being guilty of such a seeming folly as to have had my picture taken. In the wettest day that ever was, good old Mr. Bean, author of the book above named, *walked* down here from Bristol and back again, to ask me to *sit* to his son-in-law, Mr. Slater, of Newman-street, who was then at Clifton. I opposed it with all my might, but in vain. I sat at last to him; but as one sits down to a tooth-drawer. It is small, but they say extremely like, and all Clifton have been sitting to him since. But the worst part is to come; I was forced to consent to its being engraved, without which it could not have been profitable to the painter. It is *such* a folly! at my age too. It has quite mortified me.

The two Misses Roberts are still with us, but leave next week. They have much enlivened our winter evenings. P. and I have both had a bad winter, from the excessive dampness, so mischievous to bilious habits.

My sisters join in best respects. P. and I often talk with pleasure of our Brampton visit, which you know you *must* return; it is among the *common forms of civility*. I was not sorry Lord Gambier was forced to put off his visit till spring. I hope both my health and the weather will be then better.

Ever yours, my dear Lady Olivia,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

June, 1814.

My dearest Lady Olivia,

Whether you are yet arrived at Malvern, or the adventurous Millicent is dragging you over the craggy rocks and mountain heights of Wales, I know not; but I will suppose you are come, and are pouring out successful libations to the nymph of the Malvern mountain; or, to speak more like a Christian, I trust God has prospered your journey, and that you are getting

a recruit of strength from the two elements which render your place of residence so famous.

We are living more quietly than usual, most of our friends from all quarters being met in one common centre—*Emperor-hunting*. London, I hear, is quite in a state of derangement. The very reading of the accounts makes my head share in the vertigo. I am thankful to be out of reach of it. Nothing under the sun can now repay me for the terror and agitation of a crowd. This is not merely the effect of age, but a constitutional dread of bustle.

I must however prepare for a tiny squeeze at our little annual Wrington Bible-meeting next Tuesday. We shall, I fear, make but a poor figure; our orators, having caught the royal mania, are all run to London.

I must treat Millicent with an anecdote received by this post from a person in Paris who saw it. "During the Bataille de Paris, when the allies were battering the town from the hills of Montmartre, which are close to Paris, a tavern-keeper who has a house on the other side very near, but which he first ascertained was not within reach of cannon-shot, wishing to turn a penny, put up a board before his house, on which he wrote in large letters—'*Ici on loue des places pour voir la Bataille.*'" If this is not truly French, I know not what is. My friend goes on—"Madame de Sevigné would have said—'*Ma fille, si vous ne trouvez pas cela joli, dites mieux.*'"

May God bless and restore you, my dearest Lady Olivia. With kind love to Miss Sparrow,

I am yours faithfully and truly,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1814.

My dear Friend,

I hear poor S—— is in pecuniary difficulties. Though stripped almost bare by the accumulated demands on my slender purse, I trouble you with the enclosed to put to his subscription. I feel ashamed that I who have done so little should be richer than he who has done so much for the cause of religion.

Lady O. Sparrow has sent me Madame de Staël's Allemagne. Her observations are frequently just and acute. She possesses a rare combination of talents. I have read the *last* volume *first*, having been told by some of my friends that there I should see how *religious* she had become. Though I fancy that this volume is the least entertaining of the three (the others I have not read), there are in it passages of the greatest beauty, flashes of light bursting through the darkness of those dry German metaphysics, which, I own to my shame, heartily

tired me. I really admire her genius so much, that I hate to say any thing disparaging, lest it should look like blindness to her talents, or envy of them. But to speak truth, her religion appears to me of a very questionable sort, or rather a nonentity. She seems to admire its mysteries in common with those of free-masonry, all in a tone of veneration. Its sublimities rank with those of literature, poetry, and the fine arts. Enthusiasm and its excesses, she thinks, do as much good as its more perfect parts. Kant, who is her model of Christian perfection, is a Deist. I had this from one of his disciples; for there is, or was two years ago, when I was told this, a Kantian club in London. After my young friend, who belonged to it, had exhausted himself in praises of his piety, he confessed that he did not think he believed in the Christian Revelation. Most of Madame de Staël's authors are, I believe, illuminati; and that abominable doctrine of perfectibility, which is the key-stone of her edifice, would do infinite mischief, but that I believe none of the young ladies and few of the young gentlemen who are in raptures with L'Allemagne can understand it. I shall feel it right to tell incautious readers that a frequent and even respectful mention of religion may be made by those who are not religious. Her compass of knowledge is prodigious, her language beautiful.

My pen gallops so, I am sure I have written nonsense, but I have no time to revise. We are all desponding about the news. That ever we should live to dread a peace!

Yours most faithfully,

My dear friend,

H. More.

CHAPTER V.

It must not be supposed, though we have not lately adverted to the subject, that the schools and clubs instituted by Mrs. H. More and her sisters were suffered to languish, even during the greatest pressure of her literary employments. They continued, indeed, to be blessed with increasing success. The masters and mistresses had been formed in the schools, and thus instruction was made to provide for its own succession and continuance. The acquirements of these teachers were always solid and useful; and some of them, by their enlightened piety, spread the benefit of their example beyond their schools, and edified a neighbourhood in which little was known of Christianity but the name and the profession. The patronesses were much encouraged in their work, by witnessing these effects of their labours. Prejudices were giving way to

practical demonstration; the schools were always full, and the most inclement weather seldom deterred even those who lived at a very considerable distance from attending. The evening readings were likewise much resorted to, the books as usual being selected and supplied by Mrs. H. More and her sister, and admission to the Benefit Clubs (the funds of which were by careful attention and prudent management growing into a considerable sum) had become an object of universal and eager desire. Nor did these and similar occupations so engross Mrs. H. More's time and thoughts, but that a large portion of both was employed in administering consolation to friends in difficult or afflicting circumstances, and in counselling those who resorted to her for advice; in which number were included many young clergymen, desirous of faithfully discharging the duties of their awful office. To persons in this latter predicament her house was always open, and her advice frankly and freely afforded. To many young curates, whose finances would not permit them to furnish themselves with books of divinity, she presented them with a munificent hand; and supplied such persons in several instances with religious periodical publications during a series of years. She likewise laid it down as a principle never to refuse or delay answering any application for epistolary advice, enduring the incessant interruptions caused by the performance of these obligations with indefatigable kindness; frequently saying that these continual crossings and traversings were so many lessons to teach her to conform herself more to the life of Him "who pleased not himself."

Those who have lived with Mrs. H. More will recollect how peculiarly her mind was impressed with the excellences of St. Paul's character, and with what discrimination she was accustomed to descant upon the lustre of his actions and writings. Her thoughts had been gradually teeming upon this subject, till at length her full mind sought the relief which intellectual abundance finds in the freedom of communication. She completed her "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," in two volumes, and gave it to the public at the end of two years after the publication of her preceding work; but a dreadful termination was nearly put to her labours and her life in the very moment of her accomplishment of this task. She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door (a thing unusual with her) to exclude interruption, when in reaching across the fireplace to a book-shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire behind, and before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes, so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated with admirable presence of mind out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection

to abstain from any quick motion; and to this composure and self-possession was it chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames before her person had received any material injury.

The general anxiety excited by the imperfect account of this accident in the public papers brought every day an overflowing tide of visits and letters, which could not but be pleasing to one who, with a natural sensibility to kindness, thought it no reproach to enjoy a popularity purchased by efforts to mend the hearts and correct the conduct of her fellow-creatures. But those who lived in intimacy with her witnessed the true effects of this incident on her mind, in sanctifying her thoughts, and quickening within her the work of grace. She was frequently heard to repeat the words of the prophet, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame be kindled upon thee," and other texts of Scripture, with which her memory was stored. The delay occasioned by this accident to the publication of her Essay on St. Paul was very trifling; the work was produced, and was accompanied by the same public curiosity and avidity which had attended all her later performances. No sooner was its coming forth announced, than the whole first edition was bespoken, and although the extraordinary events which immediately succeeded and engrossed the public mind were unfavourable to the circulation of any work not connected with politics, it reached a fourth edition within two years after its first appearance. Some of the correspondence which had relation to these two events, thus coupled by their coincidence, however different in kind, shall be here produced for the reader's entertainment.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

You inquire after St. Paul. He is in progress; but his course is much interrupted by the multitude of letters I receive daily, not from *friends*, *those* are a refreshment, but from strangers, many of them impertinent applications, many which duty and conscience oblige me to answer, though I am a poor casuist, and they might get far better counsel elsewhere. Last week, when *The Apostle* was in his full career, I got a letter from my bookseller, complaining that the legal time for retaining any literary work in the hands of the author, or the bookseller to whom it had been sold, having expired, several booksellers were taking undue advantage of this, and were publishing editions of *The Sacred Dramas*, to *his* no little injury (for I had sold him the copyright). Cadell therefore requested me to help him out of this difficulty, by making some additions to the book; so I threw away my own work, and sat down and wrote him an additional scene to the drama of Moses, in which I make Miriam prophesy the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt.

It is a hasty thing; but as this little work is now in the eighteenth edition, it is hard that the purchaser should lose the profit.

P. and I spent a few days at Wells with the dean; we also visited the bishop. The former has made a considerable impression in that "barren and dry land," and has instituted lectures in distant parishes, in which he preaches himself. But alas! he is now returned to his own Lutterworth. Patty desires me to say every thing for her that unites respect and affection, in which all join. Remember me to your dear young companions, who, I trust, grow in grace, as well as in all mental improvement. Yours ever truly, dearest lady,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, Dec. 16, 1814.

My dear Friend,

I should have thanked you before for your kind letter to Miss Roberts, but as, through the great and undeserved kindness of my friends, I received above a hundred letters of inquiry, which I felt utterly unable to answer, and which my sisters and our guests undertook, I wrote to *none* for a time, that I might say with truth that I had not written.

I consider myself a monument of God's mercy. As I was one sheet of flame before any help arrived, it is supposed that another minute would have rendered it unextinguishable. Many trifling circumstances, which appeared to be providentially directed, contributed to my preservation. Being confined with a bad cold, I had, that day only, put on a thick stuff gown, which, however, was burnt through the back and sleeves; the day before I wore a muslin gown. I had also on three shawls. The one next me was reduced almost to tinder before it could be got off; of the others little is left. It was in so heroically tearing off these, and taking me, flaming as I was, as if I had been an infant, and laying me on the carpet, that Miss Roberts burnt her hands so terribly. They were healed, however, sooner than my slighter wounds, which are now healed also, and I am able to put on a gown. I am confined with another severe cough, which I ascribe to the damps. What a warning was my late visitation, to keep prepared for a sudden call. Yet I fear that, as usual, I do not turn it to its proper account.

My book will be called, and justly, a presumptuous undertaking. It is *An Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul.* I am sure beforehand of two classes of enemies, —the very high Calvinists, and what is called the very high Church party, two formidable bodies; but as I have written, I trust, from my conscience, I shall patiently submit to their different awards. I own the subject is above my strength at best, and now that little strength is of course less. It will be

my last attempt. Perhaps you will say a few of its predecessors might have been spared.

I have lived so long, that my legal right to *Sacred Dramas* is extinct, or rather that of Cadell and Davies, to whom I had sold the copy. They wrote in a great hurry, to say that several booksellers had advertised the book in an inferior form, and to beg me to make some additions to it, which would restore to them their right. I refused at first; but they represented to me, that as a new edition was in the press, it would be a considerable loss to them; so I have added a scene at the end of Moses. I tell you this that you may, if it falls in your way, prevent people from purchasing the editions which have not the name of Cadell and Davies.

I have a very lively letter from dear Mrs. Garrick, telling me she is very near ninety-one. I enclose a copy of it for you.

It is a very considerable time since I have written so long a letter. You do not quite deserve it, but, as Hamlet says, "Give every man his due, and who shall 'scape whipping?" Patty's health is still indifferent; she sends her love to all.

Yours affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. Garrick to Mrs. H. More.

My dearest Friend,

If you could imagine how much pleasure a letter from you gives me, you would oftener favour me with one. As writing is no trouble to you, you might now and then bestow a moment upon me, to tell me what passes in London; for I am quite unacquainted with the world of folly. I almost thanked God for my illness, during all the time that every person ran mad to see for six weeks together the same thing. Now, if I could have seen the royal strangers with ease, I should have been glad to have seen them; but as that was out of my power (if I had been in health), as I have almost outlived my London friends, I have seen nothing; so I must trust to what I am told.

Indeed, my beloved friend, I have been very near parting for ever from this world; but the great care taken of me set me up again upon my feet, but not so high as my knees, for they are as yet very *doddering*. But when you consider that I am six months past ninety, you would say that I am a wonder still if you were to see me. I do not often show my teeth, as there is but one and a quarter left. God bless you all! and love me, as I do you all, from my very soul.

E. M. Garrick.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. Martha More.

Comberton, Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1814.

My dear Madam,

Though I have very long delayed to thank you for your obliging letter, I can truly say that I was not insensible of your kindness, or of the honour of receiving a letter from you. Neither has the delay been voluntary. I meant to write in a post or two after I received that favour; but I had heard, through others, that the effects of the alarming accident you mentioned were happily removed; I should otherwise have attended to your kind precaution, for there are few whose dangers and sufferings would more interest or agitate my dear Mrs. S.'s susceptible and affectionate feelings. Really I could not help envying Miss Roberts her scorched hands, though I am no greater stoic as to bodily pain than my neighbours. I hope no other consequence now remains to her than complacency and thankfulness for the good of which her presence of mind and courage were made the instruments.

When are we to have our new or improved views of St. Paul! With such a subject, and such an artist, we may reasonably be impatient for the exhibition. Does it fall within the plan or general character of the work to notice the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, and to give any conjecture as to the infirmity alluded to? I have an interpretation of this, which, as far as my reading, or that of Wilberforce's and some others, goes, is original, and yet it is admitted by them to be as probable, or more so than any other of the many conjectures they have seen. For my own part, I hold it almost demonstrably the true solution. St. Paul's infirmity was one well known in hot climates, a chronical ophthalmia. Hence he was what is called *blear-eyed*, and was often, perhaps, obliged to wear a shade. It made his personal presence mean, it was a visible infirmity in his flesh, it hindered his usefulness, and therefore he besought the Lord anxiously that it might depart from him; but was answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It made it for the most part painful and difficult for him to write. Hence he generally employed an amanuensis, and regarded it as a great matter when he used his own pen. "You see how long a letter I have written to you with mine own hand."—"The salutation of me, Paul, written with my own hand." It is thought that he might abstain from writing to save his strength or time; why then did he work at tent-making? A man who maintained himself by that sedentary labour might as well have been at his desk, for we cannot suppose that the wages of a journeyman tent-maker were greater than those of an amanuensis. It exposed him to contempt and derision among strangers, and therefore he gives praise to the Galatians, that when he preached the gospel to them at the first

through infirmity of the flesh, his temptation, which was in "his flesh, they despised not." That the infirmity was of a bodily kind seems to me quite indisputable. Doddridge, and all the best commentators, take that side. It is literally so described; and the calling it a "messenger of Satan" is perfectly consistent with its being a bodily disease. Satan, in fifty places, is represented as the immediate author of corporal defects and maladies. The passages cited show it was something visible to others. How could a temptation to a particular sin be so unless it was complied with? It would be derogatory to the character of the apostle, and even of an Antinomian tendency, to suppose this to have been the case. The Galatians *ought* to have despised him, if in preaching the gospel he had exhibited before them the strength of a temptation by the commission of open sin. They would have deserved no praise for not despising, but the reverse;—i. e. for not despising the temptation, if put for the visible sin, which was its evidence. In short, I am astonished how any pious and judicious commentator should think this "thorn in the flesh" a thorn in the conscience.

If it was bodily, it was also some bodily infirmity of an unsightly appearance, making his "*person*" or aspect "*mean*," and exposing him to contempt. How shall we find a more probable hypothesis to suit those and the other preconceptions? He was not lame—witness his great bodily activity.

Doddridge supposes that the view he had of celestial glories might have affected his nervous system, so as to occasion stammering in his speech, and some ridiculous distortion in his countenance. (Exposition, 2 Cor. xii. 7.) But it is at least equally probable that those heavenly visions, or the supernatural light which blinded him at his conversion, might have left a weakness and disease in the organs immediately affected. It is notorious, that after a severe inflammation in the eyes, they are extremely liable for a long time, or through life, to a return of the complaint. It may be even presumed from analogy, that unless the miracle which restored Paul to sight removed also a natural secondary effect of the temporary injury the organs had received, there must have been a predisposition afterward to the complaint which I suppose him to have had. Now that frugality in the use of means which has been observed even in the miraculous works of God may be supposed to have permitted that predisposition to remain, it being designed that the apostle, for his humiliation and the exercise of his faith and patience, should have a permanent infirmity of the flesh to struggle with in future life.

The choice of the metaphor by which St. Paul describes his infirmity also weighs much with me; indeed it first excited my conjecture. The pain of ophthalmia, when severe, exactly resembles the prick of a thorn or pin. I once had it very severely indeed in the West Indies. It made me blind

in a manner for about three weeks, and during that time, if a ray of light by any means broke into my darkened chamber, it was like a thorn or pin run into my eye, and so I often described it. I felt also the subsequent effect for years, which I suppose to have been experienced by St. Paul,—a predisposition to inflammation in the eyes, which extreme care and timely applications prevented from recurring.

I see a further possible source of this idea in his mind, in the fact that thorns in *the eyes* are figuratively used in different parts of Scripture to signify troubles and temptations (see Numbers xxxiii. 55, and Joshua xxiii. 13). Now if this metaphor had an affinity with the actual bodily sensations of the apostle, it was natural he should think of and use it; but as natural that he should vary it into the more general term *flesh*, that he might not confound the proper with the metaphorical sense, and be understood to mean that a thorn actually thrust into his eye had produced the disease.

This may be thought perhaps too refined. But the strongest argument of all remains, and appears to me nearly, if not quite, decisive. It rests upon Galatians iv. 15. After praising them in the preceding verse for not despising his fleshly infirmity (whatever that was), he here subjoins, *I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me.* How natural this context on my hypothesis! How little so on any other! Was it a moral infirmity, a temptation shown by its fruits? It might then have *pardon*, it might have charitable and respectful *indulgence*, in consideration of the great and good qualities which were seen in the same character; but it could not give rise to such glowing affection, such ardour of sympathetic kindness as these words import. Again, was it a bodily infirmity affecting some other member than the eyes? how extremely unnatural this expression of the sympathy which it produced. Let us take, for instance, Doddridge's conjecture, "You saw my paralytic distortions in my *mouth* and *cheeks*, you heard my stammering *tongue*, when I first preached the gospel to you; but you despised not those infirmities. On the contrary, you would, if it had been possible, have plucked out your own *eyes* and given them to me." Suppose lameness, or some sharp internal disease (as others have supposed, notwithstanding the visible character of the infirmity), and the incongruity is not much, if at all, less. But if the apostle was speaking of his diseased eyes, which made his aspect unsightly, and prevented perhaps much of the natural effect of his preaching, to which they nevertheless respectfully listened, and with affectionate sympathy did all they could for his comfort and relief, how natural, how appropriate this grateful close of the encomium! Such was your generous and tender sympathy, that I verily believe if you could have removed those sufferings of mine, and that obstacle to my more perfect usefulness, by taking the infirmity in my

stead, by plucking out your own sound eyes, and transferring them to my use, you would have been willing to do so.

If parental fondness for a supposed discovery of my own does not deceive me, these reasons, when taken together, are nearly conclusive. The point to be sure, after all, is of no great importance; but if Mrs. H. More thinks it worth her while to notice the guesses on this subject at all, here is what I suppose to be a new one, for her consideration.

With kind respects and best wishes to yourself and all the other ladies of Barley Wood,

I am, my dear madam,
Very sincerely and respectfully yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Stephen.

Barley Wood, Jan. 10, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

By what ill-fortune was it that you did not send me your obliging communication on the subject of St. Paul's infirmity sooner? The volumes were both very nearly printed before I received your interesting letter, and the small portion not yet printed is in the printer's hands, so that I could not *possibly* avail myself of your kindness. If, however, which is uncertain, a second edition should be called for, I will try hard to find a place for it, either in the body of the work or as a note. If your interpretation is *not* true, though I believe verily it *is*, it is at least ingenious enough to deserve to be true. The evidence from Galatians is, I think, irresistible.

When I have the honour to send you St. Paul, you will, perhaps, if you can get leisure, either find or make a niche in the first volume where we may hook in your suggestion, if I shall not have done it before; the bookseller has promised it within a fortnight, but those gentry are never punctual.

I am glad you have made your escape from the toils of office to enjoy the sweets of affectionate and pious intercourse. I have been suffering from, I think, a direct ophthalmia, which consigned me to complete darkness and idleness. This suffering perhaps prepared me better to enter into your ophthalmic discussion, and to feel for my apostle. I am pleased, because I know it will please her, to think that dear Mrs. Stephen is quietly enjoying her brother's society. Some friends of mine, now spending the winter in Voltaire's beautiful house at Geneva, with their Swiss relations, have sent me a paper in which the council and authorities of that state declare themselves to coincide with the English in the full determination to support the abolition of the slave-trade. I have sent it to Mr. Wilberforce, desiring him to get it into the newspapers. If he does, as I hope he will, I will be much obliged to you, dear

sir, to send it to me, that I may send it to the council *printed*. I fear our dear Mr. W. may forget it.

I get many interesting letters from friends in Paris and Geneva, the former lamenting the extinction of religion, the latter its very deteriorated state; but the morals of the higher class in Geneva appear, though degenerated, not to partake of the profligacy of France.

My sister desires me, with her best regards, to thank you for your letter.

Adieu, my dear sir, believe me ever, with the truest regard and esteem,

Your faithful and very obliged
H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

March, 1815.

My dear Madam,

Wilberforce agreed with me, that supposing my fancied discovery of any value (a point on which I was too prudent to press for his opinion), it still was not worthy a place in your work, as being unsuitable to its general character; I therefore have told Cadell and Davies it is not to be inserted. Indeed, I told them before not to stop the printing of the new edition for the sake of the appendage, as you doubted of inserting it; but I found that the new impression was not then in such forwardness that the question could lead to delay.

In thus losing the honour you designed for me, I feel like a young lady shut out by want of an expected invitation from a court ball; but then I feel such consolation as she might have, if she found that her dress would not have suited the costume of the evening.

With Mrs. S.'s and my kind respects to all your fireside, if the warm weather does not make that figure out of season,

I am, my dear madam,
Very respectfully and sincerely yours,
James Stephen.

P.S.—You may perceive by the different ink and rumpled paper, that my letter was not finished the day I began it. I was interrupted, and must now trust to your excusing a very slovenly sheet, lest I should be interrupted again, for these are busy times with me. I too have been at press, and Mrs. S. tells me I should send you my new work, but really I am almost ashamed to do so. It is nothing but a dry legal and political argument, about registering the slaves in the West Indies. However, as my pen will probably never produce better fruit, I will send it the first opportunity, but am not unreasonable enough to expect it should find any reader at Barley Wood. If it serves your seamstress for thread-papers,

or your cook for singeing fowls, these are the best honours I expect for it

From Lord Teignmouth to Mrs. H. More.

Portman Square, 1815.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Messrs. Cadell and Co. transmitted to me yesterday a new memorial of your kind remembrance, for which I return you my sincere thanks. I have already read enough of your *Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul* to convince me, that if the perusal of the whole should fail to impart both pleasure and improvement, it must be my own fault.

A memorial of this nature, from a living friend, could never come at a more opportune time than when I was lamenting my loss in the deprivation of two friends who were among the excellent of the earth. I cannot express my feelings at the awful dispensations of the last three weeks. A few days only are elapsed since Mr. J. Bowdler soothed the dying moments of his friend, and we are now lamenting our deprivation of him. I saw Mr. Bowdler for the last time on the afternoon of the day in which his friend departed, and he spoke of the probability of that event speedily taking place, without any suspicion of his own approaching removal.

Lord Calthorpe, at whose house Mr. Bowdler died, writes to me, what you will read with sympathy: "The loss of him as an example, a guide, and counsellor seems to me, as far as earthly prospects extend, irreparable; and yet I have so much reason to be thankful for the privilege of attending him during his last days, and witnessing his patience under great suffering, and hearing his consoling and animating language of praise, that I am willing to sink the consideration of my own personal loss in the pleasure arising from the assurance of the happiness into which he has entered."

These awful admonitions leave no room in the heart for any other meditations than what they suggest. I pray to God that they may be sanctified to me, and to those whom I love, that as we increase in years, we may increase in righteousness, and that his Holy Spirit may so guide and confirm us in the path of true lively faith and holy obedience, that we may, through the merits of our Redeemer, meet together in the society of the spirits of the just made perfect.

Lady Teignmouth unites with me in the sentiments which I have expressed; she begs her affectionate remembrance to you, and we join in affectionate regards to your sister.

I am, my dear madam,
Your sincere and obliged
TEIGNMOUTH

From Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. H. More.

Westbourne Farm, Feb. 25,

My dear Madam,

Upon my return home a few days since, after some long visits, I was most highly gratified in finding you had been so very good as to bestow upon me your invaluable "Character of St. Paul;" and what shall I say but that "Whatever you do still betters what is done;" for unless I were gifted with piety and eloquence like your own, I should in vain attempt to thank you as I ought; but I persuade myself that my heartfelt, unadorned sense of your goodness, together with the grateful acknowledgment of your having encouraged and cheered my way to that better world, where I hope I may not be *so far* removed from the blessing of your society as I have been unhappily here below, will be much more gratifying to you than any other offering could possibly be. Myself and my dear inmates desire you to accept and present to your amiable companions our very best wishes and kind remembrances; and I beg of you to believe me, my dear madam,

Your very affectionate and grateful

S. Siddons.

From Miss J. Porter to Mrs. H. More.

Long Ditton, Surrey, Easter Day.

My dear Madam,

I seem to have too long delayed thanking you for the rich present you conveyed to me through the hands of Sir William Pepys; but my heart has never been silent in its acknowledgments for so invaluable an instance of your remembrance. And how can I express my gratitude better for the gift, and the kind as well as honouring recollection of the author, than by uttering my conviction of the blessing her pen has been to her country and to distant lands? I need only call to the mind of Mrs. Hannah More what was the state of morals and religious opinions, among all ranks of persons in this country, twenty years ago. The poor were in profligate ignorance—the rich in presumptuous apostacy. I cannot give the latter a milder name; for I remember that about that period (then a very young person), I burst into tears at a large table after dinner, from horror and pity of some persons present, who were scoffing at religion without a reprimand from any one. Such conduct now would not be tolerated a moment in any company; and the one I speak of was then what was called a most respectable circle. You were then, dearest madam, "sowing seeds in the Lord's vineyard." And the pious Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, was "bringing little children unto Christ" by the opening of Sunday-schools. From you and from him,

under Heaven, I date the regeneration of the people of this country. Your pen addressed the young, the old, the high, and the low; and, most happily, your former literary fame was a bright forerunner to your promulgation of the gospel. It made it fashionable to read your works; and by that word, they passed into all hands, and gradually infused their contents into all hearts. Mr. Raikes's Sunday-schools (in which effectual scheme for giving eyes to the blind you also assisted) empowered the poor to read the Scriptures, and your practical tales upon their precepts. Thus the "wilderness" by degrees brought out its verdure, till now (dearest madam, do I say too much?) "it blossoms as the rose!" On the foundation of the Sunday-schools, and those pious tracts, have arisen the Lancasterian and Bell establishments; and all which the laity now so abundantly do by their pens, their personal exertions, and their individual examples, for the growth of Christianity in this land! and all the plans which are to bring into the paths of Christ *all the distant nations*. My dear, dear madam, when you think of this, must you not devoutly feel that you are indeed "blessed above other women!"

I write under a double impression of the present happiness and future reward that must attend the performance of so high a duty; I write, too, with a heart full of sorrow for the recent death of one of the sincerest and most active labourers in the cause of Christianity, Mr. Joseph Fox, of Argyle-street. He died last week, a victim to bodily and mental fatigue in the sacred duties he has so ably fulfilled. I never knew a man of purer simplicity in thought, word, and deed. He had but one aim—the love of God. The eternal happiness of his creatures was the toil of his mind, and his heart, and his body; and yet the world had no part in him. He is taken to the blessedness of his Redeemer; and you are yet spared to "lead many" into the same heavenly course!

I have written all this, without apologizing for my long delay of writing, to say how honoured and happy I am in possessing the Essay on St. Paul from you, and by Sir William Pepys. It has a triple value with me. I have been very unwell, and am still an invalid—but never ungrateful. My mother and sister present their respects, with those of, dearest madam,

Your obliged and affectionate

JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER VI.

The Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul made its appearance at a time of great agitation and affliction to the spirits and feelings of Mrs. Hannah More. The peril to which her own life had been exposed, and that of Miss Roberts, who had narrowly escaped the destruction from which she had rescued her friend, though it had ended in increasing her piety by supplying it with fresh motives and incitements, had produced its natural consequence upon a frame suffering under much debility and nervous distemperature. But these recollections and impressions were succeeded by events of a more painful interest. Two of those friends in whose society and friendship she had placed much of her happiness, at a time when communication with sympathetic and virtuous minds, next to her confidence in the Divine help, formed her most availing support, had been taken from her and their earthly connexions, to the place of the just made perfect. Mr. Henry Thornton first, and shortly afterward Mr. John Bowdler,—whose characters and mutual affection are sufficiently upon record to render unnecessary any testimony of the writer of this memoir,—passed to their proper home in the beginning of the year 1815.

Mr. John Bowdler's death was thus affectingly communicated to Mrs. H. More by the late Mr. Stephen, of whose very instructive correspondence several specimens are already before the reader.

Mr. Stephen to Mrs. Martha More.

My dear Madam, *London, Feb.* 2, 1815.

Though I think it probable that some other pen may perform the melancholy task of transmitting to Barley Wood the sad news of yesterday evening, I think it right to obtain better security against a surprise, by which Mrs. H. More, in the present state of her health, might suffer more than is necessary, by informing you that the friend, respecting whom she expressed her anxiety in a letter I received from her a little time ago, is no longer in the dark valley, but has passed out of it into that better country where we all hope one day to arrive. Dear Bowdler shut his eyes on the present scene yesterday noon. His race was short, but he ran well, and has, I doubt not, obtained the prize.

The postman's bell rings at the door. I must therefore break off, even without adding our salutations. I am, my dear madam,

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

James Stephen.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

1815.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

How, alas! shall I touch on the successive grievous strokes with which we have been smitten in three short weeks? They seem to have come rapidly upon us, like the messengers of sad tidings to Job. Our eyes were not dried after the irreparable loss of Mr. H. T. before we received a deep and fresh blow in that of Mr. J. Bowdler; and as it is supposed that Bowdler's kind attendance on his dying friend was the immediate cause of his own death, so the attendance of Dr. Buchanan at the funeral of his generous patron is said to have given him the cold which sent him to the grave. We may say with good old Jacob, "All these things are against us." But God's ways are not as our ways; he saw that our lamented friends were matured for heaven beyond the usual ripeness even of distinguished Christians; and consummated their bliss when we would gladly have detained them in a world of sin and sorrow and incessant trial. They have left us examples both how to live and how to die: their lives were patterns, may their deaths be both a weaning and a warning to us, and forward us in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

I have a very pious letter from Harriet Bowdler; she is very anxious to see me; but my state of health is very bad, or I should think it a duty to go to her. I trust this event will be greatly sanctified to her. In Mr. T—— I have lost not only the most wise and consistently virtuous and pious, but the most attached, faithful, and confidential friend. My schools, too, have lost their principal support for twenty-five years; but my own life is likely to be so short that I trust the goodness of Providence will enable me to carry them on to the end.

Dr. Buchanan is an irreparable loss to the oriental Scripture business. You will be pleased at a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death. He was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye *five* times before it was finally sent to press. He said "he had expected beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him; but no," he added, "every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties." Here he stopped and burst into tears. "Do not be alarmed," said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself; "I could not suppress the emotion I felt as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of his Word."

It is rather ridiculous that I have not a single copy of St. Paul for my sisters to read, the first edition having been sold the first day. Yours, very affectionately,

H. MORE.

At this period (1815), so eventful to Mrs. More, she had accomplished her seventieth year, with her mind unspent by her successive labours, the latest of which, the *Essay on St. Paul*, had been most remarkable for its rapid execution. Her public mind, which extended its care to every thing connected with the spiritual and moral welfare of her country, associated her in co-operation or in correspondence with almost every person distinguished for his activity in the promotion of national piety and social happiness. On these sympathies with the general good of her country was founded her intimate friendship with the Bishops of Salisbury and Lichfield (Dr. Thomas Burgess and Dr. Henry Ryder), who will, it is hoped, forgive the introduction of their names into this work, names which bring to the mind of the editor the memory of much personal kindness towards himself, and with one of which is associated the remembrance of his earliest acquaintance with the delights of classical literature, and the proper scope of youthful studies.

The Bishop of St. David's, since translated to the see of Salisbury, must well remember the lively interest felt by Mrs. Hannah More in his exertions in behalf of the clergy of the principality, and for supplying a collegiate education for the church within the bounds of his diocess. In the memory of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry stand recorded the friendship and correspondence which he long enjoyed with this estimable lady, and the animated part which she took in every scheme for the advancement of vital religion.

Her heart was warm towards those whose hearts were warm in the cause of righteousness and truth. If there have been some who have been more remarkable for throwing aside the dross of earthly attachments, and sublimating their thoughts towards heaven, there have been none who have striven with more success to draw from their earthly attachments the essential aids of spiritual solace and encouragement.

With a mind so constituted, it could not but be matter of much rejoicing to Mrs. H. More to witness the formation of a Branch Bible Society in her own parish of Wrington. Fostered by her patronage, and the active services of her sisters, the anniversaries of this Christian celebration in that quarter became a very distinguished rallying point to all who were zealously affected in the good cause. On the day of meeting, the house and grounds of Barley Wood were thrown open to more than a hundred persons, who were hospitably entertained by the sisters, and furnished with an opportunity of confederating for the promotion of a common interest, under the banner of a courageous woman, to combat under whose command had something of the character of chivalrous devotion.

A letter to Mr. Wilberforce comprises a short account of one of these galas.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad your sons have drawn you to the lakes; it is a much wholesomer climate for them, both for soul and body, than the pestiferous air of Paris, which so many of their countrymen are now breathing. It will, I hope, also invigorate you for your winter labours.

I have had a delightful, gay, and wise letter from Sir Thomas Acland. The Babingtons are coming to us this week; they have never been at Barley Wood. What are these *Scilly* distresses that you have taken up? If they are as pressing as the papers say, will you advance five pounds for me, and I will repay you as soon as you let me know it. How goes on your new empire of Hayti? I take great interest in its progress, of which I know nothing but from the papers.

We have many visiters from America, where religion appears to be rapidly advancing. There seems also to be a great cultivation of intellect going on there, as they all read a vast deal; having, they say, in some of the provinces, no other amusement.

This hot weather, trying as it is, has, on the whole, been of service to us both, as you will believe when I tell you what a gala we have been enabled to give. Our anniversary Bible Meeting at Wrington was held lately. Our country, surrounded by the sea on one side, and Mendip on the other, is so thinly planted with gentry (the spiritual climate also being rather cold), that without some effort somewhere it would come to nothing. The meeting was the most genteel and numerous we ever had. If our oratory was not of the first brilliancy, it had good sense and good temper to recommend it. We had near forty clergymen of the Establishment, so that even Archdeacon —— cannot plant us in his "hot-bed of heresy and schism." When the meeting was over, which was held in a wagon-yard, as there was no room for them in the inn, all the superior part of the company resorted, by previous invitation, to Barley Wood. A hundred and one sat down to dinner, and about one hundred and sixty to tea. Happily it was a fine day, and above fifty dined under the trees,—the overflowings from our small house. They all enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and it had all the gayety of a public garden.

Some may think that it would be better to add 20*l.* to our subscription, and save ourselves so much trouble; but we take this trouble from a conviction of the contrary. The many young persons of fortune present, by assisting at this little festivity, will learn to connect the idea of innocent cheerfulness with that of religious societies, and may "go and do likewise." For no other cause on earth would we encounter the fatigue.

I had got thus far when I was called down to our friend Mr Hart Davis and his family. He gives us better hopes of the new parliament.

I have a great loss in poor Mr. ——. He was both a useful and a pleasant neighbour, though our disagreement on certain great points prevented that union without which all friendship is imperfect. I have seen *her*, she sees no one else. Love to Mrs. Wilberforce.

Yours ever affectionately,

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford, at Rome.

Barley Wood, Feb. 22, 1816.

My dear Friend,

It gives me much pleasure to find, by your letter, that you and Mrs. H. are blessed with such good health; as this not only enables you to pursue the interesting purpose of your travels, but gives a zest to the enjoyment of them. I enter warmly into the grand objects you describe, whether they be *existing exemplifications* of all that is sublime or beautiful in art or nature, or what is perhaps still more affectingly interesting, the precious *relics* of ancient magnificence and departed glory.

I am glad you are in such superior and cultivated society, especially of your own countrymen. In general, I suppose you are ready to exclaim with Goldsmith, in describing the wonders of Italy,

"Man is the only growth that dwindles here."

You, however, seem to have met with exceptions. We have nothing here very interesting. It must appear a paradox to other countries, that peace and plenty have brought, as it should seem, poverty and ruin into this. I hope it is only *pro tempore*, but I never knew so much distress. The rich have no money, and the poor have no work.

In the way of friendship, I have sustained some heavy losses since we parted. Mrs. ——, in spite of the most earnest struggles to bear up against her affliction, soon followed her excellent husband; and society has not often had to regret a more sainted pair. Within the last month I have had to mourn the death of another valuable and most attached friend, Lady Waldegrave. She also was enabled, by the grace of God, to bear her dying testimony to the reality of religion. She is one of those "who through much tribulation have entered into the kingdom of God."

Our church is not only rent by the public schism of ——, &c., who have quitted our "unscriptural" establishment, and are setting up a church of their own, which is to be purified by the expulsion of the ten commandments, and other anti-

quated errors; but it is rent in pieces by the divisions of the high church and the evangelical parties. Oh how I hate faction, division, and controversy in religion! And yet if people will advance dangerous absurdities till they become popular, truth must not be left to shift for herself.

The prince regent has done himself great credit by the respect, I had almost said reverence, with which he has behaved to Mr. Wilberforce at Brighton, where both have passed the winter. His invitations to him to dinner were incessant; finding him often evading them, he assured him that he should never hear a word at his table which could give him a moment's pain. He kept his word. He went frequently, and was on the whole much pleased. He said the prince's behaviour at the head of his table gave the idea of a true English gentleman. It is pleasing to see how consistency in religion ultimately beats down all hostility. Oh that it were more frequently seen in religious people!

Stephen's address to Spain on the revival of the slave-trade is worthy of Edmund Burke.

My kind love to Mrs. H. My sisters desire me to add their kind regards to those of

Your affectionate friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1816.

My dear Friend,

I was glad to receive even your promissory note, though it has not been followed by the prompt payment it announced. I do not mean your half bank-note of 50*l*., which came safe, but your letter. The papers told us of—not your honours—but those of the regent—for surely he never did himself so much credit as in seeking your society; and though it does you no good, yet it will do good in too many ways for me to specify.

I have been ill since my last attack of fever, my nights being not only wakeful, but harassing and distressing. I am getting better, though I thought I was rapidly breaking up. The fever has left me a wholesome warning. Like Barzillai, I have long ceased "to hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women;" but now, though I hope I can still "discern between good and evil," "thy servant cannot taste what I eat or what I drink;" that is, I have lost the two senses of smell and taste completely, for six weeks. It has given me an excellent lesson not to overlook common mercies, for I forgot to value these blessings till I had lost them; the loss, too, is a good corrective of sensuality, as I know not bread from meat.

You bid me not be silent under the pretence of living in a hermitage. Alas! Barley Wood is nothing less. Thinking it right, almost twenty years ago, to gain a little interval between

the world and the grave, when I renounced the society of the great and the gay, the learned and the witty, I fully made up my mind to associate only with country people. Yet it so happens that the retirement I sought I have never yet been able to find; for though we neither return visits nor give invitations, I think, except when quite confined by sickness, I never saw more people, known and unknown, in my gayest days. They come to me as to the witch of Endor; and I suppose I shall soon be desired to tell fortunes, and cast nativities. I do little or no good to their minds, and they do much harm to my body, as talking so much inflames my chest.

In spite of our inability to attend in winter, our schools are very flourishing. We have pious, faithful teachers, who have served us twenty years; and we have reason to believe that many young persons, especially at Cheddar, are living in the fear of God. The evening sermons are well attended, and many seem seriously impressed.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Stephen is better. I have but just received *his* masterly pamphlet.

Adieu, my very dear friend. Do not forget sometimes to include in your prayers not the least affectionate of your friends,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

June, 1816.

My dear Sir,

Such a letter—nay, *two* such letters, and from such a friend! And no notice taken, just as if I had received no such letters, or that I did not feel their value, or was not gratified by them, or was not grateful for them. But if they have not been answered, they have been read, and re-read; and not only by myself, but two or three friends who were worthy of them, both from intellect and piety, have been treated with a perusal of them—persons who were qualified to enter into your views of the scheme of that omnipotent Disposer who holds the whole chain of providences in his hand;—persons who had feelings sufficiently alive to weep over your graphical detail of the sainted Lady Emily.

But now I *have* taken up my pen, it is rather to acknowledge than to answer your letter; it is only a pepper-corn for a payment. When I tell you the situation of my family, you will forgive my delay and brevity. My poor sister Martha has been out not more than three or four times for the last nine months. Her complaint is a liver case, and the reigning disease a determination of blood to the head. I fear she is in a very declining state; I have sad prognostics. Her loss to *me* would be incalculable, to whom she has been eyes, and hands, and feet. My lively sister Sarah, who still retains, *at times*, all the spirit

and vivacity of youth, is pronounced to be far gone in a dropsy: we lately thought her going very rapidly, but, I bless God, she somewhat rallied, and may, I hope, be spared to us a little longer. But her symptoms are very bad. My *now* eldest sister, who has long had paralytic indications, had been many weeks in bed, with a mortification in her leg. This has been resisted by vigorous measures; but last week, after many hours' quiet sleep, we found, on awaking, that she had lost the power of swallowing and of articulation. She has remained speechless ever since; and it is a pitiable sight, when we "explore the asking eye," to receive no answer from it. She seems to look at us, but "there is no speculation in those looks." These are trying scenes; pray for me, my good friend, that they may be salutary scenes. I myself am but slowly recovering from a bilious fever, which has left me much nausea and want of appetite.

I make no apology, my dear sir, for thus troubling you in detail with the annals of an hospital. But I thought that nothing less than this true narrative could justify my silence, after the profit and pleasure I derived from your letter.

I am so far your disciple, that is, so much of an optimist, as to see a graciously providential hand in all these dealings. I feel, even at my age, that I stand in need of reiterated correction. My temper is naturally gay. This gayety even time and sickness have not much impaired. I have carried too much sail. My life, upon the whole, must be reckoned an uncommonly prosperous and happy one. I have been blessed with more friends of a superior cast than have often fallen to the lot of so humble an individual. Nothing but the grace of God, and frequent attacks through life of very severe sickness, could have kept me in tolerable order. If I am no better with all these visitations, what should I have been without them? No, my dear sir, I have never yet felt a blow of which I did not perceive the indispensable necessity; of which, on reflection, I did not see and feel the compassionate hand of Divine mercy, —the chastisement of a tender Father.

My chief regret is, that I cannot contrive to live sufficiently quiet. Fifteen years ago, I built and planted this pretty little place, and voluntarily turned my back upon the gay, the great, and the brilliant, in whose society I had spent near thirty years. I had then, I thought, completed a scheme of retirement which I had enjoyed in fancy and anticipated in vision all my life. But the daydream has never been realized; my interruptions from company, many of them strangers, are almost incessant.

This ungratified but predominant love of tranquillity began so early, that when I was seven or eight years old, I used to say, that if I should ever live to have a house of my own, I would take care to have it built too low for a clock, and too small for a harpsichord.

I think myself much honoured by Dr. Miller's intention to send me his work. I am impatient to receive it. Your report originally excited this desire, and your ample and deep comments since its publication have made me still more desirous than ever to peruse a work so important in its object, and so able in its execution. I hope Dr. M.'s bookseller will soon gratify my wishes.

This letter of mine appears to be full of *self*. But if ever egotism is pardonable, I think it is in letters between friends. At least, I never think the letters of *my* friends egotistical enough.

Many thanks for the copies of the preface to Bishop Burnet. I have gratified some friends who are worthy, by presenting them with it.

I am disappointed in not seeing, while fresh from Bellevue, and her mind brimful and running over, dear Lady Olivia Sparrow; but she is obliged to delay her visit. When we do meet, we shall find it an inexhaustible subject,

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve."

I rejoice at the tolerable account you give of your own health in this season of almost universal sickness. My friends are fast dropping off.

"For us they sicken, and for us they die."

Adieu, my dear sir; believe me, with every sentiment of regard and attachment,

Yours very sincerely,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

October 21, 1816.

My dear Friend,

Feeble and exhausted as was the state of your lamented sister, I was almost as much surprised as afflicted at the receipt of your kind but sorrowful communication last night, for I had been led to hope that she might have been spared to us a year or two longer. Yet why repine that her suffering probation is abridged, and that she has entered upon her eternal state of rest and blessedness? Yet, though she and I should in all probability never have met again in this world, I cannot but mourn at this new rent made in my friendship so soon after Mrs. H.'s death. A hundred endearing circumstances occur to my mind from the time I used to drive with *Miss Wilberforce* in her phaeton over Claverton Down thirty years back, to her kind fortnight passed with us two summers ago! How little *now* signify her suffering body, and her tender spirits, and her pious anxieties! yet all perhaps

have, under the grace of God, contributed to her present felicity. Her lively wit and her deep humility formed a union I have not often seen. Humility, I think, was a distinguishing grace in her character. To know that she is dead is afflicting, but to be assured that she is safe, what a happiness! The cause which prevented your coming to us is of a nature to make me say nothing of our disappointment, much as we had set our hearts on seeing you once more in this mutable, uncertain, disappointing world! I hope you left Lord Calthorpe better. The life and health of so pious and benevolent a nobleman is a public concern. I have the highest possible respect for him.

Patty, I fear, is in very declining health. I have ventured a few lines to dear Mr. Stephen; may God comfort him! My dear friend, pray for your very faithful

H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Hans Place, Oct. 24, 1816.

My dear Madam,

I am truly sensible of your great kindness. Such a tribute to my dear Mrs. S.'s* memory from *your* pen is highly acceptable to me, especially at this painful moment; and your obliging attention to myself is the more gratifying from the recollection, that I owe it, with other honours of a like kind, of which I most sincerely feel myself unworthy, to *her*.

I feel the justice of all you say as to the consolation which my love for her ought to find in the consequences of this event to herself. To doubt that she is happy, knowing her life and heart as I have done these seventeen years, would be with me to doubt, not whether there be few, but *any* that shall be saved; and to reject entirely the promises of the gospel: for if she was not a true Christian, and of the highest class, the character is nowhere to be found, and I believe will never be seen on earth. You, my dear madam, thought highly of her; and who can better judge what woman ought to be? But rely on it, that with all you saw of her worth, much more remained unseen, even by penetration like yours. It is in the daily and hourly conduct of domestic life, and in the privacy of the family circle, and by long observation there, that a character like hers can alone be thoroughly studied and sufficiently admired. For my part, I can most conscientiously affirm, that every year and every month since I first had the high honour and happiness to possess her added to my admiration of her virtues. Such perfect disinterestedness, such generous self-denial, such spotless truth and integrity, such unaffected humility and tenderness of conscience, such vigilance, watchfulness against

* Mr. Wilberforce's sister.

sin, above all, such a devotedness to God and zeal for his service—devotedness rational and enlightened, though, alas! from the body's maladies, not always cheerful; zeal always gentle, always candid, yet overflowing in works of love—have, I believe, very rarely been found to indicate with equal clearness the source from which they flowed,—a true and living faith. I know not whether to add to the rest the exquisite sensibility of her affectionate heart, which, however endearing to me and all she loved, was too natural to her, perhaps, to be reckoned among her Christian graces. Yet, like the charms of her understanding and wit, it gave to the abundant clusters which proved her a genuine branch of the true vine, a higher bloom and flavour.

Yes, my dear madam, the present, the eternal felicity of such a spirit is not less certain than the truth of those sacred Scriptures which are the foundation of all our hopes, the records of our immortality and our redemption.

I admit, therefore, that my grief is purely selfish. But the love of *spiritual* self is what even her generous heart allowed, and I may therefore justly grieve at having lost my faithful monitress, the vigilant and enlightened friend of my soul, who never deserted the duty of pointing out to me what she saw to be wrong in my conversation and conduct or opinions on sacred subjects, of confirming me in what she thought to be right, and animating me to the Christian combat. Here is a loss which no human friend can supply. My dear Wilberforce has neither time nor opportunities, and with other friends the difficulties would be greater on both sides, even if they knew my heart as well as he, and had all his affection for me. The qualifications for those best offices of friendship are of slow growth, as well as rare attainment.

But God can make up to me even this loss by the guidance of his Holy Spirit. To Him, therefore, I must fly for aid as well as consolation; and that my prayers may be accepted, I must endeavour to attain a patient, cheerful resignation to His will. At present it is hard to do so; for though my spiritual loss ought to be thought the worst, I have other and most painful subjects of regret, as those who knew her, and have sensibility to estimate the loss of such a companion, just when I am entering on the most wearisome stage of my pilgrimage, will easily conceive.

The refreshment of which you so kindly wish I could partake in your hospitality at Barley Wood will not soon be within my reach. Official and other public duties will long confine me to London. But I hope, though not there, to have an interest in the prayers of a family of whom my dear Mrs. S. thought so highly, and to whom she was so affectionately attached. With kindest respects to all the members of it, I am, my dear madam, very respectfully and affectionately,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JAMES STEPHEN.

From the Rev. Dr. Magee to Mrs. H. More.

Armagh, Nov. 22, 1816.

My dear Madam,

I will not attempt to express the satisfaction I feel from your approbation of the supplementary volume of my book which has been lately published. It is not merely as commendation (though coming from one whose commendation is praise), but as the testimony of an eminently qualified judge to the usefulness of the publication, that I prize the opinion which has been so favourably given. I am aware, indeed, that the zeal of a good mind against a bad cause has no small share in the decision. But to have even the zeal of Mrs. Hannah More associated with one's exertions is no mean matter of self-gratulation.

The modern Socinian is a most impracticable subject. On him there seems but little chance of making any impression. I found myself obliged, therefore, to look *from* him altogether, and to turn myself to those who might be in danger of being entrapped by his wiles. Having no hope of reclaiming, my sole object has been to expose him. And in truth I cannot help considering my occupation as bearing a strong resemblance to that of the thief-catcher—which, though it may be a very useful, is certainly not a very honourable, species of employment. I have sometimes feared that the language I have been compelled to use might go beyond the sympathy of the reader: and yet, in reality, the desperate duplicity and deliberate dishonesty of the thorough-faced champions of the cause far transcend all that the strongest language could convey. Much as I have been able to bring to light, it gives but a faint idea of what *might* be dragged forth out of this den of Cacus, could either the moral taste or human patience of the reader endure the full exhibition. I confess, for my own part, I am literally sick of the subject; and grieve to have had so much time *so* expended. With the exception of (possibly) a separate publication of that part of the volumes which relates to the Socinian controversy exclusively (a measure to which I have alluded in the present volume, and to which the Bishops of Durham and St. David's strongly encourage me), together with perhaps a few additional observations which Unitarian animadversions on what has now been published may occasion, I mean never to give up another hour to an exercise of mind which is so little favourable to the acquisition or the communication of knowledge, and which is so peculiarly unfriendly to the cultivation of a Christian temper.

How forcibly, my dear madam, do I find myself impressed with the contrast between your labours and mine! Not to speak of those felicitous powers which are displayed so variously and so irresistibly through the numerous writings with which you have enriched the world, and which, as they

are so rarely bestowed, are fairly to be considered as without the range of ordinary comparison—your pen has been employed in portraying all that is rational and amiable in human conduct, and in exhibiting in the most attractive colours all that is worthy of the love and admiration of human kind. By enforcing the principles of duty, and embellishing the truths of religion, you have been advancing others and yourself in the path of true happiness. While engaged in the delightful task of directing and cheering forward your fellow-creatures in their progress to that better state of being for which they were designed, you have been by the same act continually heightening the monitor into the guide, and have had the blessed reward of your own exertions returning upon yourself from the very efforts which you made for others. In a word, you have been exercising every worthy feeling of the heart, and every healthful faculty of the understanding, for a great and expanded purpose commensurate with the best interest of the human race; while I have been doomed to a tedious warfare against sophistry and falsehood—compelled to wear out patience and charity in a painful, but necessary, combat with those who would rob the Christian of his hope, and drain away the very life-blood from Christianity.

But, my dear madam, I must not fatigue you with the subject which has so often fatigued myself, nor allow that which has wasted so much paper for me already, to waste that also which I might employ so much better when conversing with you.

Your apprehensions respecting the distresses of this country are but too well grounded. But as our people are more used to privations than those on your side of the water, they bear them better. It is remarkable that what causes turbulence with you produces tranquillity with us. The hunger which makes John Bull clamorous renders his brother Paddy quiet. And we quarrel most when we have the greatest plenty. The distresses of our poor are however great indeed. I have the better opportunity of knowing this from my present situation, having been for some months with my family in my northern parish in Tyrone, where, notwithstanding all the industry and frugality which distinguish this province from the rest of Ireland, we find very great want, with much reason to apprehend more as the season advances.

Mrs. Magee has undertaken the management of a poor-shop and some other charities here, to lighten the burden as much as possible. She and all my family are kept extremely busy with the occupation; and, indeed, this has been a principal cause of my continuing my residence here in the winter; my place can be supplied in Cork by many, but here, in a retired country parish, there is no one to take it.

Did I not feel my continuance here, under these circumstances, to be a duty not to be dispensed with, I should lose no time in returning to the deanery, as in this place I am totally

destitute of books. To be nearly three hundred English miles removed from the implements of his trade is not a convenient arrangement for the workman. It is, indeed, one serious objection to my present situation, that, during a certain portion of every year, I must be placed at so great a distance from my books and manuscripts. Now that I find myself released from Socinian embarrassments, I regret this the more, as I am particularly anxious to forward to the press two works which have lain by for some time, nearly ready for publication—one on the Protestant Rule of Faith, as contrasted with that of the Romish church; and the other on the proofs of the Messiah, derived from the Prophecies of Daniel.

You are good enough to mention a little poem, entitled Emigration, as worthy of attention; I shall endeavour to procure it. A work of a very different nature, ponderous, tautologous, and in every way ill-written, has lately made its appearance. But yet it is of so extraordinary a nature, and proposes to accomplish so vast an object, that I cannot but recommend it to your notice, should it fall in your way. It is written by a Scotch divine, and aims at no less an achievement than that of *demonstrating, upon principles of reason, the necessity* of the existence of three persons in the Godhead, and the *impossibility* of more than three. It will at least tend to show to the presumptuous rationalist, that to the reason of others that appears incontrovertible which to his reason appears impossible, and that therefore nothing is gained to him after all, by forcing human reason within a province in which it has no jurisdiction. The last article in the British Review last published, on the subject of tithes, contains some remarks of peculiar excellence. The conductors of that journal have great merit. I trust it will not be discontinued.

I think, my dear madam, I may now justly apologize for taking up so much of your time. But I cannot conclude without a few additional words, to thank you for the kind inquiries you have been good enough to make about Mrs. Magee's health, and that of my family. We have, thank God, all of us (and that is not a word of small import) enjoyed good health, notwithstanding the severity of the late extraordinary season; and most sincerely do I hope that you both have been, and may long continue to be, similarly favoured. Often do my family and myself receive instruction and delight from your many admirable productions, and often have we felt and expressed the wish that a lengthened possession of life and health might be vouchsafed to the person at whose hands the public had received such inestimable benefits.

Your observations on St. Paul I have studied with peculiar interest, and with the greatest advantage.

With the truest good wishes, I remain, my dear madam,

Your faithful and much obliged

W. MAGEE.

In the year 1816 the sisterhood suffered a second loss in Mrs. Elizabeth More, and were now reduced to three in number. She was a person of great kindness, and filled that department of domestic duty in their hospitable house which, though less marked, is usually more missed than others of greater interest and attraction.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, June 29.

My dear Lady Olivia,

How good and kind you are. I cordially thank you for your two feeling letters. It has, as you have heard, pleased God of his great mercy to remove my poor sister B—— from this world of sin and sorrow. I humbly trust that through Him who loved her, and gave himself for her, she is now a happy spirit, disencumbered from a suffering body, and escaped from all the penalties of age and the evils of life. She had for many years spent the greater part of her time in reading the Scriptures and devotional books, and latterly has read nothing else; and though she was of a reserved temper and said little, yet I am persuaded she felt her own sinfulness, and was earnest in her applications to the throne of grace and mercy. For the last fortnight she was entirely speechless; it was a most pitiable sight to see her struggling to express something she seemed to wish to say, for her intellect survived her power of articulation. May the remembrance of such scenes quicken *us*, and make us labour more diligently to be followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

Though all the visits you enumerate on your road from London to Brampton were of the interesting sort, yet I fear such a succession of engagements, though with the sensible and pious, must have worn you a little. A fresh scene and fresh friends, and even the very pleasure of seeing them, always occasions in me, and I believe in you, a degree of excitement which, though to my friends it looks like health and spirits, is a feeling which always costs me much at the time, and more afterward. Quietness, even to dulness, is, I always find, the best state for health and tranquillity of spirit. Perhaps I do you injustice in presuming it may be in some degree your case. *You* indeed are young, but you are delicate also; I am therefore glad to know that you are safe at Brampton, where, though you have more business, you have not so much wear and tear of the mind as in keeping up, in repeated societies, animated conversation. I say *repeated* societies, for when one stays long with the *same* set of friends, things are more *suivies*, and there is not that novelty of perpetual excitation and mutual interest.

It rejoices my heart to think that we shall see you (and see much of you I hope) early in the autumn. I think you will

find cause a little to alter the direction of your route. The bishop will not be at Gloucester, where you talk of making your first stay, but at Wells, only eighteen miles from us, and about as much from Bristol, on this Somersetshire side.

You have seen Mr. Marriott's Lilliputian book, "*Hints to Travellers.*" It is very good and pleasing, like the amiable writer, and he has well maintained the one point he undertakes; but I wish he had gone a little further.

My dear Bishop Porteus and I made it a frequent topic of debate, which was most calamitous to this country, war or peace with France. Even then we concluded that the latter would be the more formidable evil to us. Does not the event justify the terrible prognostic? O piety! O virtue! O my country!

Is it not the precise moment for the great and the opulent to dedicate their time, their example, and their purses to their own distressed country? It grieves me that the absentees have escaped the chance of being even politically useful to their own nation, by the repeal of the property tax. This universal mania at such a time is, in my poor judgment, a marked era of deterioration in the English character.

My kind remembrance to your dear companion. Patty desires to add hers to you.

Adieu, my dearest Lady Olivia,

Ever gratefully and faithfully yours,

H. More.

From the Rev. R. C. Whalley to Mrs. H. More.

Frome, June 28.

My dear Friend,

You have, I find, lost your dear sister Betty. I pray God you may find her again in heaven. These recurring scenes of mortality require but little to be said upon them that has not been said, but a great deal more to be felt, and practically profited by, than has been the case with the best of us. God give us all that grace we need for it. You will see, by the date of this, that I am with my sister. My infirmities are such that I visit no longer, but where I can give way to them and dictate; here I can do this; but yet probably for the last time. I was at Clifton three weeks; but in all that time, no weather for putting my head out of the house—none for a drive to Barley Wood. I came home much as I went; but, alas! have not continued so, for I caught cold, and have had the severest fit of sickness that can well be imagined. When my fever left me, I contrived to get hither. I return to Chelwood next week—there to abide for what I hope will be a summer season to me; but nothing will suit me but the eternal summer, and may I be really prepared for that pure element. I shall hope to hear,

at your leisure, that you and your remaining sisters are tolerably well. Give my love to them. Believe me, I condole with you all,

And am, my dear madam,
Your ever affectionate and obliged
Friend and servant,
R. C. WHALLEY.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWARDS the close of this year, the universal stagnation of trade, and depression of landed property, afforded too plausible an occasion to ill-intentioned men for perverting the minds of the working people, irritated by the disappointment of their ill-founded expectations that plenty would be the immediate attendant upon peace, and by the severe distress consequent upon the general scarcity of employment. The services Mrs. More had already rendered to the cause of loyalty and subordination, by her skill and success in accommodating sober sense and sound reasoning to plain and plebeian understandings, in the form of narrative or dialogue, and in a playful and popular style, occasioned fresh applications to be made to her from various quarters for her powerful assistance at this alarming juncture. Without a moment's hesitation she set to work, and with her usual celerity produced several appropriate and admirable tracts and ballads, which she continued to supply while the pressure of the danger existed, and which were circulated in great numbers throughout every part of the country, with very visible effect. Those who called upon her for this fresh public effort were surprised at the sudden success of their application, and beheld with astonishment the rapid succession of these little pieces that flowed from the pen of this ready writer, and the zeal and animation she displayed in the cause, stricken now with years, and shattered by repeated sickness. A committee was formed, as on a former occasion, in London, to accelerate the circulation of these seasonable publications; with the leading members of which she maintained a correspondence, which drew from her many communications of practical and experimental wisdom. Her admirable little dialogue of Village Politics was now reprinted, and several editions of it were circulated under the title of Village Disputants.

We cannot give a livelier picture of the zeal and alacrity with which she entered into the cause, than by inserting a letter received from her at this period.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

1817.

My dear Friends,

"The Creature's at her dirty work again." This tract, written with a weak head and a weak hand, calls in upon you in its way to London. Pray read over carefully, with a pen in your hand, what was written hastily and in pain, and correct any tautologies, &c. which through hurry may have escaped mine. I went to work too soon, which brought a return of fever, but am better again. It is grievous that they have so identified me with the cause as to have put my yet unpublished song at the end. Though I have little to hope or to fear in this world, I do not wish my name to be bandied about. Poor W——'s conscience may be set at rest about the tracts he brought for us. I read to my sisters about six lines; they were so disturbed that they would not hear another word—Sally was even agitated painfully. There it stopped, and nothing, no, not even the wish to answer, could make me wade through another line of such unparalleled blasphemy. Is there no power in magistrates to punish the venders?

Last night arrived my ten songs (new or altered) for correction. They have all wooden cuts. I have sent you my "*Farthing*,"* which I fear you will not think a farthing's worth; and I hope you have likewise received a visit from Mr. James Dawson,† and that he is now on his travels to his native air, Spital Fields.

An admirable letter from Sir Thomas Acland; he has canvassed the whole country from house to house. How *delightful*, when this shall be done *every year!* He says "pebbles or bullets" is now the only subject of discussion. I shall send next Saturday, for your edification and delectation, the very profoundly learned and deeply tragical history of Mr. Fantom, or rather the death of that eminent patriot. If you can assemble the Fords as soon as you get it, I shall be glad of the remarks of the whole party; it has been scribbled with more hurry than suits so *eminent* a work—tell Mrs. E. F., that being invited to this lecture is but poor payment for her beautiful present, received yesterday, of two sweet drawings of Barley Wood. Lord K—— has sent six hundred Village Disputants to six gentlemen at Manchester for distribution in their separate districts. I shall now stop my hand, feeling exhausted, and not having had an hour's time even to read the British Review, except one or two articles; the Byron subject is admirable, but the twelfth page is so remarkably good, sound, and powerfully written,

* The title of one of the ballads.
† The hero of the tract called the Delegate.

that I read it twice over before I went on. I still cry with King Henry,

"Oh gentle sleep! how have I frightened thee?"

I believe I should be better if I had nothing to do, yet I would say with Cato,

"While I yet live, let me not live in vain."

You will say, I might have quoted a more Christian-like authority. Patty is remanded back to her room, and I fear to her bed, with a great increase of fever; her chest so bad that she is reduced to a whisper. Sally's leg gives her great pain: her fortitude, strength, and spirits are really astonishing; I pray God to give us all grace to bear our different infirmities with entire submission to his will. We cannot expect them at our age to decrease, but it may please infinite Mercy to soften them, and to make them eventually blessings. God bless you both.

Yours, ever very affectionately,
H. More.

From the Princess Sophia of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Bagshot Park, Jan. 21.

My dear Mrs. More,

I am truly sensible of your kind attention in sending your *capital* little work to me, called "Cheap Repository Tracts," which has amused as much as it has charmed me; and I particularly delight in the manner in which you endeavour to impress upon your readers of all ranks the *inestimable* value of our *free government*, and of the *equality of all before* the laws—a blessing only to be found in this favoured country, and of which we are insensible, through ignorance and inconsideration. Indeed it is impossible not to tremble when we recollect that we appear to be arrived at the *acme* of success and glory! for we cannot hope to be the only exception to the general rule, of declining after reaching the summit of distinction.

Allow me to offer the assurance of my best wishes and prayers for your preservation, which the commencement of this new year occasions me to renew, and believe me,

My dear Mrs. More,
Your very affectionate,
Sophia Matilda.

My brother is enchanted with your last work, which he has just been reading, and the Duchess of Gloucester and myself are perusing the Tracts at present.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Jan. 24, 1817.

My dear Friend,

I am resolved at least to *begin* a letter to you, whether I shall be able to end it so soon I know not. I am recovering slowly from a bilious fever. One of my sisters, I fear, is declining fast. I pray for resignation to the Divine will in this, as in all his dispensations.

And now let me thank you, as I do most cordially, for your very liberal benefaction to our distressed poor. We have had indeed peculiarly trying scenes, especially in two parishes on the Mendip Hills, where I have had for twenty-eight years a very large school; this not only gives me an intimate acquaintance with the state of these villages, but a peculiar interest in them. They are all miners, all poor, and all have been unable to earn a penny; the material they subsist upon, *lapis calaminaris*, with which brass is made, lying upon hand without any call for it; so that industry was of no use. After assisting them individually to the utmost of our power, my friend and neighbour Mr. H. Addington and myself have commenced merchants, and purchase a certain quantity of their commodity weekly, which is deposited in a warehouse till better times return, and both their minds and bodies are improved by having employment as well as bread. I am labouring hard to prevail on the *real* merchants to renew the trade by the time our private funds are exhausted; their distress, eleven hundred souls! has been exquisite. I condemn you to this tedious detail, that you may see how acceptable your bounty must needs be.

Your history of yourself and your family interests me in the highest degree. God has indeed crowned you with blessings, one of the chief of which is a heart sensibly alive to his mercies, and overflowing with gratitude to the great Giver! May He multiply upon you his spiritual blessings, which will remain with us when all earthly comforts fail. Happy those who have learned their value!

I have not seen the book you mention, but agree with you that no degree of wit can atone for a profane application of Scripture. My own reading never was so limited. Old age, in bringing me to its infirmities, does not bring with them that leisure and repose which should seem to belong to them. Till I was completely laid by with this illness, we have been seldom without company.

Among our inmates this winter have been the Bishop of Gloucester, who, living much at his deanery at Wells, is a kind of neighbour—Mr. Wilberforce, Lord Calthorpe, &c. Dr. Miller, of Trinity College, Dublin, has sent me his valuable work on the Philosophy of History. There are only two volumes published. His plan includes eight, so that I shall not

live to see his idea fully developed. John Bowdler's father has sent me the two posthumous volumes of his incomparable son. He was indeed made wise unto salvation. I hope you will see them. It is a pity they are not intended to be made public. They abound in piety and good feeling.

Dr. Young somewhere says, "I've been so long remembered I'm forgot." That this may not be quite the case with me, Cadell has just published a new edition of all my early poems, to match with my other volumes. I have sent a little vignette, which will serve to bring me and my habitation to the memory of my friends when I shall be no more. I have ordered Hatchard by the enclosed to send you a copy for your eldest son, that he may have the gratification of reading his father's name in the *Bas Bleu*.

I received two days ago, from Paris, a smart visiter, dressed out in the costume of a French aristocrat. I give you his style and title as it stands:

"*Cœlebs ou le Choix d'une Epouse, Roman Moral, par Mad. H. More. Traduit de L'Anglois. En 2 tomes, oct.*" What say you to Monsieur Cœlebs? For my own part, I do not think this plain Westmoreland squire can ever suit the meridian of Paris.

And now shall I confess how low I have been sinking in the ranks of literature? I did not think to turn ballad-monger in my old age; but the strong and urgent representations I have had from the highest quarters, of the very alarming temper of the times, and the spirit of revolution which shows itself more or less in all manufacturing towns, has led me to undertake as a duty a task I should gladly have avoided. I have written many songs, papers, &c. by way of antidote to this fatal poison. Thousands and tens of thousands have been circulated without its being known from what source they proceeded. As to some of them, my quiet, perhaps my safety, requires silence, where obnoxious names are mentioned. These I propose, some of them at least, to have expunged in a future edition. I send you a few specimens. The Village Disputants has been long known to be mine. I have accommodated this tract to the present times. Hatchard prints them.

I will not keep back this scrawl any longer, but send it with all its dulness on its head.

I have had many loud calls for preparation for another world this summer. Death has exceedingly thinned the ranks of my friends. I have seemed to live among the tombs. Besides a sister of my own, I have had to lament two as dear to me as relations,—Mr. Hoare, of Mitcham Grove, and Mrs. Stephen, sister of Mr. Wilberforce, and wife of Mr. James Stephen (of whom I cannot speak in terms too high), who, I believe, succeeded you in the Chancery Court. Over these and many others I have deeply mourned; I have not, however, sorrowed

as those who have no hope, for they are in their proper places.

Adieu! my very dear friend. If we are not allowed to meet any more in this world, may we meet again in that perfect state where there is neither sin, sickness, nor sorrow. With my kindest respects to Lady P., believe me ever

Most faithfully yours,
H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

1817.

What you say, my dear friend, of the long list of friends and acquaintance who have gone before us, operates strongly upon me to pray daily that I may be prepared for my latter end, and that I may "die the death of the righteous." I had the melancholy curiosity, a year or two ago, to make out a list from "Boswell's Life of Johnson" of those mentioned in that work with whom I had been acquainted, and who are now no more; it was a long list indeed! I thank you for telling me that the 46th was Luther's favourite Psalm. The older I grow, the more is my admiration of those divine compositions increased; and I feel deeply the wish of good Bishop Horne, that whenever death comes, it may find my mind adapted to the perusal and relish of them. As my long-continued prosperity has made gratitude the prevailing sentiment of my heart, the 103d and the 145th are most frequently in my mouth, especially since I read somewhere that the ancient Hebrews had a tradition that a man could not fail to secure a place in heaven if he would repeat to himself the latter part of those Psalms every day. You, who are perhaps better able to judge than I am, will, I dare say, agree with me, that nothing in ancient literature is at all comparable to those Psalms, even as human compositions: what is Pindar to the 139th, among others!

The work on "The Philosophy of History" is, from the subject, very tempting. I have not yet seen it, but wish much that some excellent writer would strip such characters as Bonaparte of the false lustre which encircles him, and prevents mankind from beholding them in their genuine deformity.

> "Dash the proud tyrant from his gilded car,
> Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star."

But while historians continue to write of kings and warriors in the same way as the vulgar talk of them, there is no hope that mankind will ever be cured of that feeling which a poor Frenchman once expressed to me, when I was declaring my concern for the hurt which he had received from being run over by a carriage—"*C'étoit pourtant la voiture de quelque grand Seigneur.*"

I wonder whether your grave and serious pursuits have entirely destroyed in you that relish for pleasantry, though a little foolish, which you once possessed. If not, I would tell you, that on a question arising at the regent's table, "Which was considered in Europe as the higher title, the dauphin or the Prince of Wales?" a gentleman answered that the question had been already decided by that famous line,—

"Quanto Delphinis Balæna Britannica major."

"For you know, sir," added he, "that your royal highness is the Prince of Whales." The addition you may reject as a pun, but the application of the line out of Juvenal was as quick and as clever as any thing I ever heard.

If you did but know what a sensation of unexpected delight I felt at seeing your *well-known* hand, and finding that you still retained in the corner of your heart some remains of good-will for one who has had no opportunities of cultivating your good opinion, you would think, that among the many good deeds by which you stamp a value upon every passing day, the writing of that kind letter of yours was among the most benevolent.

Adieu, my dear friend; may every consolation and blessing be granted to you!

Your grateful and affectionate

WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

March 8, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I know not what to say to you for your repeated bounty. "The liberal soul," saith the prophet, "deviseth liberal things;" but really you *exceed* in liberality. May you be repaid with large interest by Him who hath said, "He that doeth it to one of the least of these, doeth it to me."

Most cordially do I participate in your feelings on the character, talents, and prosperity of your sons. To a young clergyman, whose principles are established and whose habits are formed, the chaplainship of the embassy at Paris may be a situation highly useful to others as well as profitable to himself. But as there will be much good to be done, so there will be much evil to be resisted. Our old friend Edmund Burke said, that when vice loses all its grossness, it loses half its danger. I have always ventured to be of a directly contrary opinion. The drunken Helots of Sparta were more likely to make the youth sober, than the double-gilt vices of Paris. I pray God that your young gentleman may so preach and so live, as to adorn his Christian character and to dignify his profession.

Of all the birds of the air who should have reviewed the French Cœlebs, in the *Constitutionel* and other journals, but Madame de Staël; whatever else she wants, she does not want candour, for she has returned my rather harsh treatment of her strange religious views, in the Essay on St. Paul, with the most unqualified praise. I really did not deserve so much kindness at her hands.

Those who live with me, and see much of me, should answer your question, "whether my serious pursuits have destroyed my relish for pleasantry." As you cannot hear their testimony, you must trust to mine. I really can say that age, as far as I can judge, has in no degree subdued the natural gayety of my temper, and I hope it is no infringement on better things that my taste for humour and a sort of sensible nonsense is no whit diminished. I am thankful that a life of ill health has no ways impaired my constitutional cheerfulness, and I am sometimes afraid that I take more than my share in society.

I have just received a present of a new *History of the Jesuits*, in answer to Dallas, in two vols. 8vo., and *Chalmers's Sermons on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy:* the latter is said to contain passages of the sublimest eloquence, but I have not had time to look into either. Indeed I regret that I have no leisure for reading, when I had looked forward to old age as a period for doing nothing else. But we are not at our own disposal, and I am punished for my project.

I shall desire Hatchard to send a specimen of my very *profound* and *learned* halfpenny and penny lucubrations, as a present to your servants' hall, hoping, however, that you will condescend to cast an eye over some of them yourself. In enumerating my occupations, I forgot to include one of the most elegant, that of furnishing the baskets of hawkers, with a hope of counteracting the blasphemous and seditious tracts which they carry with too much success.

I am also pushing the "Anti-Cobbett," a useful tract, which I hope you recommend as an antidote to the "Twopenny Register." The songs in the first three numbers were written by your old friend the new ballad-monger.

These are awful times, my dear friend, and this tempestuous weather, by putting a stop to the sowing of corn, I fear is preparing for us another season of scarcity. But the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; what a consolation to be assured of this!

Pray remember me most kindly to Lady Pepys, with my regards and best wishes to the younger branches.

Adieu, my dear friend; believe me, with sincere attachment,

Your obliged and faithful

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford.

Barley Wood, April 21, 1817.

My dear Friend,

I am in your debt for two very entertaining and interesting letters, which even at this late date I must rather acknowledge than answer. I was much pleased to hear that the English at Rome had been assisting their poor countrymen in England. It was a handsome collection. It was not your fault if the attempt to promote the cause of the Bible Society was not equally successful. His holiness, I see, has quite anathematized it. Your disappointment at not visiting the land of Homer and of Aristotle must have been great, especially with such a cicerone. Your kind present to *our* poor was very acceptable. The distress in one quarter has been peculiarly great, especially in two populous parishes where I have schools. They are all miners, and the almost stopping of the great brass works reduced twelve hundred human creatures to absolute want. So I turned merchant myself; Mr. —— and I set up trade, and have purchased a certain quantity of ore every week for three months; but I, not having, like my partner, a finger in the treasury, am compelled to stop, and he has stopped also. We have had all the winter, and still have, much domestic distress. P—— is in a weak languid state; and, alas! my poor sister S—— is perhaps within a week or two of terminating her earthly course. My state is very anxious. I pray to God for grace to do and to *suffer* his whole will. The spirit of insurrection which has shown itself in so alarming a way,—the blasphemous and seditious tracts which have deluged our whole country, called upon every lover of religion and social order to furnish some counteraction. I for one have set to work, and I think in six or eight weeks I produced above a dozen of these halfpenny and penny compositions: I fear the antidotes are not powerful enough to expel the deeply-rooted venom; yet as they had a very wide circulation, my friends think they have been useful. I did not think to turn ballad-monger in my old age, but I thought it was my duty.

I have been reading "Chalmers's Sermons;" it is quite the fashion to read and admire them. They are, upon Scripture grounds, a refutation of the infidelity of modern astronomers. They contain passages of very splendid eloquence; and his work expands one's conceptions of the infinite benevolence as well as power of the Supreme Being.

This will be a dull letter to you, filled as your eyes and your mind have long been with all that is great and interesting in nature and in art. I am glad to hear that you are turning your thoughts towards your native country. Our most affectionate regards to Mrs. H.

Ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours,

H. More.

In the spring of 1817, by the death of Mrs. Sarah More, the eldest of the then surviving sisters, the family was again stricken. A companion was taken from them whose lively sallies of original wit had often made sorrow smile and pain forget itself. But it was the lot of this intelligent, virtuous, and entertaining person to linger long in an extremity of suffering rarely surpassed. Her vivacity combated long with her pains, but her victory over them was the reward of her patient hope in her Redeemer, her disclaimer of all self-righteous grounds of consolation, and her humble trust in the purchased pardon of her God. Her bed of death was the scene of awful edification,—the voice of ecstasy mingling with the cry of anguish—the flesh dissolving in pain, and the spirit departing in peace. She had, indeed, an earthly stay in Hannah, who let none of the supports or pledges of Scripture-testimony be wanting to her dying sister, while hers was the hand to do all that could be done by human help to mitigate the last crisis.

The Christian magnanimity by which the departure of this valuable person was distinguished has been recorded by a friend, who was constantly in her chamber during her last sickness. The particulars are very affecting, and will interest a large proportion of the readers of this work. It is an episode, however, which those who turn aside from scenes of patient suffering may easily pass over, though it is but honest to tell them that the more they strive to put away these thoughts to a more convenient season, the more terrific will be the form in which in the end they will be sure to present themselves.

"The last hours of our dear friend Mrs. S. More afforded so wonderful a manifestation of the mercy and faithfulness of God, and of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit, that I have felt it a solemn duty to set down as many of the particulars (too many have escaped) as I can recollect, both for my own edification, and for the consolation of those friends who are more peculiarly interested in this display of the power and goodness of the Lord.

"From a very slight indication which appeared about six months before her departure, she was able to anticipate the whole progress and fatal termination of her disorder, which she explained to a confidential servant with a composure and an acquiescence in the Divine will which was truly admirable, and which never for a moment forsook her; adding, at the same time, that not an hour of any day passed in which she did not inwardly send up that supplication of the Litany, "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver me." It was a considerable time after the wound broke out in her leg, and began to wear a threatening appearance, before she permitted a groan, or any strong expression of suf-

fering, to escape her; and when at length they were extorted by agony, she seemed to reproach herself for them, as implying a departure from that submission and acquiescence for which she daily and earnestly prayed. At one time, when she was sitting in the parlour under very sharp suffering, one of her sisters exclaimed, "Poor Sally! you are in dreadful pain." She answered, "I am indeed, but it is all well." She still for some time longer continued to enjoy the society of her friends, who were often deceived by the playfulness of her conversation, and the placidity of her manner, into the belief that the sad accounts which had been given of her situation were the exaggerations of affectionate alarm.

"While still so well as to be able in some degree to pursue her usual sedentary employments, she gave a striking proof how entirely she was withdrawing her mind from the things of this world, by refusing to have her chair placed near the bow-window, from whence she could enjoy the sight of those plants and flowers which it had been her constant amusement and delight to cultivate, but from which she now turned with an expression of the completest indifference.

"At length it became impossible for her any longer to support a sitting position, and just before she was assisted upstairs for the last time, she threw a look all around her, evidently taking a mental farewell of the scene to which she had been so long accustomed, with a look which, though she uttered no word, was full of solemn meaning. The extremity and constancy of her sufferings at length deprived her of the power of attending to a chain of reading which had hitherto been her chief delight and solace. To supply in some measure this loss, her sisters used to repeat from time to time a few detached texts, in which she would constantly join with the greatest fervour. During the last two years of her life more especially, she had been so diligent and constant a reader of the Scriptures, as well as of other devotional books, that her mind had become completely imbued with them; and it was very remarkable, that in the moments of her sharpest pain, her attention was instantly excited, and her mind visibly comforted, if any by-stander recited a verse from the Scriptures, or a short prayer, in which, even when unable to speak, she joined with deep fervour.

"One day, after she had lain for some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of Scripture; she suddenly burst forth, 'Can any thing be finer than that? it quite makes one's face shine!' Towards the latter part of her illness, she asked one day to have a little girl in whom she was interested brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were, 'God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.' One night she complained of too much light, adding that 'the smallest light was enough to die by.'

Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind. 'Yes,' she replied, 'I have no uncomfort at all.' She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room. 'Oh! yes,' she answered, 'I know everybody, and remember every thing.'—'Ah, poor dear soul,' said one of her attendants, 'she remembers her sufferings too!'—'No,' she answered, in a tone of the most affecting resignation, 'I do not think of them.' When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant's wishing her a good morning, she raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, 'Oh, for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some gray clouds between!' She then blessed him and all his family, and exhorted him to love God and to take care of his soul. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!' The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto the Lamb,—Hallelujah!' Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little, she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things —grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold water, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'Do you know who it was that said, A cup of cold water given in my name?'

"Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh, the blood of Christ! He died for me! God was man! May his blood be shed on me! Lord, let the light of thy countenance shine upon me. When shall I appear before God?' And then half-bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, *do* love the blessed God. Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord! I am ready, finish the work!' On awaking in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation,—'Lord, look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord! upon thy afflicted servant.' Somebody present saying to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain,' she seemed to fear lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Ay, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the Gloria Patri, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

"Nearly three days now passed, either in strong delirium or total stupor, at the end of which she became more composed, and, as at every other time, uttered no sentence in which supplication or praise was not mingled. Her chief cry on this day was for pardon and sanctification, and she charged her sisters to strive for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Her wander-

ings were frequent, but whether sensible or incoherent, calm or agitated, still the names of her God and her Saviour were constantly on her tongue.

"Her sister asked her if she knew her; she answered, 'I know nobody but Christ.' In the evening of her last day but one, though scarcely able to articulate, she murmured out to those who stood around her, 'Talk of the cross—the precious cross—the King of love.' On the very morning of her blessed and quiet release from an earthly existence, though no longer able to swallow food or discern any outward object, she was still enabled to give an evidence of the heavenly frame of her mind; a friend repeating to her that heart-sustaining assurance, 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' she pronounced with a devout motion of her hands and eyes, 'cleanseth,' and a moment after, 'Blessed Jesus!' and these were the last of her words that could be collected. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, after such a relation, that her whole conduct, during her conflict with this last enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display (when she was in possession of her faculties) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, 'Love, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith:'—and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like hers."

Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

1817.

My dear Friend,

This is *May* 24, and last night I received a note from you, dated March 28, saying you had sent the things I had troubled you to get. The bishop ascribes this delay of two months to a misdirection.

This day se'nnight my dear sister Sarah exchanged this sorrowful sinful world for a world, I humbly trust, of everlasting happiness. Four months we had watched over her increasing disease; for the last two it far exceeded in agony any thing I ever witnessed. Poor Patty and I closely attended this bed of suffering, but our distresses were mingled with much consolation. This sprightly, gay-tempered creature, whose vivacity age had not tamed, exhibited the most edifying spectacle I ever beheld. I cannot do justice to her humility, her patience, her submission. It was at times something almost *more* than resignation, it was a sort of spiritual triumph over the sufferings of her tormented body. She often said, "I have never prayed for recovery, but for pardon. I do not fear death, but sin." When she was *herself*, almost her whole time was spent in prayer, or, what was still more affecting, in praise. Miss Roberts, who kindly came to us in our affliction, took down a sheetful of her sayings, replete with hope and faith. Owing to the immense quantity of laudanum she took, she was frequently in a kind of delirium; but the habit of pious thought

was so confirmed, that even in that state she was always repeating broken portions of Psalms. She was earnestly desirous to depart, and to be with Christ. For above a month, her leg was in a complete state of mortification from below the knee to the toes. It seemed enclosed in a black boot. We were frequently roused in the night by her piercing groans, which she vainly endeavoured to restrain, fearing they would offend God. Our prayers for a gentle dissolution were granted: she expired in great tranquillity. May her example sink deep in the hearts of all who witnessed it. She commonly sent away her surgeon in tears. Patty and I have seen none of our friends since her death, though they constantly call at the door. I hope we shall now be able to get a little air, having been confined to the house since the middle of September last. Patty is in a weak declining state. I am better than in the winter. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to *do* and to *suffer* the whole will of God. My three departed sisters have quitted the world in the same order of succession they entered it. My turn *in course* would be next. But all is in the hands of infinite wisdom and mercy.

I am, my dear friend,
Yours affectionately,
H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Master ——'s Office,
London, June 15, 1817.

My dear Madam,

I should have heard with more regret of the privation you have lately sustained, if I had not been previously prepared, by painful accounts received from our common friends, to regard it as an event the delay of which could only be a protraction of sufferings which admitted of no other termination.

I am one of the very many who sincerely sympathize with you and Mrs. Martha More on this melancholy occasion. Though I had not the pleasure of knowing personally the beloved sister you have lost, I have heard enough of her excellent and interesting character to estimate your feelings, and to lament that so enlivening and pleasing a companion of your pilgrimage was not permitted to travel on with you to its close. That dear connections, however, should depart at the same moment, without the pain of separation, is too rare a felicity to be expected; and the next blessing to *that* is the having been preserved to each other to so late a period of life, that the time of reunion cannot be far distant. I mean of course in cases like the present, where there are the best grounds of Christian hope and confidence that the reunion, come when it may, will be delightful.

For my own part, I am almost ashamed to say how com-

pletely this hope has consoled me under my last and most severe privation, because I am conscious that to those who have made high advances in Christian faith and practice, and who know how wretchedly small my own attainments are, it must appear presumptuous. But though there are seasons when I feel no small anxiety lest I should want wings to reach those seats of bliss to which I doubt not my dear Mrs. S—— has ascended, my trust in the pardoning mercy and infinite goodness of God in general prevails, and fills me with a confident hope that I shall soon be reunited with her in heaven. Much, I feel, must be first done in my heart; but God has the power, and I trust also the gracious will, to do it.

May Mrs. M. More and you, who can so much more reasonably draw consolation from the same copious source, be enabled effectually to do so.

I rejoice, not without surprise, that you are so capable still of another resource, of which also I know the value;—active public labours with your pen in the cause of God and man. I received some new and very well-timed fruits of them, for which I have delayed to return my thanks, because I have been weekly and almost daily in expectation of being able to send you at the same time a new publication of my own, of which I now enclose a copy. It is not with me as with yourself: my pen grows old, so also do my spirits; not in the way of gloom indeed, but of heaviness, and sleepiness, and dulness. My engagements to the press, therefore, are very tardily, as well as inadequately, performed. I am nevertheless likely to be always in the hands of the printers while I can write at all; for slavery will find work enough for my pen, as sin and sedition do for yours, until we go where truth will want no press, and charity no advocate.

With kindest respects and cordial best wishes for Mrs. M. More and yourself,

I am, my dear madam,
Very respectfully and
affectionately yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From the Rev. R. C. Whalley to Mrs. H. More.

Clifton, April 22.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have heard of the breach which it has pleased God to make in your little happy society at Barley Wood, and you will believe I feel for you most sincerely; indeed, I myself have lost a very kind friend, whose uniform attentions to me I cannot but remember with gratitude. You have a principle of submission to the will of God, and so well know the whole extent of that duty that I need not exhort you to it, nor present to you those topics of consolation under this affliction, or those

uses and improvements of it which are already so familiar to your mind. Indeed, my strength would hardly permit it just now if it *were* necessary. I myself am issuing from a hot furnace of trial, but not more so than was necessary for me, or too grievous to be endured, since my God and Saviour was evidently with me to strengthen me, and to assure me that not a hair of my head should perish. My confidence in the creed and principles I have professed and embraced are more than ever confirmed; and were an angel from heaven to produce any other gospel to me than that which I have received, I should reject it as spurious and unscriptural. God give us all strength to abide by him and *his plain Word*, and we may be sure he will ever abide by us, and never fail us or forsake us. May His power and grace support you, my dear friend, and your dear sister in this hour of need; and may you both believe me to be, what I really am, your most affectionate and sympathizing

Friend and servant,

R. C. WHALLEY.

Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

September 19, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sit down with the intention of repaying you in measure, if not in weight. I should have been uneasy about you had I not heard from several quarters (the last from Mr. Roberts) that you were looking stout. I trust that God may intend you for one other great work,—that of building up the new empire of Hayti on stable and Christian principles.

How can you be so barbarous as to talk of my writing for France, or for England, or for any thing? I have long since hung up my harp I did, to be sure, take it down in the spring, but it was then a *jews-harp*. Dire necessity, and the importunity of some great people, drove me to scribble about thirteen pieces, such as they were, in about six weeks. Pretty well for a septuagenary, I think.

Did I ever tell you I am in trade, and capable of being a bankrupt? The poor miners at Shipham, &c. have, I believe, experienced a distress nowhere else felt. Besides begging a considerable sum for them, I employed my own money in purchasing their ore. Seventy-five pounds were soon gone. I have now given security to government, jointly with six other persons, for 700*l.* more. These poor people, who have often not tasted food more than once in two days, have never uttered a word against Providence or government. A friend of mine called on one poor woman, who was nearly famished, and asked her how she bore up. "Madam," said she, "when I feel very faint I go up and pray two or three times a day, and I come down so *refreshed*." How many fare sumptuously *every* day, and never pray at all!

We are expecting Mr. and Mrs. Huber from Geneva; it is he who has so elegantly translated Cœlebs into French in Paris. I had a magnificent copy sent me, and a less splendid one of the German translation from Vienna. I have been much amused with the French reviews of Cœlebs, written with great gravity and friendliness. The one in the *Constitutionel* was by poor Madame de Staël, and evinced more candour than I deserved at her hands.

Adieu, my dear friend. Pray for one who greatly needs your prayers.

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Macauley.

Barley Wood, Nov. 21, 1817.

My dear Sir,

Your kind letters were really a great solace in the hour of our first dismay and affliction. Never did any national visitation feel so like a domestic calamity. I used scarcely to think of kings and queens as of my fellow-creatures, but really these blooming and now blasted royalties had entwined themselves about our hearts and affections, so as to excite an interest altogether new to one's feelings. This calamity is as wide as it is deep. We mourn the individual loss, the extinction of so much happiness in a region in which we have not been used to look for happiness. The circumstance you mention of the princess having had family prayer was confirmed to me by the Bishop of Salisbury, when he was lately here. How one wishes that the desolate survivor had the comfort and the benefit of some genuine Christian friends about him.

I have lately been called upon for a corrected copy for a new edition of Cœlebs (the fifteenth), and of Practical Piety (the eleventh). In spite of the dull task of reforming points and particles, I found the revisal, of the last especially, a salutary and mortifying employment. How easy it is to be good upon paper! I felt myself humbled even to a sense of hypocrisy, to observe (for I had forgotten the book) how very far short I had myself fallen of the habits and principles, and interior sanctity, which I had found it so easy to recommend to others. I hardly read a page which did not carry some reproach to my own heart. I frequently think of a line which Prior puts into the mouth of Solomon,—

"They brought my Proverbs to confute my life."

By-the-way, I wish in the very pleasing paper in the last Christian Observer, on "Sacred Poetry," the writer had mentioned that almost forgotten, but in my opinion beautiful, poem of Prior's Solomon.

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

November, 1817.

Time, though it has somewhat tranquillized our spirits, has not lightened the feeling of our irreparable loss. Whether we consider the bereaved prince or the country, the calamity is unspeakably great. A fond and happy, as well as a virtuous and devout, prince and princess sounded like a romance,—but the woful catastrophe has brought us back to the sadness of real history. Notwithstanding the delightful and truly Christian letter with which Mr. Inglis favoured me, I cannot help considering the event as a frowning Providence. Why do we slide so much from our daily and hourly dependence upon God? Why were no public prayers offered up for this sweet princess? Why was the abundant harvest (a blessing as unexpected as undeserved) never acknowledged—at least in our churches? Why are our rulers in the church so much less vigilant and active than those of the state? Why are our public recognitions of Divine mercy so much less frequent, as well as less fervent, than those of the northern states? I sometimes lay this flattering unction to my soul—that perhaps we feel more than we say, and they say more than they feel.

Dear Lady ——! I fear she will be a sacrifice to this hopeless case. I wish the doctors would let poor suffering creatures, when hope is extinguished, die in their own beds, and not imbitter their pains by the addition of wearisome journeys and inconvenient lodgings. How fortunate was your meeting!

Bristol quite rivals London both in grief of heart and in outward expression. Scarcely a dry eye in all the crowded churches on Wednesday. We sent all our servants in and outside of the carriage, that some of the family at least might be benefited by the sermon—at our own church there was none!

H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Gloucester Place, Feb. 17, 1818.

My dear Friend,

Your very kind and interesting letter came just at the time when I was going to send you my anniversary inquiry after your health and proceedings: it contains exactly what I like to have in a letter from a friend; and so far from requiring any apology for egotism, it would have been much less satisfactory if it had been more about any one else. My regard for you enables me to partake of your distress from the sickness and loss of your sister, and of your comfort in finding that your efforts to do good have not been confined to one country or people, but are already in operation through the frozen regions of the north. How glad I am to find that the

tremendous power of the press, whose terrible effects have in our time been felt so as to shake the nations, may, in your hands, be employed to smooth the rugged inhabitants of Iceland and Russia, and to diffuse the mild spirit of Christianity through the Polar Circle. Though the good which your writings in general, and particularly the "Hints to a Young Princess," had wrought upon the mind of her to whom we short-sighted mortals looked as our future queen, has been cut short by her lamented death; yet it must be a great source of comfortable reflection for you, that they were probably the means of preparing her spirit for the society to which we trust she is now united; and her reading them so near the great change she was to undergo seems to assure us that they were instrumental in fortifying her mind against the delusions of earthly pomp and grandeur. Who knows but that she may be the first to meet you in another world, and ascribe to you, under Providence, the reception she, as we hope, has met with there!

As I have now accomplished my seventy-eighth year, you will not be surprised when I tell you that my thoughts are daily employed upon the great change which must inevitably soon take place; nor do I find that the contemplation of it has had any bad effects on my spirits; not from any confidence arising from a retrospect of my past life, but from the hope that the same gracious Being who has bestowed so many great blessings upon me in this life will not withdraw his support and protection when I am entering upon another, but will comfort me while I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, not for any merits of mine, but for those of Him who is held out to us as a propitiation for our sins.

You found, I perceive, "the Sexagenarian" as dull as I did; but as one of our friends used to tell us that there was no book which did not contain something to remember, so was I perfectly rewarded for reading through *that* by Parson's incomparable dialogue between Miss Seward and Hagley; you recollect Lord Orford's similar instance of a dull book, in which a lover told his mistress that if he had as many lives as Plutarch, he would risk them all for her.

Upon receiving back your "Bas Bleu," which I had lent to Lady ——, she sent me a note, which I will transmit to you, as it bestows such an appropriate title upon you as that of a "*virtuous wit*." Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

W. W. Pepys.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

Barley Wood, April 7, 1818.

My dear Lady Tryphena,

Since I had the gratification of writing to you last, it has pleased God to remove to, I trust, a happier world, a third

sister; I have now but one remaining, who is a great invalid. These trials are sent in mercy to detach us from a world to which, with all its sufferings, we are apt to cling. As to myself, I have had a long space allowed me for preparation. God has dealt very mercifully with me, for I have, on the whole, better health than in the meridian of life. I am surrounded with comforts; and though I have lost so many who were very dear to me, I have the happiness of still possessing a great number of valuable friends. They are almost too good to me; for we see a great deal more company than you would think could find out this retired spot. Among other gratifying visiters in the winter were the chancellor of the exchequer and Miss Vansittart. The Bishop of Salisbury came to see us not long before the death of his lamented pupil. We little thought then what a calamity was hanging over our heads! It was an overwhelming event.

I had the favour lately to receive a letter, written in very good English, from the Russian Princess Metscherskey. She has translated into Russ, and published, many of my Cheap Repository Tracts, which, she says, are widely circulated, and much read. She seems to be a woman of very deep piety, and full of zeal for the moral and religious improvement of her benighted countrymen. I have been pleased to learn from a gentleman who has made the tour of Northern Europe, that he found "Cœlebs" and "Practical Piety" much read in Sweden, and the latter in Iceland. They had American editions. I was surprised to find that the English language is so popular among these northern people. You will forgive the egotism of my mentioning these circumstances. I shall rejoice to be favoured with a good report of the health of your ladyship and the other ladies; to whom I desire to present my affectionate respects. I shall never forget the kindness with which I was honoured by your noble family for a long series of years. If we do not meet again in this tumultuous world, may we meet in that of eternal rest and peace.

Adieu, my dear Lady Tryphena; believe me, with the sincerest regard, your ladyship's obliged and faithful

H. More.

CHAPTER VIII.

Among the numerous interesting characters who visited Barley Wood during this year, 1817, we have to mention Dr. Chalmers, whose name is associated with whatever belongs to the advancement of truth and the practical good of his country; Dr. Paterson, the Northern Bible missionary, who

had just returned from Russia; and Dr. Henderson, who had very recently accomplished a tour through the North of Europe in the same character. To learn from these last-mentioned gentlemen that the religion of the gospel of Christ was making, throughout the countries they had visited, a decided progress, was to Mrs. More a subject of great rejoicing; nor could it fail to awaken her gratitude to be told that her pen had been an instrument of good in those distant quarters. Dr. Henderson informed her, that in travelling through Sweden he had found an American edition of "Practical Piety" in many hands; and that in Iceland both that work and "Cœlebs" were likewise read with great apparent profit and general estimation. By Dr. Paterson she was informed that a Russian princess (the Princess Metscherskey) had actually accomplished the task of translating several of her tracts into her native language, which she was circulating, with a great number of others, with exemplary zeal. The account given by Dr. Paterson of this interesting lady deserves to be recorded. She was an edifying instance of the power of religion. The truth had found its way to her breast, by the operation of the great transforming agent (Mr. Pinkerton being the ostensible instrument), and had wrought its specific work by softening and reducing a character said to have been naturally haughty, to the low level to which high imaginations are cast down when the thoughts are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Dr. Paterson requested Mrs. More to present the princess, through his hands, with the three volumes of the "Repository Tracts," which was done; and in return Mrs. More received the following letter, which it would be a robbery to withhold from the readers of this work.

St. Petersburgh, Oct. 22, old style.

MADAM,

Though I am really unable to express my sentiments in English, and though having often tried in vain to do it, I have always been obliged to lay my pen aside, yet I cannot help, *I must write*, my heart desiring to show you my gratitude. My sincere admiration overcomes the shame I feel to address you, madam, in such an incorrect language, and forces me to tell you how much I was delighted at receiving the books you were so kind as to send me. I receive them, dear madam, as a new encouragement to translate part of them, as I have already done your "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," the "Wealthy Farmers," and "Charles the Footman," which are already read with great pleasure in my country. I am sorry indeed not to be capable of translating some of your other works, as the "Practical Piety," the "Christian Morals," &c. &c. But alas, madam! I am a very poor and weak translator; the little I do is all that I am able to do, and I thank daily our merciful heavenly Master for having permitted me to have

even this little share in his service, and in the important work in which you, madam, have such a distinguished part. Yet let the strong and the experienced be the helper and the guide of those who, though willing to do good, are, however, weak and ignorant. I love my Lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, in him alone do I trust; therefore I eagerly lay hold of the hand you stretched out to me, in his name, and for his sake; and laying aside every ceremony, and worldly politeness, I declare to you plainly that I love you in our Lord, and that you have made me quite happy with a few lines of your own handwriting in the book you sent me. I dare not ask, neither hope, for something more, but I entreat you, madam, to accept with indulgence these my broken, and I suppose half-unintelligible, sentences; they were written, I assure you, in the only intent of expressing the sincere love and the high regard with which I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

P. SOPHIA METSCHERSKEY.

P.S.—Could I write but a little better, I would with such a pleasure tell you how graciously and mercifully the Lord deals with my dear country; what rapid and wonderful progress his divine Word is making here, and how his divine love has prepared the hearts of our emperor, our princes, and our chiefs to be the nurses, and at the same time the humble disciples, of the saving word of life.

But I cannot, I fear. I must adore his bounty in silence. Dear and most honoured madam, join your prayers to ours that the great work may prosper here, as it does in your country, and that at the end we may meet you in joyful songs there where we will all be one, united in our Lord and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Among the variety of testimonies to the success which had attended the labours of Hannah More in distant parts of the world, there could have happened none more agreeable to her feelings than that which was conveyed to her in the summer of 1818, in a letter from the late Chief-justice of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, a name enrolled among those happy victors whose laurels have been watered by no widow's tears, but are fresh with the dew of the blessing which humanity invokes upon those who bring it to the knowledge of its hope and its inheritance, from the depths of ignorance and superstition. Those who are interested in the conversion of the heathen must remember with gratitude the support which this Christian judge afforded to the missionary cause during his residence in the island. Sir A. Johnstone's letter informed her that he had caused many of her tracts, and other parts of her works, to be translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, and that they were read with pleasure and avidity by the natives; confirming the account by a beautiful speci-

men of a Cingalese translation of the drama of "Moses in the Bulrushes," written on the Palmyra leaf, and enclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted.

She was afterward informed by the chief-justice that a translation of several parts of her "Essay on St. Paul" was in progress, towards which the attention of the natives would, he doubted not, be much excited, as the New Testament in their own language had now been for some time in their hands. The share which Sir A. Johnstone had in effecting the gradual abolition of slavery in the island is a circumstance with which the reader is probably well acquainted. As a step towards the consummation of this most desirable object, it was enacted that every child which should be born after the 12th of August, 1816, should be free; and it was at the same time resolved, that the anniversary of this triumph of benevolence and justice should be celebrated among the natives by a grateful commemoration. Mrs. H. More was requested to furnish an appropriate ballad for the occasion. She complied, and produced a little poetical dialogue, which she called the "Feast of Freedom," and which, by its dramatic form, was well suited to the habits and tastes of the people of the island. It will be found in the second volume of the last edition of Mrs More's works, published by Mr. Cadell. A few stanzas of the poem will serve as a specimen of its spirit and purpose.

SABAT—*holding out the Bible.*

This is the boon which England sends,
  It breaks the chain of sin;
Oh blest exchange for fragrant groves!
  Oh barter most divine!

It yields a trade of noblest gain,
  Which other trades may miss:
A few short years of care and pain,
  For endless, perfect bliss.

This shows us freedom how to use,
  To love our daily labour;
Forbids our time in sloth to lose,
  Or riot with our neighbour.

Then let our masters gladly find
  A free man works the faster;
Who serves his God with heart and mind
  Will better serve his master.

Two priests of the country had worked their passage to England in the same ship with Sir Alexander, and to them he committed Mrs. More's lines for translation into the Cingalese.

I shall here introduce the letters relating to the transactions in the island of Ceylon, which were so successfully carried on

under the auspices of Sir Alexander Johnstone, in a consecutive series, notwithstanding the distance between their dates, in order that the subject may not be broken.

Part of a letter from Sir Alexander Johnstone to Mrs. H. More.

29 Park-street, Grosvenor Square, Aug. 19, 1819.

My dear Madam,

Mr. Butterworth having been strongly impressed with the idea of the essential benefit which the cause of religion and humanity would derive throughout Asia from the circulation among the natives of Ceylon of your very beautiful little poem on the Abolition of Domestic Slavery in that island, has had several copies of it printed, for the purpose of distribution. May I take the liberty of requesting your acceptance of some of them, and of a translation into the Eloo (the sanscrit of Ceylon) which the Budhoo priests who came to England with me have made of that poem? Lithographic copies of the latter will be received by the natives with delight. I know from experience how much they will be flattered by this proof that you have thought their situation worthy of your notice. I have the honour to be, with the most sincere respect and esteem,

My dear madam,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

Alexander Johnstone.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir Alexander Johnstone.

Barley Wood, Aug. 24, 1819.

My dear Sir,

I always feel myself particularly honoured by every attention of yours, and you must allow me to return you my best thanks for your very obliging letter, and the little printed enclosures with the pretty apt embellishments. I shall keep the Cingalese transcript as an interesting addition to your former favours of that kind. Had I suspected that these slovenly verses would ever have been printed in English, I should have endeavoured to make them less unworthy of the honour you have done them.

I cordially hope that Lady Johnstone's health will receive all the improvement you can desire from change of climate. I beg leave to present my best respects to her ladyship. Though you remain in England, I am persuaded you will never neglect any occasion which may offer of increasing the obligations your poor Asiatic islanders already owe you. I trust they will teach their children never to forget to whose zeal and abilities they are indebted for their being born free; I have only to wish that your successor may inherit your desire of making them *Christians*.

My American correspondents give me frequent reports of the growth of religion, and the increase of religious institutions, throughout that vast continent; and I have recent accounts of provinces which have been hitherto very backward in all their improvements, from the Bishop of Maryland, who sends me a most favourable detail of the general progress throughout his diocess. He speaks of the prosperity of the Episcopal church in the United States, where they have now nine bishops.

I know not whether I ever took the liberty to present to your elder children my "Hints for the Education of a Young Princess;" if I have not, will you have the goodness to desire Mr. Hatchard to send you a copy from the author, which I shall beg them to accept. Please to mention the third edition, as I have just added at the beginning a sketch of the character of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; which, not being advertised, is not yet known.

You give us much pleasure in the hope you hold out that your stay in England may at some time procure us the honour of a visit.

With my sister's best respects, I have the honour to be,

My dear sir,

Your very faithful and obliged

H. More.

The editor has been favoured with the following pleasing account of this happy event for the island of Ceylon:—

Dramatic representations have been in use from time immemorial among the Hindoos in India, as the medium of communicating all moral, religious, and political ideas to the people of the country. The Jesuits, being aware of the circumstance, made use, while their order existed in India, of dramatic representations for the purpose of making known to the natives of the country the historical parts of the Old and New Testaments, and the principal characters mentioned in the Bible. To avail himself of this plan for circulating Christian morals among the natives of Ceylon, Sir A. Johnstone caused a translation to be made of the Sacred Dramas of Mrs. Hannah More, for the purpose of being represented among the different classes of natives in the island; and on his return to England in 1819, having communicated what he had done to Mrs. H. More, got her, upon his suggestion, to sketch out a plan of various dramas, which she intended, had her health and leisure permitted, to write, with a view to their being translated into the languages of Ceylon, and represented there, for the purpose of making the natives familiar with such religious, moral, and political opinions as were suited to their understanding, and to the circumstances of the country.

It was conceived that the writings of Mrs. H. More were the more likely to have a powerful effect among the natives

of India, as the author of the most popular moral work in circulation among them, was a female philosopher called Aoyar, who lived in the southern peninsula of India, about the eighth or ninth century.

The Dutch settlements in Ceylon having capitulated to the British arms in 1796, the right of every description of private property was guarantied to all the inhabitants; and according to this guarantee, the inhabitants of all descriptions conceived that their right to their domestic slaves was fully acknowledged, and that the British government was not authorized to make any law for liberating them or their descendants; and when Sir Alexander Johnstone adopted measures for gradually putting an end to slavery in Ceylon, he found it impossible to get the Dutch and other slaveholders to acquiesce in any proceedings which modified the right so guarantied to them.

But Sir Alexander having, while he was in England, obtained for all the inhabitants of Ceylon, natives as well as Europeans, the right of sitting upon juries, and being tried by juries of their own countrymen in all criminal cases, and various other valuable privileges, they, out of gratitude to him for the benefits which he had conferred upon them, came to a resolution in 1816, that all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August in that year should be considered as born free, and should be maintained and educated by the proprietors of their parents until they had attained the age of fourteen.

By way of publicly commemorating this event every year, and in order that the government might be certain that all those children who were born free under this resolution enjoyed their freedom, and that the spirit which originally led to the resolution of 1816 might be cherished and kept up among the inhabitants, Sir Alexander fixed upon the 12th of August every year as the day upon which the supreme court of judicature in Ceylon should inquire into the subject, and the slaves themselves throughout the island should have a holyday. Having mentioned the subject to Mrs. More, she wrote a copy of verses, to be sung upon the occasion by all the slaves who were present, which was translated into Cingalese by the two Budhoo priests who had been brought to England by Sir Alexander for the purpose of being educated, and were then residing with the late Dr. Adam Clarke, near Liverpool, who had undertaken their instruction. The verses were set to music by Charles Wesley, the celebrated composer.

From Sir Alexander Johnstone to Mrs. H. More.

19 *Great Cumberland-street, Oct.* 5, 1827.

My dear Madam,

As your most popular and delightful little poem, "The Feast of Freedom," is so intimately connected in the hearts and minds of the natives of the island of Ceylon with the introduction

of the trial by jury among them, and the complete abolition of slavery of every description in that island, it occurs to me that you may wish to be in possession of an authentic account of these two measures, the influence of which, from circumstances which I shall afterward mention to you, is not likely to be confined to the island of Ceylon, but must be extended to every part of India.

I have therefore the pleasure to send you, and beg your acceptance of, a copy of the Asiatic Journal for last June, and a copy of the eleventh report of the proceedings of the African Institution. The first contains a very detailed account of the objects I had in view, in extending and securing under the great seal of England all the rights of Englishmen in Europe to the native inhabitants of the British possessions in India, and of the effects which the enjoyment and the free exercise of those rights for the last fifteen or sixteen years have had upon the moral and political character of the natives of Ceylon. The second contains an equally detailed account of the different measures by which I gradually led the slave proprietors on the island of Ceylon to come to a unanimous declaration in the supreme court of that island, that all children whatever, born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816, should be free; and thereby put an end altogether to the state of slavery which had prevailed in that island for three centuries.

In consequence of a letter which at his request I wrote in May, 1825, to the President of the Board of Control, a copy of which letter is given in the Asiatic Journal of June last, steps are about to be adopted in every part of the East India Company's possessions in India, for extending to all the native inhabitants in those possessions the same rights and the same privilege of sitting upon juries, which were extended by me in 1811 to the native inhabitants of the island of Ceylon; which measures must eventually lead in India, as they have already led in Ceylon, to the complete abolition of slavery throughout that immense empire. Under these circumstances, it is my intention to have translations of your poem made into the different languages which are the most prevalent in Asia, in order that the ideas of religion and those of freedom may be inseparably associated in the minds and hearts of all those natives of India who may now or hereafter participate in the benefits to which I have just alluded.

I hope, when I have the good fortune to see you, to have the pleasure of showing and explaining to you a very interesting engraving which was published some years ago by W. Bennet, an artist who is now, I believe, in America. It was made from a very fine picture of Mr. Stephanoff's, which was taken from a very well-done and curious drawing, executed by a young half-cast man at Colombo, of the supreme court in that island, at the time of a very celebrated trial which took place soon after the introduction of trial by jury among the natives of

Ceylon. It is peculiarly interesting, from its affording not only a correct idea of the Cingalese prisoners who were tried, and of the chiefs who happened to sit upon the jury during that time, but also very exact portraits of all the natives, both male and female, who were distinguished for their zeal in carrying into effect the measures relative to the introduction of jury trial, and the emancipation of slave children among their countrymen.

The affecting circumstance of the slave children and their mothers attending in the supreme court, to hear their proprietors record, in public court, their resolution to liberate the children of their slaves, is remarkably well described, and the whole costume of the people of all the different sorts of religions in Ceylon is extremely correct. I am told that the engraving, in consequence of the demand for it, is at present become scarce.

Believe me, with a thousand apologies for overwhelming you with so long a letter,

My dear madam,
Your very sincere and obliged servant,
ALEX. JOHNSTONE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Charles Wesley.

Barley Wood, Nov. 20, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of returning you my thanks for your very skilful and kind contribution of music to the "Feast of Freedom." All the connoisseurs agree in saying it is excellent. This evening we have a little concert of your providing in my room. Some friends who have fine voices and good taste are staying with me, and the piano-forte is to be brought up-stairs, that I may enjoy the treat. I only wish the poetry was as good as the music. Pray present my most respectful regards to Sir A. Johnstone; I should have written to thank him for his kindness, but have a complaint in my eyes which has prevented me.

Remember me kindly to your good sister, and believe me,
Your very grateful and obliged
H. MORE.

We now return to the year 1818, which was as prolific as any of the former years in interesting introductions to Hannah More. Soon after Sir A. Johnstone, with his Cingalese credentials, had finished his diplomacy at Barley Wood, it was the turn of Persia to be represented at that court, in the persons of two noblemen, who, having come to this country with a view to the acquisition of the English language, and an acquaintance with the arts and sciences in which Britain had the fame of superiority, presented themselves at her residence,

and were admitted with the respect due to the dignity of their rank and commission. We would not speak with hyperbole of any distinguished individual, or of the circumstances surrounding them, but it surely was no vulgar case, that, in the same year, the priests of Budhoo were occupied in giving a Cingalese dress to some of the productions of that pen which, by its powerful attraction, had drawn to her residence two noble travellers from Persia, and brought a letter of affectionate homage from a Muscovite princess. Mrs. More presented her new Persian friends with her work on *Practical Piety*, which they declared they would translate into their language immediately on their return home, and that it should be the first work which should bring into exercise the knowledge they had acquired of the art of printing, and employ the printing-press which they were carrying back into their own country. They replied to an interrogatory of Mrs. H. More's, respecting their acquaintance with the sacred volume, that they had read both the Old and New Testaments, and that they preferred the books of Isaiah and Job to any other part. "Then," replied she, "I presume you feel a reverence for that person whose coming is especially predicted in both of these books," to which they gave a decided assent.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

September 26, 1818.

My dear Sir,

My friendship for Mrs. La Touche and yourself is by the length of time, the convictions of my understanding, and the affections of my heart, become so established, so much a part of myself, that it would be incapable of declension even without any overt act on the part of either of you. So agreeable a *flapper* as your kind letter was, however, such a quickener of my feelings, that it was matter of no small regret that I have been till now physically incapable of answering it. About three weeks ago, my sister and myself were each suddenly seized with a violent attack of fever, from which we are, through the mercy of God, recovering, though very gradually. We are still confined to our chambers, and are not allowed to see any one. I believe my own illness was partly caused by too great excitement, from an influx of company, chiefly strangers, but sent recommended by friends.

You will not be sorry to hear that the last work our lamented princess read during her pupilage (as her preceptor the bishop himself told me), and the last she read before her death, was the one written expressly for her, in which you took so kind an interest. It was very kind and condescending in the bishop to say that he considered "The Hints" as rather intended for the teacher than the pupil, and had availed himself of them accordingly. I should not mention this but to you,

who will be pleased to hear that the book, as to her, was not written altogether in vain.

I remember that my dear old friend Dr. Johnson once asked me, "What was the greatest compliment you could pay to an author?" I replied, "To quote him."—"Thou art right, my child," said he. Now, your remembering and citing two passages from poor unworthy me, at the distance of twenty years, did really gratify me.

I wish I could show Mrs. L—— a very curious present I have just received from Sir Alexander Johnstone, the Chief-justice of Ceylon; it is one of my "Sacred Dramas" written upon palm-leaves, in the Cingalese language, the cover most beautifully painted and enriched. He writes me that the "Essay on St. Paul," &c. &c. is translated and about to be published in the Tamul and Cingalese, partly on paper, partly on palm-leaves, and that he proposes to publish most of my writings in all such of the country languages as are generally understood throughout India. Forgive this egotism.

I agree with you, my dear sir, that the Epistle of St. James has left a subject for a fine practical commentary. Why don't you take it up yourself? It is worthy of you, and would be peculiarly in your own way. You would not only treat it morally, but holily. I want to see St. Peter also taken up in a new way. It may sound odd to use that term, but I cannot help calling his a character almost dramatic; his warm affections, his undoubting confidence, his repeated falls, his fervid repentance, the forwardness of his feelings, the failure of his resolutions, the inconceivably piercing look cast upon him by his Divine Master, the consolatory message, not sent to the beloved John, but to the swearing, protesting *denier*, the "Go, tell Peter!" How touching are all these particulars! When I was very young, and learning Spanish, I translated a little poem, called "Las Lagrimas de San Pedro." I have lost the translation, and know not where I found the original.

Dear Mr. Jebb kindly sent me his valuable Dublin Sermon; but continual interruptions, and the dry and insipid task of converting commas into colons, and turning topsy-turvy letters upright, through (I blush to say it) eighteen volumes, for a new general edition, has made me very deficient in the pleasant duties of friendship. We were delighted with a short visit from him and his very interesting friend Forster, who revived a little my long-forgotten delight in the Tuscan muse.

When you see my favourite Robert Daly, assure him of my kind remembrance. I had a message from Judge Daly and his nieces, declaring an intention to visit us, before my illness, but I have not yet seen them.

I say the less about —— because I trust she will go halves in this ill-written scrawl. As long as I shall remember any thing, I shall remember her virtues and her kindness; I shall

love her general goodness and her particular goodness to me. I cannot say all I think *of* and feel *for* her.

Adieu, my dear sir; with my sister's best regards, believe me ever,

Your faithful and obliged
H. More.

P.S.—I venture to send you an epitaph, written for the daughter of a dear friend, though it is not worth your reading: but Mrs. L—— will tolerate it; it is meant for her.

EPITAPH ON MISS G——.

(AGED EIGHTEEN.)

So fair, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear.
Yet mourn not if the life resum'd by heaven
Was spent to every end for which 'twas giv'n:
The part assign'd if she essay'd to fill,
If she obey'd her heavenly Father's will,
If humble trust in her Redeemer's love
Matur'd her early for the courts above,
Could she too soon escape a world of sin?
Or could eternal bliss too soon begin?
Then cease her death too fondly to deplore;
What could the longest life have added more?

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, 1818.

My dear Friend,

Your very kind, *too* kind letter was brought me while at dinner with Mr. Inglis and his family: with him I had the satisfaction to converse on your subject.

And now what shall I say to *you* for the instance you are giving of your Christian philanthropy? I cheerfully and thankfully accept the offer of your munificent bounty, which will very greatly enlarge my sphere of usefulness at the approaching dreary but joyful season, when He "who for our sakes became poor, that we through him might become rich," visited this our world, and left us his divine example, that we should in our low measure and degree (as occasions are put into our power) administer to the bodily and spiritual wants of our fellow-creatures.

I have been in the habit of giving a small assistance to the orphan sons of two deceased friends, youths of great merit, but slender means, who are just now (with a little help from friends) gone to college, and are in want of books. I hope you will not think it a departure from your benevolent intentions, if I expend a very few pounds in proper books for them; I have done it for several years, and can now, through your bounty, make a small addition to this year's gift. One of them was

son of an officer, the other of a clergyman, whose library was sold; both of distinguished worth. I only give about five pounds' worth.

You will have the goodness to order your generous benefaction to be paid at Messrs. Pole, Thornton, and Co.'s bank, with directions to send it to Messrs. Wright and Co., bankers, in Bristol, for me. You will cause many a widow's heart to sing for joy,—melody which will reach higher than that of Catalani or Miss Stephens.

I thank God, that through his mercy I am nearly restored to my usual moderate state of health, and should be much better if I could contrive to see less company. Since my recovery, however, I have seen several interesting strangers, from whom one gets surer information than from books: yesterday, Sir Nicholas Trant and his daughter, the former just returned from the Brazils, and from much conference with the king, of whose natural understanding he speaks well, but he is very ignorant. I have had more intercourse with Sir Alexander Johnstone, Chief-justice at Ceylon, and have been writing some verses (which are worthy of the bellman), and which are translating into the Cingalese, by two priests he brought over here, to celebrate an annual festival in Ceylon, on the Abolition of Slavery for all who are born since the year 1816.

We had a few days ago a visit from the two interesting and very sensible Persians, who have been studying the literature, arts, and sciences of this country, and are returning home with great acquisitions of knowledge. I never saw any Asiatics before who had energy, spirit, or curiosity; these are all alive. In my garden is an urn to the memory of Locke, who was born in our village; when they saw it, they exclaimed in rapture, "What! Locke the metaphysician!" They go to our different places of worship, attend Bible and other public meetings, and seem to have fewer prejudices against Christianity than you would suppose. They particularly admire Job and Isaiah, and those parts of the Old Testament which have most orientalism. Their figures and costume are striking, their manners very genteel. I was amused to see the Mahometans drink a little wine. The most literary of the two wished to have something of mine as a memento. I gave him "Practical Piety," which he said he would translate when he got home. Here, you will say, is sufficient egotism.

This has been written some days, but the illness of my sister has hindered my finishing it.

Accept my most cordial wishes that you and your beloved family may enjoy all the benefits and consolations of the gracious and hallowed season we are about to commemorate.

With my best regards to Lady Pepys,

I remain, my dear Sir William,

Your ever faithful and obliged friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1818.

My dear Friends,

This suspension of franks makes me watch for the chance of a conveyance by a private hand, though I fear I shall not have time to be as *tedious* as I could wish. Many thanks for your *joint*, long, interesting letter; it was just the sort I like, full of pleasant details about the things and persons I care for. Mr. H.'s report of petrified episcopacy was quite graphical, so that methinks I see them. I send a slip of paper to be pasted in the tracts for Mrs. Fry, if you approve it. That wise and active disciple of her great Master always puts me in mind of Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree, and if I were a painter I would desire her to sit for that portrait. Thanks for my work-bag, which is really pretty enough to be produced in its proper office in company. We are at present in the luxury of making hay, and in the terror of having it spoiled by the rain for which all the rest of the world is crying out. I do wish you could see our roses, they are so profuse that the whole interior of the treillage looks in a state of inflammation —quite a scarlet fever.

Mr. Huber's critique on Madame de Staël will be a good preliminary discourse for me before my perusing the work; which I hope to do at some time more leisurely than the present. Our house has been a scene of perpetual interruptions by visits from strangers, whom, by bringing letters from friends, we cannot well refuse; but it encroaches sadly on my short remnant of time. We give no invitations, and return no visits, so that we cannot well be more royal; unless, indeed, I could escape answering letters: I mean those of unknown correspondents; those of friends are really refreshing. When I said I make no visits, I must except last Wednesday, when we attended the wedding of Miss Janeway at that pretty place where I took you one morning. The bridegroom, an old friend also, a clergyman of talents, piety, and fortune; but, alas! like all the rest of the world, they set out immediately for the Continent!

I have just received a pamphlet sent me from Sir John Sinclair, with an earnest wish to have my opinion upon it. It was written by a daughter of his, and printed within a fortnight of her death. It is deeply serious, well written, with elevated views of Christian doctrine; the whole highly practical. It will cost you but about a shilling, and may be read in less than an hour. I would have you get it. It is a letter to her young sisters, and I hope may be useful beyond the limits of her own family. One or two phrases only some may think too Calvinistic, but you must excuse this in a Scotch education.

We are under deep concern at the death of our valuable neighbour Mr. H—— A——. His long and severe illness I

earnestly hope may have been sanctified to him. As a man of taste and literature, as a kind friend and agreeable neighbour, he was most pleasant—as my coadjutor in some late trying circumstances among the distressed miners of our villages, most useful. His afflicted brother, who appears to have been most tenderly attached to him, has almost lived on the road, not daring to remain with him, I suppose on account of the dreaded turbulence of the Westminster election. Poor Mr. Addington has been much upon my mind for the last few weeks. He received the information of his approaching death with great resignation, and said it was no news to him. May we all be prepared to meet our God! He was many years younger than I, with better health; yet he is taken, and I spared!

Mr. Huber will congratulate us that the Bristol election is likely to close to-morrow; both our old friends returned. What perjury, drunkenness, and vice are thus prevented!

I would recommend to you two *little* books, "Bishop Duppa's Helps to Devotion," and "Baxteriana," abridged from the invaluable works of Baxter, by Arthur Young. It is pleasant to see these two fathers of British agriculture, Young and Sinclair, now as zealous for the improvement of *souls* as they formerly were for that of *land*.

I wish Lady Lucy B——'s parties may do all the good I am sure she intends. She is a charming woman in person and mind. But I doubt whether such large assemblies for the professed purpose of religious conversation may not be liable to more objections from worldly people than will be counteracted by the actual good received from the interlocutors. I am not, however, sure of this, and should be cautious of giving an opinion on a plan so evidently intended for the promotion of piety.

My kindest regards to Mr. Huber. His narrative has brought me intimately acquainted with Mons. Pictet. With all his talents, I hope the young man he has brought over will turn out to be the son of his mother, rather than the grandson of his grandfather. Talents are a fine thing when they are not the best thing a man has; but when put in the balance with Christian principle, they kick the beam. This truth perhaps will not be generally felt or acknowledged in this world; but if not confessed on a dying bed, it will be loudly proclaimed at the day of judgment; to many the "great day of dread, decision, and despair."

I fear that the general distraction of the approaching septennial bustle is not the most favourable time for advertising "Cœlebs." Few advertisements, I suspect, will be much attended to, but those "To the Worthy and Independent Electors," &c. &c.

I am liberal enough to be glad you have seen so much of dear Mr. Wilberforce, though it is a privilege which I have put out of my own power to enjoy. My long voluntary seques-

tration has robbed me of much that is great and good in society; but I thought it right that there should be an interval (mine has happily been a long one) between the world and the grave. Mr. —— is a blessing to the age by his independent, impartial, and sober conduct in the promotion of genuine religion in his valuable periodical publication.

Are you thinking of Geneva? Not, I hope, for your ultimate home.

Present my kindest respects to Miss Vansittart.

My health is just now pretty good, better than I have a right to expect, and much better than I deserve. My sister's moderate, but not worse.

With our joint regards to Mr. H., I am ever,

My dear friend,

Yours sincerely,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, July 16, 1818.

And so, my dear friends, you are actually about to quit old England. I am glad, however, you have not lost your affection for it, but propose to return. I think it a wise determination; for I am somewhat of the opinion of old John Wesley, who in a sermon, not long before he died, after saying what great sinners we were, and how we abused our mercies, and what punishments England deserved for her sins, cried out in a familiar tone, "But we are the best people in the world for all that." It appears to me that the two classes of characters are more decided than they were; the wicked seem more wicked, and the good better. The best, however, have need enough for watchfulness and humility. These appear to me to be the two characteristics of the decided Christian. *Watch and pray* are two monosyllables which easily slip off the tongue, and yet they contain the great rule of Christianity as given by its great Author. I am glad Mrs. F—— liked her present. Her exertions have struck me forcibly as a proof how the Almighty chooses his instruments,—such, perhaps, as our short-sighted wisdom would not have selected. None but a woman, and none but a Quaker woman, *could* have ventured, or if venturing, could have succeeded. Their habits of public speaking have taken away that fear of men which would have intimidated one of *us*, even if we had more zeal and piety than are commonly found among us: besides which, they are aided by their practical conviction that the Spirit instantaneously suggests what they shall say. Again, had you or I, or any churchwoman, possessed the heroic piety of Mrs. ——, what a cry would have been raised against us. "Enthusiast and fanatic" would have been the human reward of our endeavours. Not all the sobriety of mind and soundness of judgment which

this good lady has shown would have been of any avail in *our* case. So you see how God fits the instrument to the work!

Our afflicted friends Sir Edward and Lady Hartopp weep again for another family loss. Mr. Adderley, the valuable husband of one of their surviving daughters, is dead of a ruptured blood-vessel. They were to have been with us at a grand rustic fête we gave a few days ago, after the Wrington Bible Meeting. Their absence was kindly though very inadequately supplied by a most sumptuous dessert from Leicestershire.

My sister has been much better; but we ventured to undertake another fatiguing operation too soon after the former: we visited two of our schools (twenty miles out and home) on Sunday, and taught near four hundred children. She has been quite laid up since, and I suffer from the excessive heat.

Let me hear from you before you depart home. My wishes and prayers will attend you both, that you may enjoy health, prosperity, and all earthly comforts, as far as they may be good for your eternal interests. I hope we may meet again in this world,—if not, may we meet where there are no sins nor seas to separate; where no enemy shall come in, and no friend go out. To this great end may we daily grow in grace, and in the love and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

If you see dear Mr. Owen, thank him for his kind and interesting letter.

I am, my dear friends,
Yours very faithfully,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Macauley.

1818.

My dear Sir,

It is a good while since you and I have had any intercourse, except in that communion which is a sort of invisible intercourse among believers. We are, blessed be God, getting on, but still keeping our room for the fourth week, and every two or three days have a sort of fresh attack, though milder. On Sunday I was very ill; we persist in keeping profoundly quiet. P. is much shattered, yet a day or two of ease sets up her spirits.

I suppose —— is now just entering on his new career. He has my cordial prayers. I compare the sending a boy to a public school or college to the act of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born children into the sea; the greater part of course were drowned, but the few who escaped with life were uncommonly strong and vigorous.

I have been regretting, foolishly enough, that some of my earliest and dearest friends did not live to promote and rejoice in the wonderful prosperity of such of our religious institutions as each particularly delighted in. Dean Tucker, Dr. Ken-

nicott, and Bishop Horne would have been among the most zealous supporters of the conversion of the Jews, as Dr. Johnson would of the slave abolition, and the Bible and Missionary Societies. Bishop Porteus would have rejoiced in the prosperity of all, as would dear Venn and H. Thornton. To descend to so poor a thing as myself, and my writings, the gratification I feel in that measure of success which it has pleased God to grant unworthy me, when so many abler and better persons have been neglected, is much diminished by the loss of all the above named, and many others, who would have taken a warmer interest in what concerned me than it deserved, and that from partial kindness. But all this is necessary, and salutary, and right.

We have many substantial comforts. Two of our first scholars at Cheddar, whom we taught their letters thirty years ago, died last week. They became remarkably pious at fourteen years old. I went to see them just before I was taken ill. One of them had prospered in life, and married another of our pious school-boys, who became afterward a good tradesman. I never attended a more edifying dying bed. With ulcerated lungs and inflammation on the liver, she discovered something more than resignation: it was a sort of humble grateful triumph; she was obliged to pray against impatience for death, so ardent was her desire to be with her Saviour. Oh, how I envied her! there was no heated imagination; she was happy on good grounds. I write this for your children.

My friend Lysons has sent me his *Abridgment of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons;* he has left out the Greek and Latin, and the classical allusions; but I fear he has not improved the spirituality. He seems to have used the knife too much. Those three glorious sermons on Christ's second advent he has reduced to one short one.

Yours ever, my dear friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

1818.

My very dear Friends,

I do really think that Thursday's and Saturday's carriers brought nearly thirty pamphlets, tracts, and reports. Alas! I shall never find time even to read their titles; among others, *three thick volumes* from Mrs. ——. Life is short, and books are long; and of reading, as well as writing many books, there is no end! I was rewarded, however, the same day, by an agreeable letter from Sir W. Pepys; it was very rich in pious sentiments. As a proof that he mixes works with his faith, he enclosed a handsome gift for our poor. On Monday we had ordered dinner early, that we might have the afternoon for Shipham affairs. Just as we were sitting down, arrived a car-

riage full of company, and most of them strangers. As our object in going out, however, was to learn from good Mr. Perry the result of a justice meeting at Langford, which had promised to look into the grievances of Shipham, &c., I took courage, and after dinner told the company that we were under the necessity of hurrying away at five o'clock; off we went, leaving them to the full enjoyment of their tea and coffee, and the roses and the honeysuckles. Something, though very little, was done for the poor miners. It was pay-day at their club a few days since, and nearly every woman in both parishes was in arrear eighteen pence or two shillings; non-payment was final exclusion, and exclusion total ruin; so by begging, borrowing, and giving, we cleared off their debts. Mr. Boak, who was so kind as to represent us at Cheddar Club Feast, gave us last night a delightful report; it was a happy day to a hungry, but clean and well-behaved party of a hundred and fifty, and twelve new members had the *honour of a sitting*.

I have just received a letter from the Religious Tract Society at Paris; they express themselves anxiously desirous of printing my tracts, not for the poor, but in an elegant form, and write to ask my advice and assistance; they keep the thing at present a profound secret, as it is a nice thing to manage, on account of *papistry*. I have so many more things required of me in a variety of ways than I am equal to, that I have proof enough that this is not my rest. I want to keep silence even from *good* words. Think over the tract business, and suggest what occurs—which would you recommend? What think you of advising some chapters of Practical Piety, &c. to be printed separately, or two or three together? I am called down to company. I cannot conclude with a better finale than that of the Apostle, "I commend you to God, and the word of his grace."

Ever yours, most affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.*

1818.

My dear Sir,

Few things could have gratified me more than your very kind letter, more especially as it announced the promise of the only thing better than a letter, a visit from you. Most delighted indeed shall we be to see you here; but as every thing in this world that is pleasant is short, we lament that you will be able to stay so little a while. "Half a loaf," however, as I have very logically proved, "is better than no bread;" we shall therefore expect to see you, if it so pleases the Disposer of all events, on Monday evening, the 14th of June; that is, if you have not worked yourself to death before.

* Now Bishop of Calcutta.

Our eyes and hearts too were brimful of the *sainte semaine* in London. If the reading of the prosperous state of all these blessed institutions is so exhilarating, what must it be to witness them! These have been pleasures out of my reach, but my interest in them is not lessened by the want of personal participation. I shall pity you when you come, you will be so teased and tired by questions; but it is among my follies that I am so animated by the sight of a friend long desired, and from whom I intend to get all manner of information, that from mere excitement I do nothing but talk, when I had resolved to do nothing but listen.

I hope your beloved family are quite well, especially the little invalid.

My poor sister is always a great sufferer; my health is rather better than usual, I bless God, except that I sleep wretchedly; but if I have "wearisome nights," I know that they are "appointed me."

Adieu, my dear sir; do not forget sometimes to pray for

Your very obliged and faithful

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

Barley Wood, 1818.

My dear Sir,

If my friends judge of my feelings by the punctuality of my correspondence, they will not take a fair estimate of them. The misfortune (to myself at least) is, that most of my letters go to persons whom I have never seen, and most of my days are taken up by visiters whom I do not know. Time is passing away, and I am passing away with it; but as these incessant interruptions are chosen *for* me, and not *by* me, I bear them as well as I can, though I extremely regret that I have so little time for reading and thinking. Bad nights, however, help me out very much in the latter article.

Your very interesting and affecting letter deserved to be acknowledged; I am sure it was felt, and truly do we sympathize with you and the sorrowing mother in witnessing the sufferings of this dear babe. Poor fallen nature! "We seem to sigh ere we have learned to sin." I wish I could hope she was relieved, or—forgive me if I say—released: certainty is surely less terrible than this living death.

I must add the following to your anecdotes of a Parisian life. A lady who very properly attended her husband to France, who went in an official character, soon after her arrival wrote to a friend how very painful every thing she saw and heard was to her; the levity, the round of pleasure, the desecration of the Sabbath;—in short, the whole frivolous and vicious routine: her life was such that she longed to return home. About a year after, they were recalled to London. Before her

departure, she wrote to the same friend that she was grieved to be forced to quit a place so truly delightful, and that she should not leave without the deepest regret those amiable people whom, perhaps, she might see no more! This very lady had frequently said, that English women were held in such abhorrence by the Parisians that she was obliged to dress like a French woman to escape insult. So it is when we cultivate familiarity with sin.

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Though it is expecting a rare union of opposite qualities, I hope our friend C——'s work will be at once powerful and prudent.

We had four gentlemen here last week, lately from Rome: all reported the pope's disappointment in the high opinion he had formed of English ladies; they were quite sunk in his esteem.

Your notion, that the doctrine of the association of ideas might be turned to a religious account, I highly approve. It is a fertile subject, and less hackneyed than many others. You do not want any such notices as I could give, even were my mind more disengaged than it is. I have got an old book on "The Government of the Thoughts," by a Dean Fullier. I have not looked into it these thirty years, but if I remember right, there was some good matter in it. I wish I could convey it to you. Suppose you come and fetch it, and advocate the *great cause* at our Bible Anniversary, the 9th of July. I might then have, what I never have had, the privilege of hearing you speak at a public meeting.

Your very faithful friend,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood.

My dear Sir,

The Bishop of Gloucester has told me of your most touching affliction. I cannot forbear offering you my true sympathy, though it is worth nothing. These things show us the impotence of human friendship, that it can *only* sympathize. But, oh! the thought that she is safe, that she is now one of the blessed number that surround the throne! You lately pitied her in her sufferings; she now, perhaps, pities you in your sorrow, or rather wonders why you sorrow, because she is so happy. We mourn for the mourning mother, but I know she "will not sorrow as one without hope," for she has contributed an additional pure spirit to the heirs of a blessed immortality.

Accept the poor prayers of your faithful
H. More.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Hannah More was visited in the autumn of this year with an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state was still more indicative of the closing scene. A letter from Mrs. Hannah More to Mr. Wilberforce presents a picture at once sad and surprising, of mental and spiritual strength contending with time and disease.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1818.

My dear Friend,

Lest you should hear *circuitously*, and not hear *truly*, as was lately the case, I sit bolstered up in my bed to write you a line. On Sunday poor Patty was seized suddenly in the most alarming manner—a violent shivering fit, intense pains, and a half-sort of delirium, praying for the poor queen,* whose want of spiritual attendance sat heavy upon her. She felt as if it was a struggle between life and death; she continued in this state all day and night, only her head became perfectly clear. We had yielded to the kind importunities of Mr. Harford, and had promised to go to him the next day. I made a great effort in the evening to read to the family Fawcett's beautiful sermon "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." A few hours after Patty's seizure, I was attacked in nearly the same manner—a shivering fit of many hours, with such intense pains in my body and limbs that my flesh seemed lacerated, as if cut with knives. After several hours the freezing fit (as might be expected) became a burning one, and I seemed to feel the pains of dissolution—with extreme nausea and giddiness. At length it resolved itself into a bilious fever, such as I have often had. I have been in bed the whole week, the pulse is quite reduced, and the worst symptoms, thanks to a merciful God! subsided. Patty was out of bed yesterday; though she sleeps in the next room, we had not seen each other since the beginning of the week. Pray for us, my dear, very dear friend, that these useful warnings may not be neglected by us, but that they may answer the end for which they are generally sent—to quicken our repentance and preparation. My whole life, from early youth, has been a successive scene of visitation and restora-

* Queen Charlotte.

tion. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any continued diminution of strength, except the last, ten years ago, which remained nearly two years; yet (let me gratefully remember this), at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength (physical strength) sufficient to write ten volumes—such as they are;—and in that long affliction, though at one time I very seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and nights, I never had one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though in health very liable to agitation. I repeat these mercies to you in order to impress them on myself as motives of never-ceasing gratitude to that merciful and long-suffering Father to whom I have made such unworthy returns. Patty, though emerging from this trial, is a poor shattered creature. She joins in affectionate and cordial prayers for you.

Yours, most truly,

H. More.

This was written yesterday—my night has not been good, but I am not worse, and P. rather better.

If you hear nothing, you may conclude things are mending. But "when I awake up after his likeness, I shall be satisfied!"

The state of the two sisters determined their friends to suspend their visits to Barley Wood; and this considerate forbearance was attended with salutary effects on the health and spirits of the elder sister. The leisure and repose which she now for the first time for many years enjoyed gave a new spring to her thoughts, and turned them on the existing state of society. Every short interval of improved health brought with it a feeling of obligation to make it answer a beneficial end. She had often said she would write no more, but her ardour in the cause of religious truth, and the happiness which flows from it, determined her to expend her little stock of strength in exposing certain dangerous errors in opinion and practice by which society was at that juncture disturbed and disfigured; and in this new aggression upon folly and vice, she soon made it apparent that age had abated nothing either of the rapid flow of her ideas or her facility in expressing them. The book, which it was intended should not much exceed the size of a pamphlet, soon grew under her hands into a thick volume, which appeared within a few months after its commencement, under the title of *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer.*

She observed to a friend, when speaking with her accustomed modesty of the small merit of her writings, that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author was, that she had written eleven books after the age of sixty.

On the publication of her *Moral Sketches*, the same testi-

mony was given as on former occasions, of the estimation in which her writings were held, by the whole of the first edition being sold on the day of its appearance, while very few of the country booksellers could obtain a supply. It appears, too, to have fulfilled the expectation which it had raised, and to have obtained at least as ample a share of the public approbation as any one of its predecessors.

From Mrs. More to Mrs. Roberts.

1819.

My dear Friend,

We have, I think, not been so quiet for many years as since my last illness; we literally see nobody.

I had just written the last sentence, saying we saw *nobody*, when who should call but the Bishop of Gloucester; of course this was an exempt case. We were so glad to meet once more in this bad world! For fear I should forget it, let me know, when you go to the fountain head, if we have really, as the papers announce, added to our French sins the foolery of a French theatre.

You will not, I think, when you see Cadell, express to him *your admiration of my sweet portrait*, but rather inquire if no steps can be taken for its abolition.

Mr. —— has been to hear Mr. Daniel Wilson, and was greatly penetrated with the sermon. We have just heard, and I trust *de bon part*, that the King of Prussia is becoming pious, and that six clergymen preach the gospel decidedly at Berlin.

When we have no interruption, I write about five hours a-day, but it is truly what the late Duke of Cumberland said when he saw Gibbon at work on his laborious history, "Scribble, scribble, scribble!" I believe I shall make a very honest volume as to the *quantity* of paper and printing, but a very cheating one as to the *matter*. You will hardly be able to read this, which I have scrawled by candle-light. It is a great loss to me that I can make no use of the second half of the day, except by knitting, which is perhaps the portion best employed. We talked of you much on Sunday, when our little household was obliged to keep church at home. You, I imagine, were reduced to the same necessity. The snow here was very deep, and the avalanches which fell from the roof have demolished the treillage on the east side; so Charles has fitted up a carpenter's shop in the servants' hall, and is sawing out his timbers for a job, which, I fear, is too mighty for him; but he thinks otherwise.

May God bless, preserve, and restore you in safety, prays

Your affectionate

H. More.

P.S.—When you see Lady Lilford, remember us most kindly to the house of Powys; I consider that excellent family as quite providentially placed at Clifton.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

1819.

My dear Friend,

I have been long wishing, as in duty bound, to transmit to you the thanks, both my own, and of the naked, the hungry, and the ignorant whom you have been the instrument of feeding, clothing, and instructing, this year! May God increase his mercies to you for the mercy you have shown to others! You may justly say, "If you wished to write to me, why then did you *not* write?" The newspapers will probably have told you why, and I am sorry that you should learn from them, before you heard from me, that I have been guilty of the weakness, at my age, of doing that imprudent and presumptuous thing, writing a book. I had fully resolved, as became me, to commit no more indiscretions of this sort; but I have broken, as did not become me, my resolution. Though living in retirement, falsely so called, I see so many people from every point of the compass, that I find there is a fresh crop of errors sprung up in a quarter where we did not so much look for them, namely, among the religious, or rather the *professing*, part of the world. Mine is a book which, in addition to its being feebly written, will bring me no small discredit, as well from the grave as the gay. For one part of it I expect to have the whole fashionable world, at least all that part of it who look into a grave book, falling upon me without mercy. But I can't help it; I have really seen and heard so much of the evils arising, and likely to arise, from the epidemic French mania, that, as King David says, "while I was musing, the fire burned, and at last I spake with my" pen. You will, I fear, think I have been too strong, but when I see our country almost abandoned in this second assault upon its safety, and millions spent abroad while our poor have been perishing at home, I could not restrain my feelings. The rage for a Paris excursion has spread such a general infection, that curates, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been twice, and his wife is now left behind with a house full of daughters, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village! I hope this impudent book will have the honour to wait upon you in about a fortnight.

I have told you a *bold* thing of my doing, I will now tell you a *gay* thing. What do you think of my entertaining one hundred and twenty gentlemen and ladies at dinner last week, and about two hundred at tea? The superior part of the company

which attended a Bible meeting in our village adjourned afterward by invitation to Barley Wood. It was a beautiful day. Tables were laid in the garden, prodigal of flowers; the collation was a cold one, but such as took two days to cook. We had, besides our neighbouring gentry, many persons from Clifton, and forty clergymen of the establishment; and the white-robed nymphs made with the groupes under the trees the prettiest show imaginable. You will judge that my health is improved by my being able to go through such a serious fatigue. The success of these societies I have much at heart, and belong to both parties: I wish there was no such thing as party. This foolish book has so engaged me, for I only thought of it a few months ago, that the last volume of Clarke's Travels, the Voyage to Ashantee, and Chalmers's Sermons lie on my table with leaves uncut! I wish I had thought of my book sooner, for this is a wretched time of year to bring it out, as I suppose the town is empty; but I may not live to another year, so I preferred publishing it with all its faults. I hope it pleases our heavenly Father to continue to you those many blessings for which you frequently express such lively gratitude; and that you may continue to enjoy his grace, which is the crown of all his other blessings, is the cordial prayer of,

My dear Sir William,
Your very attached and faithful friend,
H. More.

P.S.—My most affectionate respects to Lady Pepys. The young race, of course, have all forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the energy with which your eldest son, *at seven years old*, ran into the drawing-room, and said to me, "After all, Ferdinand would never have sent Columbus to find out America, if it had not been for Isabella. It was entirely her doing."

From her Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Ranger's House, Blackheath,
Aug. 28, 1819.

I have been as much gratified, my dear Mrs. More, by the perusal of your last valuable publication, as I was flattered by your kind attention in sending it to me; and with heartfelt satisfaction do I express my best thanks to you for having furnished me with this opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with one whom I both respect and admire.

Often have I recalled the hours in which I had the happiness of hearing you converse in the presence of my revered mother, who so truly appreciated your virtues. And I beg to assure you that I have traced with pleasure in every page of your last work the same animated style of remark; therefore, I must add, that the increase of years to which you allude, my

dear madam, is *only* manifested by an augmented keenness of perception, which has had a copious field for enlargement, owing to the multiplicity of political and extraordinary events of every description with which these latter years have abounded. That you endeavour to turn your observations towards the good of our own sex is truly beneficial; and above all, that *your own* humility may become a lesson to *all* your countrywomen is most desirable, for that virtue is indeed the groundwork of genuine Christianity. As one who sincerely loves her country, I must acknowledge my sense of your meritorious exertions; and with these sentiments, and those of the highest esteem, I remain,

My dear Mrs. More,
Yours ever affectionately,
SOPHIA MATILDA.

From Dr. Mansell, late Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College, to Mrs. H. More.

Trinity College Lodge, Sept. 6, 1819.

MADAM,

Having been very much indisposed of late, I have been unable, till now, to say how much gratified and honoured I am, by receiving from yourself a copy of your incomparable "Moral Sketches."

I wish I knew how sufficiently to express the estimation in which I hold any attention from you, to whom the world has so long looked up for instruction, and by whom it has been so ably and eloquently taught that there is something far beyond a *name* in religion and virtue.

My veneration for you, madam, is infinitely too great to allow me any thing like an *approach* to flattery; and I am convinced that I do but speak the language of the better part of the world, when I say that you have indeed used the ten talents with which God has been pleased to intrust you to a great and glorious end; that you have made them exclusively subservient to his honour and service; and during a life of unvarying attention to the best interests and happiness of your fellow-creatures, have at least as much as any one now living, laboured to bring many to salvation. It is therefore to be humbly hoped, that those talents so employed for the best and noblest purposes in this life will be the source of endless felicity to you in another.

With the most respectful and sincere wishes of my family and myself, for the continuance of a life so essential to the furtherance of every thing good, I have the honour to remain,

My dear madam,
Your very faithful, obedient,
and humble servant,
W. BRISTOL.

But the honest pleasure which she began to derive from the favourable reception of this work, and from the pious and authorized expectation of its beneficial influence, was now to be supplanted by feelings of a very different kind. About a month after the appearance of "Moral Sketches," it pleased Him "who giveth and taketh away" to deprive her, after an illness of only four days, of her best beloved and sole surviving sister, Mrs. Martha More,—her zealous coadjutor in all her charitable labours, the judicious promoter of all her wishes and designs, the tender nurse and soother of her sickness, and the enlivening and intelligent companion of her healthier hours. To be bereaved, after so short a warning, of one whose eyes had for so many years met hers with delight, whose bosom had been the depository of all her interior sentiments, and whose counsel had been her best human support in frequent seasons of agitation and conflict, was a dispensation that summoned all her fortitude into action, and put to the test the temper of her Christian armour. The conflict was very sharp, and "she would utterly have fainted, but that she believed verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;" and that goodness she lived to experience in a calm and trusting composure, which was her companion to her latest hour, filling the "aching void" caused by the loss of all her four sisters, and comforting her on every side.

When first she gazed upon the world after this last bereavement, the peopled scene must have seemed to her a wide desert; standing in the midst of which, she had no stay but Him who comes to the pious soul with a fresh approximation as each competitor is withdrawn, until he sits enthroned within the inner circle of its affections. It was a spectacle as touching as it was solemn, to see this Christian lady thus gathering her resources towards their proper centre, and turning to the best account every adverse circumstance. In a strict sense the neighbourhood could hardly be said to sympathize with her in the sad event, for to every one it was a personal and peculiar sorrow, each appearing to have lost a sister as well as herself.

The character of this common sister of all the friendless, and this common friend of all the virtuous who came within the range of her philanthropy, has been drawn with a faithful pencil by one who well knew and felt her worth, in a letter to a friend of the family then on a visit at the house of mourning.

"We find it difficult to realize the solemn fact, and still more so to acquiesce in it. I think I have never known a character combining more of those qualities which are calculated to delight and improve, with such an absence of all that is disagreeable and repulsive. You have had the best opportunity of knowing her excellences; how kind, and generous, and noble a heart she possessed; how divested she was of self, how considerate towards others, how indefatigable in her labours to

promote the temporal and eternal welfare of her fellow-creatures, how ardent in her wishes and prayers for the extension of the kingdom of her Redeemer. I have seldom conversed with her, but I have been struck with the tenderness of her feelings in reference to every subject and every event in which the honour of Christ and the spiritual welfare of mankind were involved, and often have I secretly wished that I had a heart like hers. We occasionally see instances of piety in old age which command our veneration, but how rarely have we seen at that period such warmth of heart, with such attractive charms. There was something so indescribably delightful in her society, that I always found it difficult to take my leave of her. But if she was so dear to us, what must she have been to her bereaved sister? Indeed it is most painful to reflect how irreparable to her is the loss; how impossible it is for any to supply her place. God can indeed, by the rich communications of his grace, fill up the void, and much more than that. I doubt not that he will do it, and rejoice in your account of the peacefulness and resignation of Mrs. More's mind. All of us, I am sure, are bound to remember her in our prayers. But she does not sorrow as one without hope. She can never think of her invaluable sister without feelings of gratitude and comfort. To have enjoyed for so many years the affectionate attention and aid and counsel of such a sister,—to have been herself a happy instrument in forming her character to such excellences,—to have been associated with her in labours so eminently blessed by God, are strong grounds of thankfulness. To have witnessed the peace and blessedness of her latter end,—to anticipate an indissoluble union with her hereafter, will surely mitigate the anguish of the separation. I trust that she will be enabled to exemplify that submission to the will of God which she has so well taught to others, and of which peace is the invariable concomitant."

During the sickness of her sister, and after her decease, letters replete with encomiums upon her last work, and acknowledgments for the acceptable service she had once more rendered to the cause of sound and practical religion, were continuing to pour in upon Mrs. More from a variety of quarters; but human applause had lost its power to please. She had chiefly valued them as affording delight to her faithful friend and sister, and nothing now remained to comfort and encourage her as an author, but the humble hope of a blessing upon her labours, to be manifested in their effect on the sentiments, principles, and habits of her country.

Some of the correspondence produced by this painful event, as it cannot fail to interest the reader, shall here be presented to his notice.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Macauley.

Barley Wood, 1819.

My dear Friend,

I have reproached myself almost hourly, for not having caused a letter to be written to you, thanking you for the kindness of yours, but I foolishly put it off from one day to another, thinking it would be more satisfactory to you to have a line from my own hand; but I have been, and still am, so much indisposed both in health and spirits, that I have not been able to answer one, of I suppose fifty letters of condolence. My eyes, too, are so bad, that when I wake in the morning, I lie for hours without knowing whether it is day or night. I do not gain much ground either in body or mind, but I hope the former is most in fault. The truth is, I was so ill the last three days the Wilberforces staid as not to be able to go down stairs. She, dear soul, *would* attend them to Cheddar, Brockly Combe, &c. I believe it heated and harassed her, but all was God's will, and be that will obeyed. She came to my bedside at eleven at night, and said, "They are all gone to bed, and our W—— and I have had a nice hour's chat." In an hour and a half after this, she awoke in the pangs of death; after agonies unspeakable, and shrieks which rent my heart, she sunk for eight or ten hours into total insensibility, with all the marks of a corpse on her countenance. We sent for her dear Dr. Lovell, who scarcely left us while she lived. Whether rational or delirious, her expressions all indicated a strong faith in her crucified Saviour. She was at times perfectly composed, said she had done but little for God, but had never trusted in any thing she *had* done. A few hours before her departure, she rambled a good deal, but in a quiet way, full of piety and charity, ordering shoes and stockings for the poor, &c. I received her last breath, when she sweetly slept in Jesus without sigh or groan; her countenance in her coffin was lovely. The Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce kindly offered to come from Wells, to attend her poor remains to their narrow cell; but the offer came too late, "They had buried my dead out of my sight," fearing a sudden change. I wish you could have seen how happy she looked. I need not tell you that my grief is exquisite; but my consolations are great, and I trust that not one rebellious thought has risen in my heart. On the contrary, I enumerate my many mercies; that she was spared to me so long, that she had been in such a constant state of preparation, that my grief is not aggravated by any doubt of her present happiness, that *she* has gained much more than *I* have lost. I *endeavour* also to be thankful that *she* is spared the sorrows I now feel.

Never was any private person's death more lamented. She has been the subject of four or five funeral sermons. There was not a dry eye in the churches. Most of the neighbours

are in deep mourning. I am afraid it will kill good old Jones. I dare not see him. We have worked thirty-two years together. Oh! pray for me, that this reflection may quicken me in my spiritual course.

I hope you get good accounts of Mr. M. and D——. God bless you, my dear friend.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

My very dear Friend,

It gives me great concern that I have been obliged so long to delay thanking you for the kind sympathy you expressed for the irreparable loss I have sustained. I trusted to our excellent friend Mr. Hensman, who I knew would have the goodness both to give you the melancholy details of the sad event, and explain to you the various causes which concurred to prevent my writing. I believe I received not less than two hundred letters, the greater part of which were answered by some friends, but many still remain unacknowledged.

I may now indeed say, "My house is left unto me desolate!" I bless my heavenly Father, however, that he has not left me without consolation and support. And when I reflect on *her* immense gain, I am ashamed to dwell so much on my own loss. She had a true friendship for you. You knew her well, and knew how much she deserved to be loved; how much she must necessarily be lamented. In my affliction I endeavour to keep my mercies before my eyes. I find not one reason for murmurs; but many for thanksgiving. She was enabled, after a life of devotedness to God, to bear her dying testimony to his faithfulness and truth. I feel thankful that she is removed from a world of pain and suffering, of sin and sorrow, to that blessed state purchased for her by Him who loved her, and gave himself for her; that she indeed sleeps in Jesus. Her last words were expressive of her strong Christian hope. She repeatedly renounced all dependence on herself, or her works, and declared she looked for salvation only to a crucified Saviour. When a friend pitied the excruciating pain she was suffering, she said, "Oh, I love my sufferings; they come from God, and I love every thing that comes from him."

Shall I mourn for such a death? and yet I cannot but mourn deeply. The remainder of my pilgrimage however must be short. I pray that I may be enabled to spend the remaining portion of life better than I have done the past; and I believe she was taken from me in order to quicken my repentance and preparation. My chief earthly support was removed, that I might lean more entirely on God.

I hope you have resisted the severe winter with which we invalids have been tried. I have just got out of my room,

after six weeks' confinement with an attack on my chest. You have my best wishes and cordial prayers for your health, peace, and comfort here; and if we do not meet again in this world, I trust we shall in that better state, where there is neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Believe me ever, my dear friend,

Your truly faithful and affectionate
H. More.

From the Rev. Daniel Wilson to Mrs. H. More.

September 29, 1819.

My dearest Madam,

The account which I have just heard from the public journals, of the recent affliction in your family, induces me at once to write you a hasty line of sincere remembrance, and affectionate sympathy. The departure, indeed, of a sister so well prepared for a future world, and whose humble faith and hope had disarmed death of its terrors, must have been to herself an unspeakable gain; but to the survivor the loss must be most sensibly painful; and the more so, in proportion to the many excellent qualities and graces which adorned her Christian character. I assure you, my dear madam, I feel deeply for you, and shall not cease to pray that God our Saviour, our Redeemer and Sanctifier, may pour forth upon you the abundance of his mercy. Whatever comforts we may have received from the creature came still from the Creator, and dwell essentially and inexhaustibly in him; and one lesson to be derived from the separations and griefs of this fading world is, to repose our joy more entirely on God in Christ Jesus, as our eternal portion and never-failing refuge. I was engaged in reading over with care, a second time, the work which you have had the goodness to send me, when I received the tidings of your loss. My time is so miserably parcelled out by perpetual engagements, and so interrupted by, and crossed (though I wish to see even these appointments as a heavenly discipline) with unnumbered disconcerting incidents, that I believe I had better say at once that I was highly delighted, and I trust edified, by the perusal of it. All the remarks on foreign concerns (the part which I have read twice) I warmly approve. The observations on the character of Louis XIV. are most just and important. The observations on Madame du Deffand and Marmontel are highly valuable. I doubted only whether the names should have been given, young persons are so ready to read the prohibited book; but I imagine it was necessary. The example of English ladies wanted, I thought, more of detail and care in the drawing up; and in the chapter of "England's hope," perhaps a more full and direct statement of the doctrines of the grace and sacrifice of our Lord, and the mighty influences of his Spirit, as the foundation and spring of all real vir-

tue, might have been introduced. You perceive, my dear madam, my high opinion of your sincerity in asking my opinion of your book, by the freedom of these remarks. The chapters on prayer are, throughout, most excellent; that on devotion in the night touched me much. Upon the whole, I should consider the work as fully equal to the Christian Morals and Practical Piety; though, I think, inferior to the "Strictures" and "St. Paul." There are marks of haste upon it, which, in subsequent editions, you will probably remove. The excellences, however, incomparably preponderate. Scrutiny into the heart—detail of practical duty—detection of prevalent disorders—fine, and new observations on the tendency and development of religious principle, all founded on the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, stamp a value upon the performance. It *must* do good under God's blessing. It is on every table. The duty and expediency of the publication are, in my opinion, perfectly clear, and should be a subject of gratitude to God, the giver of all good. But, oh! how easy is it to preach and write, compared to what it is to love and obey. Every month I pass penetrates my mind more deeply with a sense of unworthiness, and the necessity of further and more vigorous effort in "running the race which is set before me."

Ever your faithful
D. WILSON.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, Oct. 16, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much obliged by your very kind letter, though I have been prevented by sufferings, both of body and mind, from telling you so before. The former I am willing to hope has been a chief aggressor, for this corruptible body presseth down the soul. I am, however, a little better, in both respects, partly owing, perhaps, to the prayers of the multitude of Christians who have sympathized in my sorrows in no common degree. I do not undervalue the kindnesses of human comforters, especially as they bear testimony to the worth of what I have lost; for this pious sympathy is put into their hearts by Him who is himself the only source of substantial consolation, and who has mercifully supported me under the heaviest trial which remained for me. Mine is simple, unmixed grief, not tinctured with any feeling of doubt or fear for the present state of my blessed sister; she was enabled to bear her dying testimony to the faithfulness of her God and Saviour. She repeatedly declared that she renounced all trust but in a crucified Redeemer, and called on every servant individually to look to the cross of Christ as the only hope and refuge. She was ill only four days. Mr. Wilberforce and family were with us when

she was evidently seized for death; she had been long preparing for her great change; every scrap of paper I meet with confirms this, and in her pocket-book I found these words, "This is the last account-book I shall ever want." I have lost my chief earthly comfort, companion, counsellor, and fellow-labourer. God, doubtless, saw that I leaned too much on this weak prop, and therefore in mercy withdrew it, that I might depend more exclusively on himself! When I consider how infinitely greater *her gain* is than *my loss*, I am ashamed of my weakness. I can truly say, however, that it has not been mixed with one murmuring thought—I kiss the rod, and adore the hand that employs it. I do not so much brood over my loss as over the many mercies which accompany it. I bless God that she was spared to me so long; that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared feeling for *me* what I now *feel for her*, and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion of my pilgrimage which remains to be accomplished. I hope the country air is strengthening you for your winter labours. What a state our country is in! But for the 46th Psalm, one's spirits would quite sink. The Bible and Missionary Societies are, I believe, at the bottom of these mischiefs. Satan could not bear their triumphant prosperity, and invented this counteraction; but, "greater is he that is for us than he that is against us." I have seen hardly anybody, and only in my chamber.

It grieves me that Lord Teignmouth should have been at Clifton a fortnight without my being able to see him. I hope I shall soon.

Pray for your sincere and faithful servant

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

Barley Wood, Oct. 9, 1819.

My dear Lady Tryphena,

Though I have nearly a hundred letters (filled like yours with piety and kind condolence) unanswered, I cannot deny myself the gratification of thanking you for *yours*. My heavy affliction deeply affected my health, and I am still living in my room, my doctor scarcely allowing me to see any one, on account of the weakness of my chest, which suffers by talking.

Among my numerous letters, none has gratified me more than yours, from the soundness both of judgment and principle it contains. Your account of my old friend Dr. Jackson's death is affecting. That of my now blessed sister was highly instructive. She was ill only four days, and had been out all day to show the country to Mr. Wilberforce, who was staying here, and witnessed her almost dying pangs.

From the violence of fever, she wandered a good deal, but

in every lucid interval bore her testimony to the goodness of God; said she had done little to show her love to her Redeemer; renounced all dependence on her best services, and declared she had no hope nor dependence but on a crucified Saviour. Your ladyship did not know her enough to be acquainted with her character, which was that of a most laborious, active, and self-denying Christian. In our numerous charity-schools she had exerted herself for thirty-two years with the most unwearied perseverance, and I may be allowed to add (now she is gone), with great success, in training up a number of useful members of the community, and many souls for heaven. Never was any private individual more lamented. Our poor weeping gardener said, "she had made as many garments for the poor as Dorcas, and had as many tears shed over her death-bed." Several funeral sermons were preached for her in the neighbourhood, and our neighbours have put on mourning.

I know I ought not to indulge myself in this strain over one so near to me, but I know also that your sympathizing heart will pardon the overflowings of my sorrow. I bow, however, with entire submission to the Divine will. My loss is little compared with *her* gain, and the remainder of my pilgrimage will be short. God had a right to resume his own gift; I bless him that he spared her to me so long.

I am glad Lady S—— is better. I need not say how happy I should be to have the honour of seeing you, should you come to Bath. If at all, I hope it will not be for some time, till my health shall enable me to profit by your kind intention.

I am pleased that you approve my book; it was written in great haste to meet the occasion. May it please God to give it his blessing, without which "nothing is strong, nothing is holy." It was so bad a time of the year for publishing, that my expectation of its reception was very low; but my bookseller, to my great surprise, writes, that though the distracted state of the country is peculiarly injurious to the sale of books, he is already about to publish a third large edition.

I mourn over the public state of the country. Can no punishment be found for the union of treason and atheism? I fear that not only among the vulgar the English character is deteriorating. Home delights are losing their attraction. Yet it must be confessed that there is a wider diffusion of religion in the upper ranks, while on the other hand there is much restless dissipation. My most affectionate respects attend your whole party.

Dearest madam,

Ever your obliged and faithful

H. More.

Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

(*Extract.*)

1819.

My health has been very bad, and neither body nor mind has yet made much progress; the former, I hope, is most in fault, for, I bless God, my mind is, I trust, unrepining and submissive, but it is still very weak. I am forbidden by my doctor to see company, for which I am thankful, as I have no heart to see any but two or three particular friends in my own room. I spare myself entering on the details of her four dying days. They were exquisitely painful; but, blessed be God, the trial was not long, and every interval of reason exhibited the strength of her faith and resignation of her soul. She cast herself entirely on the mercies of God, and the merits of a crucified Saviour. I believe there never was an obscure individual more generally lamented. This is only gratifying, as it leaves such a testimony to her worth. The kindness of the good is very soothing, but real consolation must come from a higher source. She has left the chief part of her property in charities and small legacies to a few friends, all to be paid after my death.

I suppose you know the Wilberforces were here, and that she went to Cheddar with them the very day before her mortal seizure attacked her! My complaint in my eyes must apologize for this scrawl. The sight is not endangered, thank God. We can pray for each other, and prayer is one of the best offices of friendship. Dear Patty had long been much in prayer, and thought (though she never owned it to me) that her summons was at no great distance. May we all be united to her in God's own time!

H. More.

From Lord Gambier to Mrs. H. More.

Iver Grove, Oct. 1, 1819.

My dear Madam,

With heartfelt grief I have heard that it has pleased the Almighty Disposer of all things to take your last most highly esteemed sister from you. Well do I know your entire resignation and submission to the Divine will, under every dispensation, and that you will readily say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good;" but I cannot suffer an event so full of affliction and sorrow to you to pass without my joining your numerous friends in sincere condolence with you, in your grief for so heavy a loss as you sustain in the deprivation of your valuable and beloved sister's company, and the comfort and assistance she gave you in your works of charity and faith, in a life so devoted as yours to the service of your

Divine Master. In these sorrowful events we recognise the season when the consolations of his grace and blessed word are most felt, and work with the greatest efficacy in the heart of the believer; may you experience in the fullest degree these happy effects, and may our gracious Lord comfort and cheer your drooping heart with the presence of his Spirit, manifested to you in the most sensible way. But oh! what cause for rejoicing to you, that your beloved sister is gone to receive the bright reward of her faith in the blessed presence of her Redeemer, and at his right-hand, where are pleasures for evermore. But how many will mourn her absence, and their loss! And what mingled feelings of sorrow and joy must you have! May our blessed Lord support you with health and peace in your soul.

I remain, my dear madam, with unfeigned regard and affection,

Your faithful and obliged friend,

GAMBIER.

I must beg of you not to take the trouble of making any reply to this little effusion of my feelings towards you.

With great satisfaction and admiration (forgive this word) have I read your last volume so kindly sent to me.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Oct. 25, 1819.

MY DEAR BOUNTIFUL FRIEND!

What shall I say to you for your repeated, your abundant liberality? If the blessing promised to "him who considereth the poor and needy" is great, may a large portion of that blessing rest on your head, and comfort your generous heart during the winter, when frost and snow bring the cold and hungry to your recollection.

Your large bounty has made me feel that my heart is still susceptible of joy. It has pleased God to visit me with a loss as great as it is irreparable. My only remaining sister, the comfort of my life, whose principles, sentiments, and pursuits were so exactly my own as almost to identify us, is taken from me, after four days' illness. The selfish feeling, "that I must finish my journey alone," will too much intrude and sadden my oppressed heart, though I trust my deep sorrow is unmingled with any murmur. He who gave her had a right to resume her, and I was enabled to say as I received her last sigh, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Her life had been most exemplary, and it is hard to say whether devotion (of a sober and earnest kind) or charity was the most striking feature in her character. Her death was such as I would desire for myself, and for every Christian friend. In her lucid intervals, she was constantly in prayer or praise; repeatedly declared she had a full, entire reliance on her Saviour, and renounced

all trust in any thing else. When a friend seeing her in extreme agony pitied her, she answered, "I love whatever comes from God, and therefore I love my sufferings." The first verse of the 27th Psalm was frequently in her mouth. The habits of her mind and of her life were apparent to the last: in her delirium, she was perpetually crying out, "Be sure, let that poor woman have her shoes—do not forget that old man's clothing," &c.

As to my new book, if it had not been finished before her death, it never would. I was so little in heart about it, that I blamed my bookseller for printing so large a first impression as fifteen hundred; but to my great surprise he wrote me, that though from the state of the country there never was a season so unfavourable for the sale of books, he had got the second edition in circulation.

I remain,
Your very faithful and grateful
H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Kensington Gore, Nov. 7, 1819.

My dear Madam,

I should not have been slow to express my feelings on your late severe privation, if I had hoped that the early expression of them would have had any consolatory effect. When I consider how many of the first characters in the country, in every sense, but especially in the true sense—the eminently good, take a lively interest in your sorrows, and have probably done all that affectionate sympathy can do for your consolation, I feel it still almost presumptuous in *me* to intrude on you with the profession that I also, in this instance, mourn with her who mourns: but I hear that Mrs. Macauley sets off for Barley Wood to-morrow, and will not lose the opportunity of sending a few lines by her.

The heart must be hard or heedless which, knowing all the circumstances of your loss, does not perceive in it a trial of much more than common severity; yet my own feelings of the same kind have enabled me, perhaps, to form a more adequate conception of it than many of your friends can do. I say sufferings of the same kind, because, not to mention earlier sorrows, the loss I sustained three years ago was in name and form only different from your own. The moral excellence, the enlivening intellectual qualities, the acute sensibility, the close attachment, the perfect mutual confidence of which we have been deprived, were, I believe, in both cases nearly the same; and the same aggravation belonged to both. Both losses were such as the world cannot repair to us.

But, my dear madam, if experience enables me to estimate your sorrows aright, so does it also your consolations. In

both cases, the separation must in the course of nature be very short, and in both cases (as I assuredly know in the one, and you, I doubt not, have equal assurance in the other) the separation will terminate, as surely as religion is true, unless we fall off from their example, in a reunion of inconceivable felicity and endless duration.

Well may we "comfort one another with these things." They amply sustain my heart, and I trust will be equally efficacious in yours.

Nature, however, is weak, and the spirits are weak in age. We must not, therefore, reject those inferior means of consolation and support which our heavenly Father has provided for us. I have thrown myself into the arms of my affectionate children; and you, I hope, will not shun those of many estimable friends, who regard you with filial reverence, and scarcely less than filial affection.

I will only add, may God bless you, my dear madam, and cheer you with the delightful consciousness of his presence and favour during the remaining stage of your pilgrimage, and gently conduct you at last to those happy regions where we shall forget all these sorrows, or remember them only with gratitude and joy, among the spirits of the just made perfect.

I am, my dear madam,
Very respectfully and affectionately yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

Mrs. More, in these afflictive circumstances, did not neglect the preservation of her health, nor did she so draw the curtain of her sorrow around her as to shut out the wants, the comforts, or troubles of others from her view and her sympathy. She claimed none of the privileges of grief, and least of all the right of sequestration. To make others happy was in her so strong a propensity, that no considerations of private or personal indulgence could contract the scope of her practical philanthropy, or cool the fervours of her public mind. If she gave utterance to her sorrow, it was to make it instructive, by showing its alliance with humble trust, and its subjection to spiritual discipline. But although her mind never sunk in sadness, her thoughts seemed to be much loosened from the world, and to travel in hope after her lost sister; and every interest and every event seemed to want the witness and the partner which gave it its value and its vivacity. The following letter, from an intimate friend of the family to a friend of her own, contains particulars which lay open the mind and character of Mrs. Martha More in a very striking and interesting manner.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In performing the melancholy task of looking over the papers of our dear departed friend Mrs. Martha More, it was both

edifying and affecting, in a high degree, to observe the religious feelings which mingled themselves in her most ordinary transactions. The greater part of her memoranda were interspersed with, or introduced by, some little pious and profitable reflection; to mention one instance only, which just now occurs to me:—at the beginning of that side of her yearly account-book which contained the items and amount of her annual charitable expenditure was prefixed this sentence, "May this account, through the influence of Divine grace upon my heart, be increased every year, as every Christian woman's should be." We found, too, a precious little book, begun so long ago as the year 1805, filled with effusions of deep piety, evidently poured forth from a heart experimentally acquainted with the duties of self-examination, repentance, and prayer, and with the humility and faith which are the blessed results of those holy exercises; but I will extract a short specimen or two, which will give you a better idea of the excellent spirit which pervades it than any thing I can say of it. "Written in my bed-chamber at Bath, after being disgusted with much metaphysical nonsense from the pulpit. I was shocked that a minister of the gospel should dare so to deceive his auditors; who, I suppose from their general appearance, required, perhaps, more alarms than myself, from having had less sickness. What a universal deceit is every thing in this world! We deceive each other—we deceive ourselves—and above all, we endeavour to deceive the God who made us, the great Searcher of hearts, he who pierces our inmost thoughts. We acknowledge by words that he is all this; and we dare acknowledge it with gravity of countenance, while our practice convicts us of a contrary feeling. With an outward solemnity which adds to the enormity of the guilt, we audibly make this response to the minister, 'I will say unto the Lord, thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God, in him will I trust.' Have mercy on us, O Lord! every time we venture to repeat these words of the penitent Psalmist. How do we make the Lord our hope? by putting all our trust in Mammon; by devoting our time, our talents to him; by pursuing the pleasures and luxuries of this world with insatiable avidity; and giving the wearied, cold refuse of our hearts into the hands of the Creator! We next call him our stronghold, when we do not even aim at a grasp. 'My God, in him will I trust.' Oh that we did indeed put our whole trust and confidence in him, who is alone willing and able to support us! That he is able we may confess with no great inconvenience; but that his *willingness* does not affect and rouse us to a more genuine love of him, is indeed a sad subject of wonder. But let me not thus severely scrutinize the hearts of others, and be doubly condemned by the omissions and commissions of my own. God will, I hope, enable me to undeceive myself more and more every day; and in making my observations on the miserable sinners around me,

to look with a jealous eye into the dirt and rubbish of my own heart, and to suffer his grace so to cleanse the inmost recesses of it that he may find he is indeed 'my only hope and my stronghold,' and that in him alone I put my trust. That 'the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth,' hath been to me a subject of the sublimest consolation, for it has taught me to think with David, 'That there is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for those that are true of heart.' That my chastisement may conduct me, though at first by a glimmering light, yet at length to joyful gladness, when I become true hearted, God of his amazing goodness grant! through the blessed Redeemer."

"1785.—Low-spirited and melancholy, oppressed with pain, and my mind overpowered with gloomy thoughts; I retired to my chamber, as is my common practice on these occasions, to turn over my Bible in pursuit of a suitable text. The following from the Lamentations particularly struck me,—'For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' Jeremiah had known affliction, and therefore this sentence seems to come from him with peculiar grace. From the bottom of my soul do I believe it is with great unwillingness that the all-merciful God sends down afflictions, though upon such sinful creatures. This text seems most powerfully to confirm the following blessed assurance: 'The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth.' The Lord *loveth!* Oh, who would not patiently endure chastisement, to be esteemed among the beloved of his God! May my afflictions sufficiently strengthen me boldly to ask my heart this question, and to stand the test when asked, 'How dwelleth the love of God in me?' Dare I reply—by loathing vice—by loving virtue—by feeling the operations of his Holy Spirit daily strengthening my principles—by constantly depending on, and knowing the importance and the necessity of a Mediator—by feeling that the blessings of the gospel are pardon, assistance, and eternal life—by understanding that the terms on which they are offered are repentance, faith, and renewed obedience—by discovering that the design of Christianity is to humble the sinner, to exalt the Saviour, and to promote holiness? I am much raised by these thoughts, and am going down to join the family in good spirits. Who says that religion is gloomy? The unhappy creature who lives without a blessed ray of it in his heart."

"In the beginning of January, 1790," adds the same happy believer, "we quitted Park-street for ever, after a long and prosperous reign of thirty years, successful in business, and happy in making many friends. Bad health led us to be satisfied with the moderate provision we had made, and we retired upon a plan to enjoy what we were in possession of, without waiting to grasp what we might not live to enjoy. It was an awful moment, and called aloud equally for repentance and thanksgiving! We had cause enough to lament duties

omitted or coldly performed; and oh! what cause for gratitude and praise for mercies received. The state of my heart at this time is only known to the Almighty; but I trust I have felt many struggles and great desires for a fervent spirit of prayer and thanksgiving. Oh! may the gracious Lord of all continue his blessings in our retirement, and enable us never to forget from whom they flow. May we daily feel humbled more and more for past sins and omissions, and more and more earnest to be purified by the operations of grace, looking to the merits of the Redeemer as our only trust, and daily praying for strength, not to sink into indolence and luxury, or to surrender ourselves to the temptations of leisure; but to give at least a great portion of our opportunities to the use of our fellow-creatures, and the promotion of religion among the ignorant and uninformed; never forgetting that a part of our wealth is theirs, as we are only stewards of the Giver of all. Grant these things, oh Lord, for Christ's sake! Amen."

Before I finish this subject, so prolific of melancholy, but yet of consolatory and instructive ideas, I must relate an affecting instance of genuine feeling manifested by the poor people of Shipham. They have long been accustomed (as I believe you know) to look to the inhabitants of Barley Wood, and one or two other families, as their only resource in the extreme poverty, nearly amounting to famine, to which, by the scantiness of employment, they are frequently reduced; and their applications to this house for relief have consequently become so habitual, that commonly there scarcely passes a day without the arrival of some poor petitioner from that neighbourhood. For several weeks, however, after the death of our dear friend, their visits entirely ceased; and when at length, upon the arrival of the Shipham schoolmaster with his donkey and panniers, to carry off the annual donation of books for the schools, Mrs. Hannah More asked him how it was that they had so long entirely absented themselves,—"Why, madam," he answered, "they be so cut up that they have not the heart to come." They remembered (no doubt with affectionate gratitude), not merely the unbounded liberality of her hand in giving, but the playful condescension with which she presided over their annual club, and their tea-drinkings; enlivening while she instructed them, and promoting cheerfulness and good-humour in a manner peculiarly her own. And now, if you are pleased with this anecdote, so honourable to the private feelings of these poor miners, I think the instance of their patriotic principles which I am going to relate will complete your respect for their character.

During the late seditious proceedings, when distrust and alarm were springing up in so many parts of the kingdom, every single effective male inhabitant of Shipham came forward, begging permission to enrol himself in an association, if it were necessary, or at any rate requesting that their little

community might send up an address expressive of their horror of revolutionary principles, and their desire to prove their loyalty on any suitable occasion. The address was prepared, and sent up with the signature or *mark* of every individual, to Lord Sidmouth, accompanied with an intimation that these were the same patriotic poor fellows who, when the French landed at Fishgard some years since, were suddenly seen marching in military order to Bristol.

The present address was presented to the regent by Lord Sidmouth, who transmitted his thanks in a very handsome manner. I cannot help considering this as partly belonging to the fruits of the family's long and indefatigable exertions in this earliest scene of their Christian labours. It was singular and very pleasant to reflect that our dear departed friend had been enabled to visit the various schools during this her last summer upon earth more frequently than her health had of late years permitted her to do, and had very recently made the tour of them, distributing, as Mrs. H. More relates, their annual rewards to more than thirteen hundred children and parents. The conduct of these poor men, which I have just been relating, affords surely a strong support to the argument that instruction, especially religious instruction, is productive of loyalty. If distress is the exciting cause of insurrection, few have partaken more largely of it than these poor creatures, who indeed, from the stagnation of that branch of trade on which their subsistence depends, were some years ago nearly perishing; when Mrs. H. More, in conjunction with Mr. Hiley Addington and a few benevolent gentlemen round the country, kept them from utter ruin, and afforded them employment, by purchasing weekly a certain quantity of the mineral for which they dig, which was laid up in a storehouse till the demand for it should revive. Mrs. H. More was considerably the largest capitalist in this trading concern. So much for the short and simple annals of the Shiphamites.

Our dear bereaved friend continues to drink largely at the only fountain of consolation, nor does she refuse to partake of those lesser streams which equally flow from the same divine goodness. We were much touched by what she said the other day to Lady Lilford and her daughters, who are among the few visiters she has yet been able to receive. "Many people under a similar affliction are apt to say that it is of too deep a nature to admit of consolation from the sympathy of friends. I am not of their opinion,—I feel the sympathy of kind and Christian friends very soothing to my mind, and I bless God for affording me in his mercy and goodness such a source of comfort."

CHAPTER X.

In this year (1819) all her patriotic tracts and ballads were collected into a pamphlet. The turbulent and seditious proceedings which had disgraced this country in preceding years were renewed with increased violence, and with many additional circumstances of atrocity which wore a portentous aspect. Nothing was found better adapted to counteract the poison administered with such wicked industry than these little productions of Mrs. More's pen. The deep private affliction under which she was at this time suffering did not prevent her from pressing forward to meet these public dangers, with her bow ready strung, and her quiver on her shoulder, at the age of seventy-five.

After an interval of some months, we find the following letter from her to two of her friends.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

Barley Wood, Feb. 9, 1820.

My dear Friends,

Faire des heureux is among the happiest occupations in a world bursting with sin and sorrow; and such a moment I have just enjoyed through your kindness. Had you seen the poor woman's rapture and surprise, you would have been gratified. "Silent when glad," she could not express her gratitude. I should have written sooner had I not been hindered by company almost every morning. Mr. H—— came with a pious daughter of Lord E——, and her very excellent husband. It was pleasing to see one of the finest men I ever beheld, a young sea officer, deeply religious, and well informed in spiritual things. Lady Cremorne tells me dear Mrs. Kennicott is better in her mind, from a paralysis in her leg; what a remedy! I lament the state of the blind saint, but "so much the more," I doubt not, does "the celestial light shine inward."

What times we live in! Clement, Ravillac, Guy Faux, Bellingham, were petty villains compared with those by whom we are surrounded. When I used to hear of any fresh atrocity during the French revolution, I was silly enough to say, "Well, this would not have happened *here!* This would not have been done by *Englishmen!*" How foolish! as if man, without the grace of God, were not *everywhere* the same corrupt being, drinking in iniquity like water. The Marchioness of Thomond has given me some entertainment; she has sent me two dialogues, written by her uncle Sir Joshua Reynolds, supposed to have passed, one between Sir Joshua and John-

son, the other between Johnson and Gibbon. The subject is to show that Johnson always considered Garrick as his private property, and would let nobody praise or abuse him but himself. In the dialogue with Reynolds he abuses him; with Gibbon he extols him to the skies. The sentiments, the style, the manner, are so happily hit off, that it brings all the interlocutors before me.

"Dodwell's Tour in Greece" has just arrived; two magnificent quartoes; a present from Lady O. Sparrow. We have read little in it; it seems to be purely classical, like Eustace; and though the ruins of all that was once so renowned must be delectable to *see*, yet they are less interesting to *read*, especially to me, whose taste is the very reverse of Hamlet's, for man delights me, and woman too, more than things or scenes. The plates are exquisite. In a portfolio one often sees such; but I have rarely seen any so finely executed in a printed book. You must rub up your Greek and your virtu, and come and see them. I cannot hear of a school-mistress: what think you of my taking the place? I can teach poor children, and I know a little French.

I have begun to-day the new and most painful task of preparing the school rewards, and turn my thoughts to this foolish letter to draw them off from sad recollections. I am tolerably well, but have not broken prison yet, for I cough if I only cross to the opposite chamber; but "all my state shall—declare unto you."

Yours always most affectionately,
H. More.

Mrs. H. More's health, to the extreme concern of the many who loved and admired her, appeared now to be sinking rapidly: she was prevented from leaving her chamber throughout the whole spring and summer of 1820, by a succession of severe and alarming attacks of illness, till at length, in the month of August, she experienced so violent a seizure as to excite, for many successive days, the most serious apprehensions for her life, and from which, even after the more immediate danger appeared to be past, there remained but a faint hope of her complete recovery.

During this distressing interval, those friends who had the opportunity of watching her sick-bed were careful to gather up what fell from her lips while under the impression of approaching dissolution.

On the night of the 12th of August, Mrs. H. More called all the family out of their beds around her own, being seized with an obstinate obstruction on the chest, which some time resisted the most powerful expedients to remove it. Upon recovering her speech, after repeated faintings, she earnestly requested the prayers of the friend who was supporting her head, and at intervals, as she was able, repeated a great part

of the xvith Psalm, with a little alteration to make it speak the better to her own soul: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, for thou *didst* not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." She went on, "Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." She repeated also most of the xxiiid Psalm, and desired to have some verses here and there from the cxixth read to her. She then exclaimed, "Oh my gracious God, help me, a poor sinner!" She was answered, "He will give strength for all need;" to which she replied, "I have no doubt of it. Life is of no value upon the terms I have held it for the last eleven months. If it were his good pleasure, I could hope that my sufferings may not be very tedious, but I dare wish for nothing that is not consistent with his blessed will." Upon another occasion, Miss F., the friend who was chiefly with her at this period, having said, "I trust you will be better to-morow," she answered, "If it be God's will, I hope so; when, where, and as thou wilt, O Lord! I who have written so much upon submission to the will of God ought now to practise it." To her friend and physician who attended her she said, "This old crazy building is a long time in breaking up, doctor,—a gentle dismission, if it please God!" Part of the xlist Psalm being repeated to her, beginning, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy," &c., she said, "A beautiful Psalm! but all my trust is through grace; all my hope is for mercy; and all I ask is acceptance through Jesus Christ. What should I do now if the work were to be begun?" Clasping Dr. Lovell's hand, she said, "I give you so much trouble, doctor! indeed I am not worth taking so much pains about."—"That is as *we* think," he replied; "we are willing to keep you among us as long as we can." She never, when able to speak, forbore long from breaking forth into a repetition of some of the most beautiful and applicable parts of the Psalms, as the xxviith, much of the xlvith, and the xcth; and one day after she had been thus solacing her weary spirits, she remarked, "'Tis perhaps a low idea of heaven, but one not void of comfort to me who rest so very ill in general, to think that there will be *no* night there —also, it is a land the inhabitants of which will no more say, I am sick." She one day observed, "that such lengthened sufferings showed how greatly she needed purification," and being told of the death of a neighbour, a very amiable and worthy man, after a short illness, she said, "Ah, how many more stripes I have needed than he! a few days' suffering carried him to his rest, while I have required many, many months!" She then added, "but I have been favoured with so many more talents and opportunities than he enjoyed!" Speaking of her state of burning fever, she said, "Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me—poor Patty! I shall very soon rejoin her;" and added, "how short is the longest suffering;

eternity is long enough to be happy in; a thousand years are to him but as one day! I trust I have not a wish or a hope but that the Lord should do as it seemeth good unto him. I hope I shall feel the same penitence and submission as dear Patty did. I have great comfort and quietness in my mind, and except in the anguish of extreme *suffering*, when the body will be disturbed, I hope it may be said I bear my sickness patiently. What a treasure are the Psalms of David for Christians in every age!—That a shepherd-boy with his harp should furnish material for the devotion of successive generations to the end of time! 'Be strong, and he shall comfort your hearts;' and put ye your trust in the Lord. Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure—He himself is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup! When we are upon the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things shrink into their merited littleness! this is the point from whence to view them. 'O God, thou art my God, my soul thirsteth after Thee.'"

On Monday the 14th a clerical friend called upon her. She was in a sweet calm, and with a somewhat milder pulse. She said, "In none of my illnesses have I ever known much of those triumphs which I hear of; but I have never been destitute of consolation, and trust, and reliance; not that unauthorized calmness, I hope, which some deem to be always a symptom of peace to the soul." Mr. —— spoke of the delightful idea conveyed in our privilege of addressing our Creator by the endearing name of Father; there is something so tender in the title! "Yes," she replied; "nothing brings us so close to God, and this very endearing epithet is a pledge of, and even gives us a claim upon, his loving mercy. God has been abundantly good to me," she continued; "his chastisements are gracious loving-kindness! He will not let me forget him! I thank God I have been enabled in the night, when sleepless, to make use of many hours in devotion and meditation, which has been greatly profitable to me, otherwise my time would have been so occupied in the day that I should have appropriated too little time to private devotion; but my long nightly prayers and reflections have proved a great support and compensation to me when my daily ones have been abridged. What great use have I found," she said, "in single texts; sometimes half a dozen have furnished the whole manual of a poor man!" Here she enumerated a series of passages most affecting and applicable to a time of need. "It requires great faith," she resumed, "to receive pain and trials with thankfulness, and with a persuasion that they are sent in love; it is so natural to flesh and blood to love ease and enjoyment!" When nearly at the worst, she said to Miss F., "I think I have left nothing very material undone—I hope I can say that I have never, through all my long illness, expressed a wish, or put up a single prayer, for recovery—I find it the

only thing to lie at the foot of the cross and say, 'Thy will be done!'"

In an interval of severe suffering, she cried, "Lord, say unto my soul, thy sins be forgiven thee!" and after a moment she resumed, "The sufferings of this present time are not to be compared," &c. "O how this corruptible body presseth down the soul! Oh, Adam, what hast thou done! There had been no sickness had there been no sin; but no sin, no Saviour; and no Saviour, a happiness far short possibly of what we hope for through him."—"Oh what will it be," she added, "when our eyes close on this scene and open upon the world of spirits! I have often thought, since I have been lying here, of poor Thistlewood's expression: 'We shall soon know the grand secret.' A Christian may say the same; it is a secret equally to *him*; but *he* says it with a firm faith and well-grounded assurance that there is a reward for the righteous, that there is a God who judgeth the earth."

In the course of conversation, she spoke of the joys of heaven, and said, "It is delightful to know that they will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God, and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends will, I should think, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one; like Whitfield, I think we shall be apt to say, 'Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of my Saviour.' Important as doctrines are," she observed, "yet except the leading ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a subduing the old Adam within us—here is the grand difficulty and the acceptable offering to God! It is observable," she remarked, "that in the introductory verses to almost all St. Paul's epistles he says, 'Grace, mercy, and peace'—peace comes after grace and mercy."

On another occasion, when suffering under the extremity of sickness, she looked up with quickness to those who were supporting her, and said, "I seem as if I were impatient, but it is, I hope, only infirmity of body." She went on to say, "I can offer nothing but sorrow and repentance, to grace alone am I a debtor; it is unqualified mercy and pardon that I crave."

In speaking about her medicine, she said, "I wish—no I do not wish, nor trouble myself about the event, the taking it is my care—with the rest I have nothing to do." When holding her bitter potions in her hand, she would frequently say, "How much more bitter was the vinegar and the gall." Among the texts which she was continually repeating to herself was the passage from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, "It (i. e. correction) worketh the peaceable fruit of righteousness;" "but," she added, "not as payment; all is free gift."

To the Rev. Mr. ——, who called and prayed by her bedside,

she said, "I thank God I have not an anxiety whether to live or die;" and added with energy, "There is peace and safety at the foot of the cross; blessed be his holy name, I am enabled to cast myself there in a full, undivided, unqualified reliance on that blood that was shed upon it!"

"You have been a blessing to the world," said Mr. ——. "No," she replied, "mine has been a poor little way; I *have* done nothing, I *could* do nothing: the righteousness, mercies, and merits of Christ are all in all." In acute suffering she exclaimed, "How long, O Lord, how long! but I have not yet suffered enough for my purification."

Her attendant observed, "If *you* need all this, ma'am, *we* may be well filled with dismay." To which she answered, "The blood of Christ is sufficient; there is no acceptance for the best without it, and with it the worst need not fear obtaining pardon and salvation upon repentance; but it must be profound *heart-repentance*." An earnest hope being expressed for her recovery, she said, "Don't wish it—pray that his will may be done in me and by me—pray that I may bear testimony to his faithfulness unto the end. I would renounce every thing except my hold upon the Rock of my salvation."

On receiving the letter of a friend, wherein an acknowledgment was made of the blessing which "Practical Piety" had proved to him, in first awakening pious feelings in his mind, she said with great emotion, "I am sure I ought to be deeply humbled and grateful that God has deigned to work by so mean an instrument as I am; to him be all the glory. I hope I don't think any thing in the world of my poor doings—I utterly discard them—to him be all praise and thanksgiving for ever."

She often said, when she heard hopes expressed for her recovery, "It will be all well, my case is in good hands; suffering is the penalty of sin; not only are our diseases painful, but the very remedies for them are also for the most part bitter and painful—to me a very striking proof and consequence of the fall. I have had a life of so much prosperity that I needed powerful correction. Before I was in trouble I went wrong, and, oh! that I were able to add the latter part of the sentence, 'but now have I kept thy law.'" Then, in allusion to the restless night she had passed, "If we have wearisome nights, what a happiness it is to know that they are appointed to us, and by whom."

The friends of this admirable woman were now relieved from all immediate apprehension of her dissolution; although she still continued in so weak and suffering a state as to allow them little room to entertain any hope of her remaining among them another winter. While in this state, as those about her were discoursing on the women's clubs and the Wrington Bible meetings, &c., in which she and all the departed sisters had taken so lively a part, she observed, "My prayer must now be to submit to be useless. This is the very correction I stood

in need of—to annihilate self is the greatest point, and to rejoice that the thing does as well, or better, though I am not permitted to be the doer of it.

'Those also serve who only stand and wait.'

But I find it less easy to *suffer* than to *do* for God's sake." In speaking to a friend of some passages of her past life, she said, "it was her natural constitution to be apprehensive, yet she had been led to undertake many bold schemes, and to carry them through with perseverance, though under a want of hopefulness of their success; that she was persevering, but not sanguine."

During this her tedious illness, which was expected to be her last, she one day remarked to her medical attendant, that though she had attained to so considerable an age, she had experienced the pains of many dangerous complaints, and that probably next winter an attack upon her chest would be final; but that she did not mean to manage for the Almighty, and had not the slightest care or anxiety about the method of her dismissal.

In arranging some future plan with a friend, which it might have caused some inconvenience to defer, she said, "Not that I have the remotest idea of living through the winter, but we must plan for time and prepare for eternity." At another time she said, "I often think we are not thankful enough for our negative mercies; I have frequently felt grateful that I have never been confined in a madhouse, a prison, or a court." These parts of her conversation are here introduced to show with how much vivacity, even in sickness, it was occasionally distinguished. She remarked, when restored to some degree of strength, that people were too apt, at an advanced age, to imagine that because they were able to do but little, they were exempted from doing any thing, but that our work was never finished while we were on earth, and that when we had only one talent left, we must strive to the last to make the most of that one.

Speaking afterward on the duty of aiming at the edification of her innumerable visiters, she remarked, that upon her first introduction to worldly characters, if she had a prospect of seeing them more than once, she did not immediately press the subject of religion, but rather strove to do away prejudice, and to prepare the way by making a favourable impression; but if she knew it would be a single opportunity, she endeavoured to lose no time, but to come to the point at once.

She went on to observe, that young persons, whose affections were too much wedded to the world, were frequently brought to her by their pious relations, with the hope of her being able to dissuade them from the love of public amusements; but, she added, I always answered to their anxious solicitations on this head, by saying, that in my little way of

practice it was not my method to attack symptoms, but to apply myself in the first instance to the internal disease.

She remarked that many things had been cultivated since her youth by her own sex which she had determined to make no effort towards acquiring, as a superficial, or even a deeper knowledge of them would tend to no utility, either to herself or others; that she frequently heard ladies using philosophical and technical terms, but it did not inspire her with any desire to dabble in the sciences, which would have consumed much time without any of that good which was the sure result of a thorough acquaintance with a few things.

At another time, adverting to the multitude of improving and entertaining books which were daily issuing from the press, for the use of children and young persons, she added, "In my early youth there was scarcely any thing between 'Cinderella' and the 'Spectator.'"

Mrs. H. More not only passed tolerably well through the winter, but continued to advance gradually in strength, and the number of her visiters increased in proportion. All were delighted to remark that the sprightliness of her conversation was unabated. One of her friends informed her of the rejection of the Catholic bill in the House of Peers, by a majority of thirty-nine. "Then," said she, "we have beaten the Romanists with forty stripes save one." Her interest in her country's weal and moral advancement had not been diminished by the illness which had for so many months held her in perfect seclusion.

The following letters we find written about this time; the introduction of which may help to supply some short notices of this interval,—an interval which, until her convalescence much advanced, was passed in her chamber in great tranquillity, and in the free communication of her unstudied thoughts to those who lived most in her confidence.

From his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Bagshot Park, 1820.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Having this day finished the very valuable work you had the goodness to send me, which I have read with the sincerest gratification, I lose no time in offering you my warmest thanks for it, and expressing how much I admire this most excellent book. If any thing could increase the respect and veneration I have very long entertained for the author, it would be the perusal of works which must do good to every one who reads them.

Before I had the pleasure of being personally known to you, my mother had taught me to form an esteem which subsequent acquaintance could only increase. It is now many years since

I had the pleasure of seeing you, and during that length of time I have constantly had that of hearing of you, and knowing the good you never cease doing. But I lament to learn that your health has not been what I could have wished. I have heard, with the deepest regret, the great trials you have experienced; trials for which no one is so well prepared as yourself, and under which you are supported by that which can alone afford consolation in affliction.

I entreated my excellent friend Lady Olivia Sparrow to make my excuses to you for not immediately returning my thanks for your kind recollection of me, but I was unwilling to write until I had read these pages, being well assured that my debt of gratitude would be greatly augmented by their perusal; which satisfaction, till now, I have not been able to afford myself, in consequence of my having been engaged in a long tour, which took up a very considerable time.

Allow me to express my anxious hope that it will please God to preserve, during many years, a life that is invaluable to the world, and to request of you to believe me ever, with perfect truth,

My dear madam,
Your very sincere friend
and very faithful servant,
WILLIAM FREDERICK.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Aug. 10, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your very nice, kind, long letters both exhilarated and afflicted me, like one of Shakspeare's tragic comedies. I should not have punished you with writing so soon, but that it comes across me that if any thing relating to those destructive engines, Sunday newspapers, stage-coaches, and other Sabbath-breaking grievances, should come before your House, you might, perhaps, make some use of a passage I have just met with in one of poor Lord Orford's letters: it is dated 1761. "Bussy, the ambassador, put off his journey to Monday. He says this is a strange country, where *he can get no wagoner to carry his goods on a Sunday*. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a wagoner's veto is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt in his career to Mexico."

I was awfully struck at the horrible increase of Sabbath-breaking since this was written, and it strikes me the more as coming from a man (with sorrow I say it) of no religion.

Sept. 12.—So far I had written more than a month ago; but it pleased God to prevent my going on with my letter by a seizure the most violent I have ever had. For a considerable time there seemed scarcely a probability of my living a day. Twice I appeared to be quite dead, and nothing but the vigor-

ous measures of Dr. Lovell, in copiously bleeding, for the third time lately, could, humanly speaking, have called me back to this sinful and afflicted world. I fear I was not grateful enough when I felt myself alive, for I had not only been resigned, but desirous to depart; my weak faith suggesting to me, that on the next call I might not be so willing. Pray for me, my dearest friend, that I may turn this short reprieve to a better account than I have done my numberless mercies.

I will not, because I cannot, say what I have felt for you in your late trying and perilous situation. I will not weary *you* with this subject, though even in this remote and quiet nook it harasses my mind day and night: but I will turn to a less disgusting, though, I confess, to me not a pleasing subject. I mean a life which I have been reading of an eminent servant of Christ. Narrative is always interesting, especially if it records the actions of eminent men; but I own this work has given me more pain than pleasure. Why call up from oblivion extravagances and absurdities which good men would wish to lose sight of in *consideration* of the immense benefit these extraordinary men have done to religion? Their follies would still have been confined to the journals of these reformers and to the magazine, where they would have remained a proper caution to their own people. Why transplant such weeds into a book which will be read by worldly people? It must make the godly grieve and the ungodly triumph. Those who know to what a low ebb Christianity was sunk in the church will be more ready to thank God for raising up these awakeners than to expose their errors. When I think of their burning zeal, their incredible labours, their pure disinterestedness, I think also with pleasure of their present rest from their labours, and how they are rejoicing in heaven over the thousands they have been instrumental in bringing thither.

By this tedious scrawl, written *à plusieurs reprises*, I seem as if I thought you were as much at leisure as myself, solitary and useless being as I am, while you, I fear, are nearly worn out with labour and anxiety.

May the God of all grace and mercy be with you. Amen.

Your affectionate

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

1830.

My dear Friends,

It is only a few days ago that I could prevail on Messrs. T. &c. to let me have *the book*. Imprisoned in my chamber for three weeks, it was only yesterday that I could finish it. I have read it with mingled feelings; pain and pleasure had by turns the upper-hand. But first let me, through you, thank the admirable author, not only for her kind present, but for the ele-

gant and delicate hand with which she has reproved me. As to the work, it indicates a kindred genius with the subject it celebrates, a similarity of striking thoughts, brilliancy of style, and happy turn of expression, the same ardour in feeling, the same generosity of sentiment. I wish my sacred regard to truth would allow me to stop here, but you *insist* on knowing my sentiments. I really feel myself so *entirely* inferior to both ladies, that I am not worthy to offer them, and I feel also that I am going to expose myself to the charge of want of taste, of want of candour, or of envy of such eclipsing merits. It appears to me, then, that from the excess of her affection, and the warmth of her generosity, Madame Necker, not content with making the Eloge of Madame de Staël, has made her *apotheosis*. It would be a satire on my own judgment and feelings not to allow that I am one among the innumerable admirers of Madame de Staël. Corrine, as an exhibition of genius, is a *chef-d'œuvre;* of Delphine I have no right to speak, as I have never read it, but having been assured that it was offensive to morality, I was sorry to observe that Madame Necker's warm heart had led her pure mind to defend it. I am at present too unwell to look over the passages on the admirable work "de l'Allemagne," on which I took the liberty to hazard a remark or two in my Essay on St. Paul. A passage in Madame Necker's book serves to recall thé substance of it to my mind —the passage is, "*Le Juge supreme sera clement envers le genie.*" I humbly conceive this is a dangerous sentiment; Voltaire, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, Lord Byron, and a hundred others would be happy to take shelter, for the use to which they applied their talents, under the wing of so admirable a woman as Madame Necker. Perhaps, had I as much personal interest in defending genius as she has, I might have been tempted to treat it with greater lenity. Again, I am a passionate admirer of whatever is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art. These are the gifts of God, but no part of his essence; they proceed from God's goodness, and should kindle our gratitude to him; but I cannot conceive that the most enchanting beauties of nature, or the most splendid productions of the fine arts, have any necessary connexion with religion. You will observe that I mean the religion of Christ, not that of Plato; the religion of reality, and not of the beau ideal. Adam sinned in a garden too beautiful for us to have any conception of it. The Israelites selected fair groves and pleasant mountains for the peculiar scenes of their idolatry. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. These decorate religion, but they neither produce nor advance it. They are the enjoyments and refreshments of life, and very compatible with true religion, but they make no part of religion. Athens was at once the most learned and the most polished city in the world, so devoted to the fine arts that it is said to have con-

tained more statues than men; yet in this eloquent city the eloquent apostle's preaching made but one proselyte in the whole areopagus.

I am happy to learn from her elegant biographer that the close of life of her illustrious cousin was so eminently pious. The best Christians must look with envy at the passage in which she describes herself as not spending a quarter of an hour without thinking of God.

Though I have already said too much, I cannot help adding a word on what appears to me to be the distinctive character of Christianity. I mean a deep and abiding sense in the heart of our fallen nature; of our actual and personal sinfulness; of our lost state, but for the redemption wrought for us by Jesus Christ; and of our universal necessity of a change of heart; and the conviction that this change can only be effected by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is humbling now that it may be elevating hereafter. It appears to me also that the requisition which the Christian religion makes of the most highly gifted as well as of the most meanly endowed is, that after the loftiest and most successful exercise of the most brilliant talents, the favoured possessor should lay his talents and himself at the foot of the cross with the same deep abasement and self-renunciation as his more illiterate neighbour, and this from a conviction of who it is that hath made them to differ. I give Madame Necker high credit for the exact pencil with which she has drawn Madame Necker la mère. It is precisely the picture I drew in my own mind more than forty years ago. I saw much of both those distinguished parents, as they were in familiar intimacy with Mr. Garrick, at whose house I was then staying—with great abilities, I thought her too studiously ingenious to be agreeable, and too *recherchée* to seem ever easy; in short, she seemed to have been formed to be the admiration of Mr. Gibbon.

I am sorry you insisted so much on my real opinion of the excellently-written volume in question. I feel that I have exposed myself to the charge of injustice to distinguished merit, and of ingratitude for the entertainment I have received from the living lady, as well as from *her* to whom human opinion, even of a much higher order than mine, is now of no value. I have no room for other subjects. May the Almighty grant us all the benefits and consolations of the late gracious season!

H. More.

I must add, that in sallies of imagination, and happiness of illustration, Mad. Necker is frequently not inferior to her admirable relation.

Madame Necker à Madame Huber.

Le 24 Fevrier, 1820.

Ce n'est pas sans raison chère amie que j'ai beaucoup hesité avant d'oser offrir La Notice à Madame More. Non seulement la partie frivole de cet ouvrage ne me paroissoit pas digne d'elle, mais je sentois, et je crois vous l'avoir écrit, qu'une personne aussi clairvoyante, aussi versée dans les plus grands sujets, éléveroit bien des objections contre celle qui semble plus serieuse. Cependant, chère amie, je ne me repents pas d'avoir suivi votre conseil; tout ce qui vient de cette part est instructif, est fait pour ameliorer, et j'aime mieux connoitre directement les fautes que je puis avoir commises pour remonter avec plus de certitude à leur source au dedans de moi.

Je laisse de coté le point de vue litteraire, quoique assurement le jugement de Madame More doive avoir plus de poids qu'aucun autre dans ce genre mais elle même a l'air de compter pour si peu un merite extremement distingué à cet egard, qu'elle apprend à n'y pas attacher trop de prix. J'en viens à ce qui seul est essentiel. Le mot *religion*—soit avec elle soit avec Mr. Huber et vous, *est*, et *devoit être*, la grande pierre d'achoppement. Il est certainement très heureux que des personnes telles que Madame More s'attachent à ramener ce mot à son sens le plus precis, le plus juste, et en même tems le plus salutaire dans son application. Cependant elle connoit trop bien le cœur humain (et ses ouvrages en sont la preuve), pour ne pas savoir que des sentimens très vifs, très sincères, des sentimens qui ont aussi jusqu'à un certain point une influence heureuse sur le cœur et sur la vie, ne correspondent pas exactement avec la definition qu'elle en donne. Bien des gens qui se croyent de bonne foi Chrétiens ont *leur religion*. Cette religion, ou melée d'idées d'imagination ou bornée par des raisonnemens humains, n'est surement pas la meilleure, elle n'est pas dans un sens exact *le Christianisme*, et par consequent la vraie religion; et pourtant qui oserait vouloir deraciner ces sentimens, avant d'être assuré de les remplacer par de plus purs?

En faisant l'histoire du cœur de Madame de Staël, pouvoit on omettre un trait aussi saillant que ces elans si frequens de son ame, que ce desir non accompli mais toujours renouvellé, de se rapprocher de Dieu; que cette marche vers l'amelioration imprimée par ce même desir à son existence. En peignant ce sentiment, ainsi que j'ai peint tous les autres, en disant par exemple qu'elle attachoit l'idée de retribution à la vie presente plus qu'à la vie à venir, j'ai bien montré qu'il avoit ses bizarreries, ses imperfections, qu'il n'etoit pas en un mot la religion telle qu'a raison de l'entendre Madame More. Si je me suis servie de ce terme par extension, j'ai cru qu'on ne pourroit se tromper sur l'idée; la nature de l'ouvrage, celle de ses lecteurs

en France m'interdisoit des explications plus precises, et ce qui me les interdisoit surtout c'est que je ne pouvois les donner sans paroître m'arroger une superiorité qui auroit blessé, non seulement les enfans de Madame de Staël mais mon amitié à moi même. Il me semble que j'ai pris les mêmes précautions dans le reste de l'ouvrage, et je suis sure du moins d'avoir voulu les prendre. Ainsi j'ai dit, en propres termes qu'*elle* ne devoit pas servir d'exemple. Dans le chap. *Effets du Tems*, en montrant ce qu'elle avoit gagné j'ai fait connoître ce qui lui avoit longtemps manqué, et en disant que sa marche avoit été arretée au moment où il paroissoit (ce dont je ne doute pas) se preparer en elle un dernier et heureux developpement, j'ai bien fait voir que je ne l'ai jamais crue arrivée à la perfection. Il ne me semble donc pas que cet ouvrage soit un apothéose, et sous ce seul rapport j'oserai me plaindre de l'expression employée par Madame More.

Quant à la phrase *Dieu sera clément envers le génie*, puisqu'elle lui a presenté le sens qu'elle indique je la changerai, si jamais on me demande une 2de edition. Ayant dans la pensée le vœu que Dieu fit grace à Madame de Staël je n'ai osé parler que de clémence; j'ai eu tort de géneraliser une idée individuelle, mais en esperant la clémence, l'idée que le génie put se dispenser de remplir les conditions attachées à l'exercise de cette clémence ne s'est pas seulement offerte à moi.

Peut-être Madame More a-t-elle pensé que j'exagerois les heureux effets des ouvrages de Madame de Staël, et je puis en effet ne pas en être juge. Neanmois dans la sphere animée par Madame More on a le bonheur de perdre de vue la multitude de ces êtres prevenus qui n'en sont pas seulement au point de consentir à lire un ouvrage de pieté. C'est auprès de ceux-là qu'une muse est le seul missionaire possible. Elle a disposé les cœurs de ces infortunés a recevoir des impressions salutaires; elle a diminué les prejugés anti-chrétiens: c'est là ce que j'ai voulu dire; et si j'ai osé emprunter les admirables paroles de l'apôtre, ce n'est pas assurement que j'aye songé à une comparaison qui seroit une profanation même s'il s'agissoit de la plus parfaite des creatures, c'est qu'en effet Madame de Staël a dit sans cesse que la source du beau, du grand, de tout ce que les hommes admirent avec enthousiasme dans les arts et dans la nature, n'etoit autre que la divinité. J'ai pris la plus belle des expressions pour rendre une verité qu'elle a proclamée, et quoique la source de cette expression fut si haute et si sainte je n'ai pas cru qu'il put interdit de s'en servir.

J'ai repondu jusqu'ici indistinctement à Madame More et à Monsieur Huber; mais la question des beaux arts regarde uniquement la première. Je ne pourrai pas la combattre, car de la maniere dont elle l'entend je suis entierement de son avis. Ce n'est pas avec la religion pratique que les arts ont une connexion necessaire, et, dans des livres faits exclusivement pour l'inculquer, ces sujets seroient une trop forte dis-

traction ; mais ce n'est pas à cette classe qu'appartiennent les ouvrages de Madame de Staël. Et comme les beaux arts sont le resultat du developpement de nos facultés, comme celui qui nous a donné ces facultés, et les occasions de les exercer, n'a eu que des vues bienfaisantes, il semble qu'il vaut mieux chercher (qu'il est permis à l'homme de le faire), à entrer dans le sens de ces vues, que d'envisager les beaux arts sous leur coté sensuel et profane. Ils paroissent participer à la celeste origine comme à la corruption de notre nature, et on peut influer sur leur direction.

Pardon, chère amie, de cette longue lettre, qui se ressent du trouble de mon depart. Mais mon profond respect pour Madame More est cause que rien de ce qui tient à son opinion ne peut-être traité legèrement par moi. Si elle a pu croire que ses remarques m'inspiraient autre chose que de la reconnoissance, elle ne m'a pas connue.

Voila cette lettre, chère amie, dont j'aurai besoin de vous reparler. Je ne m'étois surement pas flattée qu'en écrivant un ouvrage, dont le but étoit de presenter, sous ses cotés favorables, une personne telle que Madame de Staël, je puise obtenir en entier la precieuse approbation de Madame More. Je ne lui aurois même pas envoyé ce livre, sans les lignes auxquelles elle repond. En trouvant donc fort naturelles, et souvent très justes, les remarques qu'elle fait, j'oserai pourtant reclamer contre le mot *d'apothéose*. Les personnes, les lettres, les journaux mêmes, qui m'ont reproché d'avoir été importé trop loin par l'amitié, se sont accordés à dire que ce n'étoit pas même *un panegyrique*, et qu'il y avoit un mélange de jugement dans mon admiration, qui laissoit entrevoir les imperfections d'un tel caractère. Si je voulois citer, il y auroit dequoi nous ennuyer toutes les deux des preuves de ce que j'avance. En tout, je ne sais si je suis satisfaite, les éloges litteraires étant peu de chose pour moi, mais quant à être soumise et reconnoisante même, je le suis très certainement. J'éspere ne pas pécher par orgueil—c'est assez de le faire involontairement de tant d'autres manieres, et je recevrai toujours comme un bienfait les avis, les reproches mêmes, d'une femme telle que votre amie.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1820.

My dear Friends,

At length it has pleased God to enable me to write to thank you both for your kind letter, which I was happy to receive. I have been confined to the house ever since last September, and to my chamber since Christmas, a good part of that time to my bed. I am, thanks to Almighty goodness, growing gradually much better. I have this week seen a friend or two for an hour, and breakfasted twice in the next room.

Madame Necker has treated me and my bold remonstrance with a delicacy which shows the refinement of her own elevated mind. Truly glad should I be if such a mind could be brought to receive "the truth as it is in Jesus;" for those fine speculations which she and her accomplished relative have fed on as Christianity afford no solid relief to a *fallen creature*, and such the best of human beings are by nature. The wisest and the best stand in as much need to be redeemed by the blood of Christ; and to be sanctified and guided by the Holy Spirit, as the most illiterate and the most unworthy. The two great principles on which our salvation *must* be founded are faith and holiness; faith, without which it is impossible to please God—holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. Those are not *my* words, as you know, but the words of the great apostle. Madame Necker says, "a muse may be a missionary." I agree with her; but then it must be such a muse as that of Cowper or Milton, where the sanctity directs and elevates the poetry; where genius is made subservient to Christian principle, and embellishes it without altering its character or debasing its purity. These two are *Bible poets*, who received the gospel with simplicity, and adorned it without any departure from its truth.

This amiable lady a little mistakes my character and turn of mind. She supposes me to be so strict that I disapprove the *lighter* parts of her book; so far from it, that I delight in narrative, in anecdote, and in traits of character. It is only on the more *serious* passages that I took the liberty to animadvert. I should not have offered a remark on the *omission* of religion; it is only on what appeared to me to be *mistakes* in religion that I presumed to speak. Her powerful intellect, her high cultivation, her candid mind, of which she has given so amiable an instance in her bearing with my impertinent observations, impel me to observe what a fine soil that mind would be in which to plant genuine unadulterated Christianity. Though a self denying, humbling religion, it gives more than it takes away; it gives a peace which the world, with all its promises and blandishments, cannot give. It gives humility, which, far from prohibiting the exercise of talents, only encourages their consecration to him who gave them, with that prostration of heart and self-renouncing spirit which will lead the possessor to exclaim, "Who hath made me to differ?" What have I that I have not received?

In the worst of my illness, Cadell wrote to entreat me to preface a new edition of "Moral Sketches" with a short tribute to our lamented king. My friend wrote him word it was utterly impossible, that I might as well attempt to fly as to write. A week after, supposing me to be better, he again renewed his entreaty. I was not better, but worse. I fancied, however, that what was difficult might not be impossible. So, having got everybody out of the way, I furnished myself

with pen, ink, and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and next morning in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one thought, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my scrawl, and said not a word, while my doctor and my friend wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate, I next morning returned to my task of seven pages more, and delivered my almost illegible papers to my friend to transcribe and send away. I got well scolded, but I loved the king, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse; so it stands as a preface to the seventh edition. You will be as much surprised as myself that this slight work should have made its way so rapidly in these distracted times, which, the bookseller tells me, have been the most unfavourable to literature that they have ever known. The preface is such a meager performance as you would expect from the writer, and the strange circumstances of the writing.

Thursday, July 13.—I began this letter some days ago, and wrote a little as I felt able, but have since had a considerable return of fever and pain. At my time of life I am not so sanguine as to expect any thing like perfect restoration, nor am I anxious about it; all I desire is a prepared mind, an obedient heart, and a resigned spirit. I am surrounded with many mercies, and have the consolation of knowing that I have the prayers of many Christian friends.

Dear Wilberforce has been more active and more brilliant than ever, if that were possible, this year. May God preserve his precious life, which he seems to be wearing out by incessant hard labour.

My heavy, irreparable domestic loss has been, as you will believe, bitterly felt by me during this confinement of nine months; but the time is short, and we are all hastening, if we spend that short time well, to a country where there is neither sin nor suffering.

As I address both, I conclude with saying, may God bless you both!

Yours, my dear friends, most faithfully,

H. More.

From Sophia Fowler (a deaf and dumb girl in the American Asylum*) to Mrs. H. More.

Hartford, August 9, 1820.

Respected Madam,

Mr. Gallaudet wishes me to write to you. It gives me great pleasure to write to you, although I think we shall never see each other's faces, but I do hope I shall meet you in heaven,

* Mrs. More had several little correspondents in this asylum.

where how happy we shall be to see each other's faces. I hope we shall make preparation for death, and God will give us peace and happiness when we die. I was sorry to hear that you were sick, but I hope you are now better. I think how I live here a great many miles from you. I understand you love God and the Lord Jesus Christ very much, because you have done much good to others, and you also have composed many good and religious books, which I hope I shall be very much pleased to read in future, and I will remember you. If you are in any pain, I hope God will descend upon your soul in peace. Jesus Christ sees us always when we are in pain, and he sympathizes with us; then he will certainly bless us, if we truly love and trust in him with ardent faith. Before I came to the asylum I had not any ideas of religion and immortality of the soul. How kind the Providence was, to send Mr. Gallaudet to go to Paris, and he learned the signs from Mr. Sicard. Mr. S. kindly permitted Mr. Clerc to go to this country with Mr. Gallaudet. When they arrived in it, I was exceedingly glad to hear it, because I earnestly wished to learn to read, and I very much love to learn something of the Bible. I should sincerely be grateful to God for his many blessings to me, to let me learn so many different names. Many missionaries have gone to evangelize the poor heathen about the gospel and religion, which will teach them to be converted towards the Lord. I hope the blessed millennium will be happy, peaceable, and we friends like the angels in paradise. I think the new asylum, which will be finished in September, will be very commodious for the deaf and dumb to live in it. Our house will beautifully stand on Lord's hill. We can look over the beautiful landscape from this city. It is a very pleasant place in summer, but it is not the same in winter, although we shall be very comfortable and sitting round by the fire.

May your heavenly Father bless you, and be always with you during your life. Although I write a letter to you, I hardly expect you will answer me, because I know that you are much engaged. I hope to pray to God for you.

I am yours,
With much respect and esteem,
SOPHIA FOWLER.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Lord R——'s friendship and mine is always rekindled upon every public trouble, but falls back into a quiet state as soon as the trouble subsides. I send you some of his numberless communications. Could you lay the subscription-paper before any rich folks, you would do good: I mean where the rich are the liberal.

I saw yesterday, in the wreck of Dr. ——, an illustration of

that obvious truth, that what begins in vanity must end in vexation of spirit; indeed, it does not wait for the end, but jogs along with it through its whole course, robbing its progress of enjoyment, and its end of consolation. Poor man! he seems to have stripped his exterior of all its vain and costly trappings, and *talks* as if his mind were stripped of them too. He has a painful retrospect; may his prospective view be brighter.

We have been running through the life of E. It was lent me by Serle. I am glad I did not pay thirty shillings for such lenten entertainment. The first volume is contemptibly trifling, the second insufferably dull.

Our king has a painful fit of the gout. He bore the cutting out the tumour from his head with great fortitude. The operation lasted ten minutes. Dr. M—— writes me, that after the king heard the first sermon Dr. P—— preached, he said to the gentlemen about him, as he came out of his pew, "I do not ask your opinion of this excellent discourse, because you could not fail to admire it."

I am truly rejoiced at Dr. C.'s report of your amiable nephew. God grant that he may live to be a blessing to his father and an honour to religion.

Though it has pleased Infinite Mercy to keep me from great trials and serious afflictions, yet the aggregate of petty cares, and the multiplication of little weaning intrusions and paltry vexations, serve, and I hope *will* serve still more, to wean me from the desire of life. When one is assured that it is far better to depart, and to be with Christ, it is astonishing that we do not more practically adopt that great article of faith.

I hope you will find our dear friends the Fords improved in health. It would be a pretty *galanterie* if *they would bring you down* some day next week, and spend a long day. If such a freak should occur, give me notice, and I will try to keep a clear coast.

I do not think the *Rhymes* make their way much. I fancy the world is pretty much of my opinion about them. Most of my friends indeed write favourably, but partiality warps the judgment. Yet Miss Frowd and I smile when we see the scholars and the good authors more civil than their inferiors. All that I am sorry for is, that we had so large an edition, or I should have had the improvements inserted ere now.

I was seized the other day with a violent shivering fit, succeeded by a smart attack of fever, but would send for no doctor, knowing that experience is often no bad substitute for wisdom. I gradually grow better, by persevering in my old strong remedies. This poor crazy tenement of mine encounters many shocks; that I resist them is marvellous, but I wait the great Builder's will for being turned out on its falling to the ground.

Ever to you both an affectionate friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Dec. 23, 1820.

I have been long in your debt for a most interesting and delightful letter, and in your debt I must be content to remain; for though I thankfully *acknowledge*, I am sure I shall not *answer* it. I hope in my late scrawl I cleared my character of the foul blot of ingratitude. I have been most agreeably employed, in turning part of your large bounty to the best account I can devise; this hallowed and gracious season being a special call to attend to the wants of our fellow-creatures, as one of the best proofs of our love to HIM who not only became man for our sakes, but man in his most destitute condition. Some author says that charity is the truest epicurism, for it makes the giver eat with many mouths at once. You therefore at this moment may indulge your spiritual appetite with this wholesome food, which never makes one sick.

The touching portrait you draw of your own domestic felicities, and your gratitude to the divine Author of them, is as refreshing to me after reading the newspapers (which have lately too much occupied my time) as the reviving shower in a parched land. These turbulent times make one sad: I am sick of that liberty which I used so to prize. If any of your acquaintance want any, let them send to me, for I have more than I can make use of, and many have more than does them good.

I comfort myself, however, that if wickedness is more mischievous, goodness is more active. I see much, in the higher ranks at least, that gives me hope, and particularly in Ireland, where there is a striking improvement among several whom I am so happy as to call my friends. I had an interesting discourse the other day on this point, with my long-valued friend the Archbishop of Cashel, who considered this as a prognostic of better days. Have you observed that this year is the centenary of the South Sea scheme? We recovered the bursting of that bubble, as I hope we may do of this.

Do you know any thing of Mrs. Garrick? It is now long since I heard from her, which troubles me. Years do not seem to impair as much as they used to do. The Bishop of Durham, one of my early friends, is his own secretary and chaplain, at eighty-six; and I have just received a ring, in memory of Mr. Hatsell, who had promised me a visit next summer. He was about the same age. You have heard of the "Royal Society of Literature." Another of my old and dear friends, the Bishop of St. David's (himself, I believe, one of the first scholars on the bench), has been corresponding with me on the subject. The king is patron, and his patronage will be large. It is not yet quite organized, nor much known. The first dissertation is to be on "The Age, Writings,

and Genius of Homer;" a principal object being to promote ancient learning. Now as learning is the next best thing to religion, I hope the scheme may succeed. I have but one objection to it. Among the honorary members they propose to include a few females. They have done unworthy me the honour to name me; I have written a strong remonstrance, declining the distinction, partly on the ground that I have no claim to it, but chiefly that I consider the circumstance of sex alone a disqualification.

I have just had a present sent me from Paris,—a neat volume of my "Cheap Tracts," well translated under the auspices of the Countess of Pastoret and the Duchess of Broglie. The translator tells me that the third edition was gone to the press before they sent me the book.

I agree with you that Madame Necker's "Life of Madame de Staël" has great merit. There is much ability and fine flashes of eloquence; but I found also much to censure in point of principle, and I fairly told her so. She was so kind to send me the book through my friend Mr. Huber, the elegant translator of "Cœlebs." Had she confined her eulogiums to the talents, the eloquence, the knowledge of her illustrious cousin, I should have gone all lengths with her; but, as I ventured to tell her, she has made, not her éloge, but her apotheosis. She is painted as a model, not only of moral, but religious perfection, and she has deified talents by saying, "Dieu sera clement au génie."

I have told Madame Necker that Hume, and Bolingbroke, and Byron will gladly range themselves under her great authority. In answer to her saying (I mean Madame de Staël) that religion was necessarily connected with the fine arts, poetry, and eloquence, I took the liberty to observe, that in the most learned and polished city of antiquity, in which it was said there were more statues than men, St Paul produced no effect on the eloquent areopagus, only one member being awakened: and we know that in modern times, in those countries, Italy for instance, where the fine arts have been carried to a perfection *we* have never reached, there is a deplorable ignorance of genuine Christianity. Genius and talent of every kind are the gift of God, and serve to adorn religion, and to display her in her highest beauty; but they are no part of religion itself; on the contrary, religion has found some of her worst enemies in those who have been the most supremely gifted.

The above are only a few of the observations I made when I returned thanks to Madame Necker for her book. To the credit of her humility be it spoken, she received them most patiently and even kindly; put my letter in her work-bag when she set out for Italy, seemed much affected, and said she would make several alterations if her volume reached a second edition.

Your kindness will pardon all this egotism, which I am going to prolong, by telling you that I have just received from New-York a present of an American edition of all my unworthy writings, more elegantly bound than I have seen any book coming from thence. I have much intercourse with that continent; I have had visits from several who have been making the tour of Europe for improvement; and I have had letters from many, which discover cultivated minds. I am glad to have my prejudices against that vast republic softened. They are imitating all our religious and charitable institutions. They are fast acquiring *taste*, which, I think, is the last quality that republicans do acquire.

Your religious observations interested me greatly. I totally agree with you, that "there is no better preparation for death than the daily endeavour to conform our lives to the precepts of the gospel; that if our repentance for our past offences is sincere, and our desire to obey the revealed will of God is steady, and exemplified in our daily habits, there is no better preparation for death." I give you back your own sentiments, as they are exactly my own, as are also your addition "of the daily supplication through a Redeemer, and a lively faith." As to "unsinning obedience," I believe the prophets and apostles themselves never attained to it. I do not know of any *selection* of Scripture that I could recommend. My own practice has been to make a cross in the margin against every text peculiarly striking or capable of self-application. The portions at which I involuntarily open the Bible are the Psalms and the prophet Isaiah, who may justly be called the evangelical prophet. There are also very sublime passages in Jeremiah, and indeed in the minor prophets, spiritual and personal, as well as prophetic. Perhaps I read the epistles rather than the gospels for this reason, that the latter, being historical, have taken more hold of one's memory; and the former, being less obvious, require closer attention. I can truly say that I have seldom taken up any part of the Old or New Testament in which I did not perceive something I had not observed before, or seen an old truth presented in a new light. I do not, however, read either sacred or profane writers as much as I wish. Added to the hindrances of very indifferent health, advanced age, the cares of my family, my schools, and many concerns in the parishes, to the comforts of which your liberality has so largely contributed, I see a great deal of company. My nearness to Clifton brings many strangers, besides my immediate friends, so that I had more time to myself formerly in London.

Have you read Magee's Sermons on the Atonement? He treats that important topic in a very able manner, and on quite new grounds. He is one of my very attached friends. He is just made Bishop of Raphoe, to my great satisfaction; as

he has, I think, fourteen children, and is a most able and pious man.

I beg to be both respectfully and affectionately remembered to Lady Pepys. Your young people do not know me, but they have the cordial prayers of their father's friend,

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Macauley.

My dear Friend,

I wrote the letter to Mr. Huber with great reluctance, but he was so *very* earnest that I should say something for them to read to Madame Necker, that I was compelled to do something. You said that some of our pious friends greatly admired Madame de Staël's views of religion. To me they are unsound, unsatisfactory, and unscriptural. They illustrate Isaiah's remark, "'Tis as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth and he drinketh, but he awaketh and he is faint, and his soul has appetite." I should have stated this in my letter, and many other things, but I fear I have already too much wounded Madame Necker. I should like to see what Mr. Gisborne and Mr. Wilberforce will write to him.

I send this to Mr. Hart Davis, and hope it will not be overweight. I thank God I am considerably better, but not likely to leave my room till a change of weather. I grieve that Madame Necker should have ascribed almost superhuman perfection to her cousin, especially such an elevation of piety.

I am glad you are all well, and happy together. May you long continue so, prays

Yours very faithfully,

H. More.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Hart Davis, Esq.

Barley Wood, July 31, 1821.

My dear Sir,

I cannot but rejoice that you were present at the coronation, which I conceive to have been the *acme* of human grandeur. The splendour must have been almost overcoming, and the mere ceremony of the pageant was elevated by the cause which gave occasion to it, and dignified by the religious solemnities which made so affecting a part of it.

I am exceedingly delighted with Dean Milner's sermons. Though they were not all finished for the press, and some of them are printed with shameful negligence, yet I have seldom met with any discourses more to my taste. They are devoutly practical; entirely free from all dogmatism and all controverted points. They come straight home to the heart and con-

science. So much simplicity of language, such honest yet temperate earnestness, from so great a mind, and so distinguished a scholar, is very pleasing. He was said to be a high Calvinist, but I defy any critic to detect one sentiment *peculiar* to Calvinism throughout the two volumes. A high-toned morality and a scrutinizing spirit of holiness appear everywhere. I knew the dean very well, and a merrier man I never knew.

From the same to the same.

(*Extract.*)

September 20, 1821.

I have a most interesting letter from the Bellevue party. They are in raptures with the king. He desired Mrs. —— herself to show him every part of the great Orphan Asylum, of which she was almost the foundress. The sight of the poor orphans led him to speak in the most tender manner of his own virtuous and revered parents. He made himself patron of the institution—gave a large donation, with a subscription of one hundred pounds per annum.

From the same to the same.

(*Extract.*)

Barley Wood, Oct. 16, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had intended, as Dogberry says in the play, "to bestow all my tediousness upon you;" but that most despotic of tyrants, and most ardent of friends, Sir Thomas Acland, against my most earnest remonstrances and positive refusals, has actually sent down Pickersgill to paint my picture! He is staying in the house, and keeps me so close to the miserable work of sitting that it was with difficulty I stole time for the enclosed letter, which, being important, I trouble you with. I dreaded this foolish business even so much as to lie awake about it; but I go through it, hitherto, better than usual.

November 16, 1821.

You know it was my hard fate to sit for two portraits, lest the one friend should think his a copy of the other. It happens that each proprietor* likes his own best. I believe the painter has made the best of my withered visage. You are aware with what extreme reluctance I submitted to the operation.

* Sir Thomas Dyke Acland and Lovell Gwatkin, Esq., both intimate and much-valued friends; and the latter one of the oldest.

From the same to the same.

(*Extract.*)

October 21, 1822.

I was much affected yesterday with a report of the death of my ancient and valued friend Mrs. Garrick. She was in her hundredth year! I spent above twenty winters under her roof, and gratefully remember, not only their personal kindness, but my first introduction through them into a society remarkable for rank, literature, and talents. Whatever was most distinguished in either was to be found at their table. He was the very soul of conversation.

My dear sir, most faithfully yours,

H. More.

Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

November, 1821.

My dear Friends,

I was not quite well enough to write by Charles, and he neglected to tell you of the vexation which has for the last three weeks hung over my head. You know the wearisome importunity of certain friends about my sitting for my picture, and the sincere pertinacity of my refusal. They have, however, got Mr. Pickersgill (who painted the Bishop of Gloucester in our parlour, and whose talents are held in the highest estimation) to come down. It is a cruel vexation to me, in every point of view. I have opposed it with all my might. Morally and physically, it is grievous to me. Think of the fatigue it will give me, and the great uncertainty of my health from one day to another! Then comes my great objection, that with my fragment of life, a few, out of the very few days which remain to me, should be wasted to rescue for a few years from oblivion my haggard withered face. I would cheerfully make the artist a present for the loss of his time, if he would let me off, but they will not hear of it, and our dear B—— is as bad as the worst of them. For *your* sakes I am sorry it is likely to take place while you are here (the beginning of next week perhaps); for my own sake it will be a great relief to me. My anxiety about this foolish business has had its share in retarding my recovery, and I lament that I should have yielded my quiet and comfort to the too pressing solicitations of friendship.

I am ashamed that the first use I make of my pen should be on such a paltry subject. As I hope to see you so soon, I will leave other matters unsaid. God bless you both.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

(*Extract.*)

Barley Wood, 1821.

My dear Friends,

I got your letter only last night, and if I do not hurry a few lines this morning, it will be too late to catch you at Ludlow. Indeed, I fear it will be so as it is. I am glad, that in spite of this unsummerlike weather, you have had so much enjoyment of so sublime a portion of the sublime Creator's works. Your rencounter with and account of Mr. Roberts, &c. gave me pleasure. *He* has been very kind to that which little deserved kindness, the Bible Rhymes. I seldom quit my room, on account of the damp, and never the house.

Mr. M—— and a few other hard-working Christians are endeavouring to put in practice Chalmers's local scheme for general instruction in religion in large cities, Glasgow, London, &c., by inducing some pious person to undertake twenty. I believe they are going to try it in Smithfield, and he hopes they shall at least make them know that there is a God and Christ, a heaven and hell. Mr. Wilberforce is settled in Morden Park, Hatsel's place, and lives in such profound retirement (which was his object in settling there) that he does not see above three-and-thirty at breakfast.

I was not in a very writing mood, but I thought bad would be better than none.

To you both an ever affectionate friend,

H. More.

From Mr. John Sheppard* to Mrs. H. More.

My dear Madam,

Though it was impossible not to feel a strong *inclination* to express my thanks for the very obliging and gratifying letter with which you lately favoured me, yet I should have suppressed it, from the conviction that a stranger ought not thus to intrude on your attention, had I not invented a plea for writing (as we can generally do in favour of what we wish) which I have thought would render me more excusable than in merely troubling you with my acknowledgments. Yet I confess I doubt the *soundness* of my plea, for you have had so many public, and doubtless so many private, testimonies to the value of your writings, that the slight additional one I have to offer, from an obscure correspondent abroad, will be scarcely worth notice. It would certainly be not at all so in the scale of your literary reputation; that needs no added weight to fix it firmly. I am convinced also that your Christian progress has led you

* Author of the work entitled "Thoughts on Private Devotion."

to look above *this* reward, and to contemplate that good of which you have been the instrument with a far higher satisfaction.

During the journey on which your letter so kindly comments, I made the acquaintance of some ladies, natives of Holland, resident in Switzerland, who, with their father and some other friends, were my companions in travelling through Piedmont and Lombardy: they had gained some knowledge of our language, and I promised to send at my return a small collection of English books. Among these were "Cœlebs" and "The Strictures on Female Education." But I have since received a letter, from which I make the following extract:—

"Nous faisons ces bonnes lecteurs tout haut et en famille, &c. Nous avons debutés par Mrs. More's Strictures. Jamais je n'ai rien lu de si beau, de si bon, et de si vrai, sur ce sujet si interessant. Combien on serait heureux si on pouvait graver dans son esprit et dans son cœur toutes les leçons de vertu qu'elle nous y donne, et si on pouvait se rendre le doux temoignage qu'on suit toujours le chemin qu'elle trace pour parvenir au veritable bonheur. Je relirai sans doute cet excellent ouvrage, et avec un nouveau plaisir. J'ai un peu l'idée d'en faire quelques traductions, pour communiquer quelques unes des idées de Mrs. More, sur l'éducation à une de mes amies qui éleve ses enfans. Je suis embárassée sur le choix. Il faudrait tout traduire; tout est également interessant; et je recule devant la grandeur de l'entreprise. Maintenant nous lisons 'Display,' par Miss Taylor; c'est un excellent livre que nous lisons avec beaucoup d'intérêt." In a subsequent letter—"Depuis ma dernière nous n'avons lu que Cœlebs en Anglais. J'avoue que je n'etois pas fachée par ci par là de l'avoir lu premièrement en Français." As this family did not appear to have by any means a high standard of Christian feeling and duty, and had probably relaxed in their attention to religious observances since quitting their own country (where there is more regard to public worship than in Protestant Switzerland), I was particularly pleased at the candour and freedom from prejudice with which they seem to have read your excellent works, in which higher principles and habits are so unreservedly enforced. There is great need of some awakening impulse among foreign Protestants in general, for I fear that your observations on the coldness and Socinianism prevalent at Geneva are quite as much, if not more, applicable to many parts of Switzerland and Germany. In my late journey through Hanover and Prussia, I had too many occasions of witnessing the neglect of public worship and want of zeal among the clergy. There are indeed some very exemplary exceptions to the latter at Berlin, but speaking generally, there appears in both kingdoms, to say the least, a great deal of apathy. At Wurtemberg, and in the church where Luther frequently preached, I heard a dull essay, addressed to as dull an assembly,

from the words, "Let him that stole steal no more," and could not but feel how the ardent energy of the old reformer would have poured forth indignation at such a successor. But the most melancholy estimate which we could form of the religious state of Protestant Germany would be from the University of Gottingen, where, among eleven or twelve hundred students, I am convinced, from observation during six weeks' stay, not fifty can be found in all the churches on the Sabbath. The attendance of the inhabitants is also exceedingly remiss; and a very eminent lecturer on the New Testament, while in public he seems to aim at lowering rather than confirming the belief of his pupils, and treats the gospel with as much freedom as he would Herodotus or Livy, does not scruple, as I was credibly informed, to avow to those with whom he is intimate his total skepticism. But to estimate the general state of the German universities by that of Gottingen would be unjust, as I doubt not you are aware it has long been distinguished for what they term neology. Large numbers of the German clergy, however, receive the first impression of Christianity there, and we may too surely infer that the lowest form of Unitarianism, if not infidelity, is thus received by many.

I was at Gottingen during the secular festival of the Reformation, when the church, usually almost empty, was crowded to the full, and a number of these professors and students received, and not a few I fear profaned by receiving it, the Lord's Supper. Degrees are solemnly conferred on this occasion; and those who were created doctors in theology were invested among other ceremonies with the ring of Luther, which he received as a present from one of the princes who patronised him, and which has been since preserved. It is, I think, not to be doubted that the high and universal honour to that great man's memory, though in some of his countrymen it arises from a right feeling, i. e. from a grateful sense of what he did *for* religion, yet in many it springs from the belief that his courage in unmasking superstition led the way for *their* emancipation *from* religion. I have been led unawares into much greater length than I designed; but now, having gone so far in offering you rather a gloomy subject of reflection, I will not quit it without mentioning a circumstance of a more pleasing kind. I found, on a second visit to the superstitious city of Cologne, which I made on my return in December, that a great desire for the Scriptures had then recently arisen among the Roman Catholic population of that place and its environs. Notwithstanding the disapprobation of their priests, they received them with eagerness from the Protestant clergyman, who had been applied to for as many as from one to two hundred copies in a single day. There are some very pious and zealous Protestants in that place, among whom is the lady of Count Charles von Der Lippe, whom I had the pleasure of seeing both at Cologne and Cleves, the latter being their summer residence,

by introduction from Dr. Steinkopff. Such dispositions among Catholics, and the instances which exist of an active and liberal piety in individuals of that communion, encourage the hope that reformation may one day take place by some hidden but gradual movement within the church. But the general state of the Continent must appear to the friends of Christianity mournfully distinguished from that of our own country; and I have been inclined, since I returned from abroad, to enter more fully into the spirit of a remark contained in your Hints for the instruction of our lamented princess: "Can we help regarding its superiority to other countries as the result of a providential destination, as really divine, though not so miraculous, as that which gave true religion to ancient Judæa?"

The satisfaction you express at the simple piety of the mountaineers, with whom I have conversed in the valley of Montiers, is gratifying to me, as an instance of that charity which (notwithstanding the acrimony and bigotry which some individuals of all parties indulge) is, I trust, increasing. I met with a most amiable example of it in the eminent minister of the French reformed church at Amsterdam, M. Chevalier, who suggested the desirableness of a more cordial union and correspondence between Christians of all countries and all persuasions who agree in the leading points of faith and practice.

Nothing but the interest you take in the state of religion, evinced by the laudable exertions you have made to promote it at Geneva, could excuse me for addressing to you so long a letter. Allow me to repeat my thanks for your kind attention, and to assure you of the unfeigned respect with which I am, dear madam,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN SHEPPARD.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Oct. 15, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am for the next week under a bondage to me the most oppressive of all those which have no real distress in them. An ardent friend, Sir Thomas Acland, who by the most affectionate tyranny is sure to carry every thing his own way, has actually, against my vehemently repeated refusal, sent down Mr. Pickersgill from London, and your poor old friend is condemned, sorely against her will, and on the verge of eternity, to see "the lack-lustre eye" and corrugated visage snatched a little while from oblivion. The picture is for Sir Thomas, and at his expense. Besides the fatigue of sitting four hours a day to a painter, I object, in a moral point of view, that so much time out of my little fragment of life should be so spent.

Your letter comprehends so many interesting topics, that with my scanty leisure I hardly know which to touch upon.

The most important, surely, is your fervent gratitude for your uncommon domestic felicities. You do not fall under the classical complaint, "Oh happy, if they knew their happiness." You may translate it back into Latin.

My health, I thank the great Giver, is rather better than usual. I am a most atmospherical animal, and rise and fall with the barometer. You will judge favourably of my orthodoxy when I tell you I have lately entertained four bishops; not a conclave, for their visits were at different times.

I am greatly interested for the Greeks. I cannot bear that the descendants of those illustrious ancients, of whom somebody says, that

"Half our learning is their epitaph,"

should be the victims of those worse than pagans. I hope your grandsons will see the university projected by Lord Guilford, in the Ionian Islands, in a flourishing state. Ithaca, I think, is to be the scene. A friend of mine has conversed much with a young Greek, placed at Cambridge by his lordship. This gentleman *wished* to add a professorship for theological studies. Altogether, it is a grand scheme.

I wish I had time (for I am anxious you should receive my acknowledgment of your bounty) to enter at large into the subject of instructing the poor. I have thought much on the subject. I think there is *ultraism* on both sides of the question. My views of popular instruction are narrow; the views of some others I think *too* narrow. I will give you a sketch of my own poor practice at setting out, but opposition obliged me to lower it.

Not the very poor only are deplorably ignorant; the common farmers are as illiterate as their workmen. It therefore occurred to me to employ schoolmasters, who to sound piety added good sense and competent knowledge. In addition to instructing *all* the poor children in the parish on Sundays at my expense, I directed him to take the farmers' sons on week-days, at a low price, to be paid by them, and to add writing and arithmetic to reading, which was all I thought necessary for *labourers'* children. The master carefully instructed these higher boys also in religious principles, which the fathers did not object to when they got it gratuitously. I had long thought that the knowledge necessary for persons of this class was such as would qualify them for constables, overseers, church-wardens, jurymen, and especially tend to impress them with the awful nature of an oath, which I fear is too commonly taken without any sense of its sanctity. Further than this I have never gone.

Now I know the ultra-educationist would despise these limits. I know not if you have seen a book on popular education, written by a man of great talents. Truth compels me to bear my public testimony against his extravagant plan, which

is, that there is *nothing* which the poor ought not to be taught; they must not stop short of science. They must learn history in its widest extent; Goldsmith's Greece is nothing; he recommends Mitford, &c. Now the absurdity of the thing is most obvious; supposing they had money to *buy* such books, where would they find time to read them, without the neglect of all business, and the violation of all duty? And where is all this to terminate? Only cast back your eye upon Athens, where the upper gallery pronounced sentence on Sophocles and Euripides, and an herb-woman could detect the provincial accent of a great philosopher. Yet was there ever a more turbulent, ungovernable rabble? St. Paul tells you how they spent their time,—"It was only to hear or to tell of some new thing."

I have exerted my feeble voice to prevail on my few parliamentary friends to steer the middle way between the Scylla of brutal ignorance and the Charybdis of a literary education. The one is cruel, the other preposterous.

I have poured out my crude opinions so rapidly, and with so little attention to exactness, that I fear you will hardly decipher my meaning.

If you take much interest in this subject, I wish you would look at the book I have been alluding to. You will find in it much that is able, and much that is true and rational; but I should greatly dread the adoption of the writer's scheme, if there were any probability of its taking place.

I wish you would read Isaiah, with an eye to the powerful efforts now making for the conversion of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Their restoration is so strongly and obviously predicted by this most enlightened of prophets and sublime of writers, that it is impossible to overlook it.

For a person who promised to let you off with only a few lines, I think I have been tedious enough. With my fervent prayers for your temporal and eternal happiness, believe me ever, My very dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate

H. More.

From the Rev. D. Wilson to Mrs. H. More.

1821.

My dearest Madam,

I have to thank you for your very kind letter, and for the donation which preceded it. I can assure you your letter took me by surprise. I had no expectation of your giving yourself the fatigue of writing, oppressed as I know you are by a thousand engagements, and incapacitated as I feared you might be by illness: the pleasure, however, was so much the more vivid. I do bless the Almighty's goodness that your health has been so surprisingly restored; and I hope and pray that

you may still have that flow of spirits, and that measure of strength and vigour, which may enable you to continue to aid, in all the various ways in which you have so long done it, the cause of piety, and truth, and peace among us. Thank God! the prospect, I do think, brightens. The appointment at Brighton is really an event of considerable moment. The delusion on the queen's question is now rapidly rolling back its tide; a more lively impression of the importance of serious Christianity is, I think, evidently left on the mind of the great, from the sad disorders which have taken place; and the character of the clergy is still rising. The great religious institutions are assuming a new importance, by becoming the means of uniting the church in prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit. In London, as in Bristol, zealous efforts are making to excite universal regard to this subject. The antinomian abomination has spent itself, or been forced back into its ordinary ambushes.

I am now at work on the argument on the *propagation* of the Scriptures; my next topic will be the *inspiration;* my mind is astonished as I go on, not more at the richness of the subject than at the injustice with which I think it has often been treated.

I am your most affectionate and faithful
D. WILSON.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, May 14, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was exceedingly gratified by the prompt and warm expression of your partial kindness. It was an encouragement of which I really stood in need; for when I come to see my meager "Rhymes"* in print, I more fully feel their deficiency. I obeyed your injunctions, and fell immediately to the filling up of gaps; but I found it more easy to fill space than supply intellect. I have, however, introduced the plagues of Egypt; a comparison between the songs of Deborah and Hannah, and their characters; Samuel, &c., with additions to Malachi and Revelations, the whole about a dozen pages. I really think the title (which you reprobate) has been injurious, but I thought there could not be too mean a sign held out to such shabby entertainment. I was wrong in allowing a large edition; had it been small, I should have been able to insert the additions sooner; not that I expect it will succeed.

I was grieved to be defrauded of your expected visit by the early appointment of the Bristol meetings. All the orators came to see me. All were old friends except Mr. Jowett, with

* A little work called "Bible Rhymes," which she wrote about this time for young persons.

whom I was singularly pleased. I thought him almost too good for a missionary; I mean, that a coarser tool, with equal piety but stronger stamina, might be fitter for the wear and tear work of holy itinerancy. Apropos, I have had a visit from my valuable friend Dr. S. from Canada. It was pleasing to hear a man of his birth speak of it as a great advancement, that he was now appointed to be a travelling missionary instead of a local one! I find him much improved in spirituality; but, as employed by the —— Society, he must, of course, be discreet. He has been the honoured instrument, since we last met, of causing twenty-four churches to be built. There are twenty thousand Protestants between Quebec and Montreal.

I have received from different hands a glorious account of the prosperity of the annual festival. All bear testimony to the devotional sublimity of the generality of the speeches. Such concord is in heaven.

The king's new chaplain has kindly communicated to me so many pleasant and promising circumstances relative to his royal patron as quite exhilarate me. He spoke highly of his sermon as well as of the "Life of Buchanan," which happily had been recommended to him by his physician. There are some strong things in that life which I should have feared were indigestible. We must not expect too much or too soon. We must pray both for the patron and the chaplain—both are in trying situations.

How do the "Evidences" go on? Pray make haste. If they do not come out this winter, my chances of reading them will be but small.

Your affectionate friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

New-year's Day, 1822.

My dear Sir,

I believe I am right in sending to *you*, as secretary, my subscription to the London Clerical Society. I hope this excellent institution will prosper, as we must chiefly look to it hereafter for right-minded ministers in this non-preferring age of serious men.

I have just had a letter from the Bishop of St. David's, to say that every thing is now settled for building his college, and that they only wait for an act of parliament. I have taken great interest in this business, and have been an humble subscriber to it for seventeen years. It will be an era in the history of Wales, and I hope it will raise the tone both of literature and piety in their clergy.

I am very deeply concerned to hear of your weak state of health. Do, I pray you, work less, that you may work longer. You are public property, and the public has a right to insist on

your sparing yourself. I am grieved that *the work* must stand still, but that may be resumed when preaching, which requires body as well as soul, cannot. Your excellent sermon on Temptation was our Sunday night's family reading. I am glad to see you notice, among other dangers, *light reading*. I have lately reflected much on the alarming increase of this perilous pleasure. I really think it is, at this period, doing more harm than cards, I mean family cards, not gaming. I would the evil were confined to the worldly and the dissipated: the religious world, of whom I am almost as much afraid as the worldly world (if I may use the expression), are falling much into it. An active and, I hope, a pious clergyman told me the other day that he had just bought a cheap edition of Lord Byron, but boasted that he had burnt Don Juan. I am far from putting Byron and Walter Scott on a level; the one is an anti-moralist indeed, but surely I may say the other is a non-moralist. His *poetry* I read as it came out with that pleasure and admiration which great talents must always excite; but I do not remember in it any of those practical precepts, or that sound instruction, which may be gleaned from some of our older poets; though they often offended against that decency which Scott invariably observes. I am now reading "Prior's Solomon," an exquisite poem, in my opinion, abounding in instruction and beauty; yet scarcely anybody I meet with has read it. Of the fashionable reading, if there were no other evil than the immense consumption of *time*, the mischief would not be small. Thirty volumes of Walter Scott's novels have, in the succession of a very few years, covered every table. Figure to yourself, in a large family, where every one reads for himself, the thousands of hours that have been thus swallowed up. In the articles of music, dress, and reading, I could wish to see a somewhat wider separation between the two classes above named. The useful reading, compared with the idle, like our medicine compared with our food, is but as grains to pounds. The evil does not merely consist in the reading itself, but in its disqualifying tendency for that reading which is good. It is not that old age has made me insensible to the charms of genius. In that one respect I think I am not grown obtuse. I have been really looking for time to read one or two of Walter Scott's novels. In my youth Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison were the reigning entertainment. Whatever objections may be made to them in certain respects, they contain more maxims of virtue and sound moral principle than half the books called moral. A large volume of valuable aphorisms has been collected from them, abounding in practical lessons for the conduct.

A letter from dear Mr. Wilberforce this moment tells me that poor —— is removed to a better world! May God comfort them all. They have motives of comfort in every point of view.

I am interrupted, and can only add Miss Frowd's best regards.

Ever, my very dear friend,
Yours faithfully,
H. More.

In the spring of the year 1822 Mrs. More was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, of which the symptoms were so formidable as to allow but faint hopes that her frame could withstand their violence: they were however subdued, but not till the severity of the remedies which were applied had nearly undermined all her natural strength. Dr. Carrick, who was her physician in this critical illness, acknowledged how greatly his art was seconded by the cheerful composure of her mind. Her sufferings under the paroxysms of her complaint were said, by those who principally attended her during the course of it, to have been very sharp and trying, and to have given occasion to new displays of her powers of thought and expression, directed by the soundest scriptural cultivation to the best and highest objects: but when any thing like admiration of her cheerful acquiescence in the Divine will fell from the lips of her friends about her, she took pains to assure them, that what seemed like courage was none of it her own; "It is," she exclaimed, "all superinduced strength; none of it is natural to me."

In discoursing upon her illness, when the result was most precarious, with one of her friends, she said, "If I could determine for life or death by holding up my hand, I would not do it. If," she continued, "I have given any sign of progress in a religious life, it was that I have never felt reluctant to give all due credit to the virtue and piety of those who did not love me, and have heartily and sincerely rejoiced in all the good that was in them, or has happened to them." When reference was afterward made to some little inconsistencies in the conduct of a person of pious character, she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Ah! the weaknesses of the wise and the errors of the good would make many more volumes than I have written, or should like to read. When I turn my thoughts upon the world, there are but three things there which deeply interest me—the state of the church, the religious progress of the king, and the abolition of slavery." At every interval from pain she was more disposed to converse than was advisable for her; indeed, her thoughts never appeared to flow in a fuller and clearer current. She observed of herself that she never felt so sensible to the majesty and beauty of the Psalms, or so capable and desirous of writing a commentary upon them, as when upon a sick-bed; and added, that Bishop Porteus, whenever he heard she was confined to her bed by sickness, always said he looked for a new book from her. It is not unworthy of being recorded, that during all the multiplied and dangerous illnesses

with which she had been visited, most of them attended with strong paroxysms of fever, her mind was never observed to lose its strength, or sink into delirium, till the sickness that overtook her in her eighty-ninth year, and carried her to her rest. In one of her conversations she observed, that repose and quiet had been the blessings she had most longed for during the greater part of her existence: that she had retired from London, thinking to possess some years of tranquillity and calm reflection between the world and the grave, and with the hope of enjoying literary leisure, rural employments, and religious meditations; but that it was not thought good for her by an all-wise Providence to have these wishes gratified; for that very soon after taking possession of Cowslip Green, a career of labour opened to her in the various schools which she found it her duty to establish in the surrounding villages, and which kept her in constant exertion. That the Repository Tracts next succeeded, which robbed her of all her leisure for several years; and during the later period of her life, a constant succession of visiters and letters had left her no time that could be called her own, save that which had been purchased by frequent illness.

Then returning to the earlier part of her life, which was passed in more promiscuous society, she mentioned John Wesley's having once said to her sister, "Tell her to live in the world; *there* is the sphere of her usefulness, they will not let *us* come nigh them." On a particular day, when her disorder seemed to be mastering her frame, her recollections appeared to be more than ordinarily clear, and to come full of instruction to herself and to those who were with her. Among other things, she said she owed her first serious and decided impressions to Sir James Stonehouse, and mentioned his having once told her, that in the days of his miserable infidelity, he was so mad against God, that when travelling abroad as a young man he took pains to converse as much as possible with the French postillions, that he might gain from them some new methods of swearing.

She had perhaps, she said, written too much; yet she sometimes regretted that she had not followed up her own serious intention of writing a little treatise expressly on "The Law of Consideration," which was so continually and heedlessly violated in the innumerable little circumstances and situations of life. To instance in a few cases,—with respect to tradesmen, to avoid taking long credit, which causes them so much anxiety and distress, and not unfrequently ruin, and not to change them capriciously, or for one fault; with respect to servants, not to give them trouble wantonly, because we will not condescend to think it of any consequence; towards those who are subject to us in any way, to avoid those little inconsiderate acts which point out to them in a painful manner their inferiority; with respect to lodging-houses, to be scru-

pulously careful not to injure the furniture of them. Of all which rules and principles no human being exhibited a more beautiful practical comment than herself.

In speaking of the Divine attributes she remarked, "There are some qualities which the Almighty Father could not display—as humility, resignation, patience under suffering; and it is among the innumerable benefits of our blessed Saviour's incarnation, that he could set us a perfect pattern even of *them*."

The day after this conversation, her illness considerably increased; and when the friend whose edifying privilege it was to watch her sick-bed came to her in the morning, and lamented over her sufferings, she exclaimed with a gentle smile, "Shall I have received so much good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?"—"I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, for thou didst it."—"Thou wilt lay no more upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear." She then lamented having been obliged so constantly to disturb the servant who slept in her apartment; "but indeed," she added, "my strokes were heavier than my groanings. I dread my remedies," she continued, "almost more than my disease; but it is my duty to submit to them, and I had rather suffer from yielding up my own will than triumph by having it."

During the various fluctuations of her severe complaint, she one day said (alluding to an expression used by a friend, "The old man dies hard," in reference to the remaining corruption that struggled in the mind of a person recently awakened to the truth), "The old *woman* dies hard!"—"I do not think," she added, "that I am *immediately* going to die, but I feel persuaded I shall not recover, so that that which I greatly feared is come upon me. I shall perhaps be for some time bed-ridden! but it is all nothing—or, rather, it is all good! I desire, as Dr. Hammond says, 'not to *rather* any thing!'" Yet she could not help occasionally crying out, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove!" Being one day about to write a tribute of gratitude in the blank leaves of a book to be presented to her physician, a friend expostulated with her against attempting it in so extremely feverish and unfit a state; "I do not like to trust to a moment," she answered, "and when the thing is once done, I cast all thought of it behind me. Ah," she cried, "and I hope in a higher sense, if I have been permitted to do any thing, that I cast all my poor doings behind me! I continually," she added, "repeat that sentiment in Young, for it is quite *my* feeling,—

'Forgive my faults, forgive my *virtues* too.'"

Her illness increased about this time so much as greatly to diminish the hope of her recovery, and she gave many evident and affecting indications of her inward desire to depart. She begged a friend to pray for her that she might not disgrace her Christian profession in her last agonies; and when that friend

expressed her full confidence that her heavenly Father would not desert her, "Indeed," she answered, "it would be sadly ungrateful to doubt it, for he has never suffered my faith to fail for an instant: it is not always in equal exercise, but it is like my disorder" (alluding to her internal soreness, which manifested itself upon pressure), "when I seek for it it is always there." When one of her friends, seeing her in much suffering, could not forbear lamenting over her, "Consider," she said, "every stroke comes from a merciful Father; they are all given in number, measure, and weight; not one more than is necessary." Shortly after she began to enumerate all the various seizures of severe illness that she had experienced during the last three years, adding, "Every one of them said to me, 'Prepare to meet thy God!' yet still I am not duly prepared, or I should be taken. I enumerate them that I may think upon the long-suffering and sparing goodness of my heavenly Father; but if I am not better than I am, after so much loving correction, what should I have been without it!" She afterward mentioned, as a remarkable circumstance, that the year in which she wrote "Moral Sketches," her seventy-fifth, was the only one she could recollect of her life during no part of which she had been confined to her bed.

She one morning told an attending friend, who came early to her bedside, that she had enjoyed, during the past night, nearer and more endearing views of the eternal world than she had ever before been favoured with, and was able to bring to her mind every text of Scripture which bore upon the subject; and that she had amused her sleepless hours with paraphrasing them. "I seem," said she, "to long as much for the holiness as the happiness of heaven; it is such a blessed idea to be delivered from the possibility of sinning!" The following night was a peculiarly suffering one, and after describing it to her anxious friends, she exclaimed, "'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Ah! what a morning will that be when *unceasing* joy will come!" She then dwelt much upon that beautiful text, "I reckon that the sufferings," &c.; "it was not," she said, "a slight, unpremeditated assertion, but made upon *calculation*—'*I reckon*' he had counted the cost."

As her strength appeared to be rapidly declining, she mentioned her symptoms to one of her medical attendants, "But," continued she, "I shall still be enabled to fight the battle—for it is not to the strong." After his departure she repeated the thirty-ninth Psalm, till she came to the verse beginning, "Oh spare me a little," when she broke off, saying, "That part I will not repeat—it does not express my feeling." She observed that she could not but reflect, "What a happiness it was, both for her dear sister Patty and herself, that they had never had any wild speculations in religion, and had never disturbed themselves about those mysterious parts of Scripture which human

wisdom was unequal to solve;" and said, "she often thought of what Dr. Stonehouse used to say, 'When I meet with a passage the hidden meaning of which I cannot penetrate, I tie a knot and go on.'" Once more, however, after repeated fluctuations, an abatement of the material symptoms gave renewed hopes of her recovery; she was then reluctantly obliged to take cognizance of some pecuniary concerns: and when speaking on the subject she suddenly interrupted herself, exclaiming, "Ah! if we had no *better* bank!" When her physician expressed his hopes that she was now beginning to make a progress towards recovery, she said to him, "I fear I am not thankful enough; but suppose you were going a long journey, to receive a large inheritance, and when almost arrived at its end were suddenly called back to receive two or three trifling sums of money, would you not be grieved?"

She often remarked during her illness, that it was one of the evils of sickness to induce selfishness, and was ever suspecting and accusing herself of inattention to the comfort and accommodation of those who attended upon her. She even recollected some distressed persons whom she had never seen, and had only once heard of, when they were mentioned to her by a friend some months before, and directed that further assistance should be conveyed to them. It was a relief to her friends to be enabled to read to her without passing over a sentence, and without fear or reserve, letters which spoke of her departure as a very near and inevitable event.

About this time appeared the Memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, and "she was," says a friend, who had the satisfaction of reading to her many parts of it at her bedside at intervals, as she was able to hear it, "delighted with the history of this eminent servant of God. Perhaps, indeed, there were very few persons whose sentiments on religious subjects were in general more in accordance with her own. She told us that she used, during her former residences in London, not only to attend his preaching at the Lock, but frequently to go from the west end of the town to Broad-street, to his lecture there, often walking nearly six miles to hear in his northern but masculine dialect the truths of the gospel faithfully delineated."

It is remembered that she remarked upon the letter which treats of the usefulness of human learning, that it should never be forgotten how useful an instrument it was made at the Reformation, and that its revival had immediately preceded the manifestation of our religion, adding, "No, it should not even be despised as an auxiliary: I put religion on my right-hand and learning on my left." Coming to that part of the memoir in which Mr. Venn, the father of the late excellent Henry Venn, Rector of Clapham, is mentioned with such high and merited esteem, and the failure of whose faculties is lamented as having deprived his friends of the edification

which they might otherwise have expected to receive in his sick and dying chamber, she stated that on returning from a visit to Sir Charles Middleton, she was informed that Mr. Venn had expressed a desire to see her once before he died; she instantly repaired to him, and enjoyed with him two hours of instructive and animated conversation; almost immediately after which, his vigour of mind and recollection forsook him, no more to return.

The subject of prayer, as it was one which had often engaged her pen, so it now employed frequently much of her discourse, and in speaking of it as it regarded her own practice, she said, that being under an overwhelming sense of sin, she had given so large a part of her spiritual exercises to confession as to make her sometimes fear she had not devoted enough of them to praise and thanksgiving.

The following extract represents the fluctuating state of her health, and the victorious constancy of her mind.

From Miss Frowd to Mrs. Macauley.

(*Extract.*)

Barley Wood, Saturday, April 20, 1822.

My dear Madam,

Could I have confirmed Miss Roberts's more favourable account in her last letter, or have given any still better tidings, I should not have been thus dilatory in imparting so much pleasure. But alas! my report is again less satisfactory than that which Miss R. was enabled to send you. Our kind physician, Dr. Carrick, visited us on Sunday morning; he then pronounced the ill symptoms to be considerably mitigated, and assured us that his valuable patient was generally better; he even talked of granting permission for her to be removed from the bed to the sofa at the end of another week; which week being now nearly elapsed, I am sorry to say has removed us still further than before from seeing that anxiously desired event accomplished. Almost as soon as the doctor left us on Sunday, a fresh accession of fever came on, with all its attendant evils of intense thirst, headache, and dartings through the brain, high pulse, and all the misery of generally increased disease.

The pulse has continued little short of 100 ever since, very frequently above it; the nights too are, for the most part, wakeful and restless. But the sweet mind of our dearest friend remains unchanged, except it be that it seems more perfected by suffering.

My dear invalid, unable as she is, resolves to show you, as she says, *once more* her hand-writing.

Believe me, dear madam, to remain

Yours very truly,

Mary Frowd.

My dear Friends,

I have been thirteen weeks in bed, suspended between this world and the next; *when* or *whether* I shall quit my bed belongs to *Him* who governs both worlds. Happily I have nothing to do with events, but cheerfully to submit to them. Pray for me, that my faith fail not. God Almighty bless you all.

H. More.

It pleased God to restore this eminent Christian from the bed of sickness and suffering to the use of her still powerful faculties for the benefit of society. Two of her friends, who had for many months been hovering near, or watching over her, being now about to depart for a distant journey, she took an affecting leave of them, commending them to the Almighty arm for protection, and concluding with these words: "If we see each other no more in this world, may we meet where, as Leighton says, 'no friend ever goes out, and no enemy ever comes in; where there will be the absence of sin, and the presence of God for evermore.'" Her recovery, however, continued to be progressive, and the autumn of 1822 witnessed her restoration to nearly her former state of health. Barley Wood now again became a place of general resort, many being anxious to seize the opportunity of seeing her once, and her old friends being eager to secure the advantage of seeing her *once more*. Her correspondences were likewise in a considerable measure resumed; and it was at this time that she received an interesting communication on the subject of America, in which, among much other matter, she was informed that a print of Barley Wood having found its way to that continent, a large number of engravings from it had been executed by order of the American Board of Missions, whose intention it was to dedicate the profits of their sale to the erection of a building for a school-house in the island of Ceylon, which was to receive the name of Barley Wood.

The following sprightly lines, which she sent to Sir T. Acland just before her dangerous seizure, must be introduced with a short preface. There being at this period various repositories opened at Clifton and Bath for the benefit of certain charities, she sent thither some articles of her own knitting, which were immediately purchased for twenty times their intrinsic value. Sir T. Acland bespoke the first pair of garters, for which he paid a crown, and when finished, she accompanied them with the following poetical address:

TO SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART., WITH A PAIR OF GARTERS, OF MRS. H. MORE'S KNITTING.

Slowly, yet gladly, to my valued friend
Th' enclosed most faultless of my works I send.

Two canto s make the whole; surprised you'll see
They're better for their strict identity;
Length, in my previous works so worthy blame,
Here the just meed of your applause may claim.
If all my former compositions found
For critic harshness true and solid ground,
None of my ancient sins you here will see,
Except incurable tautology.
Not even Reviewers here can find a botch,
British, nor Quarterly, nor scalping Scotch;
The deep logician, though he sought amain
To find false reasoning, here may seek in vain.
Quibbling grammarians may this work inspect
Yet in no bungling syntax spy defect,
Its geometric characters complete,
The parallels run on, but never meet.
Though close the knots, all casuists must agree,
Solution would but break the unity.
Unravelled mysteries shall here be read
Till time itself shall break the even thread,
Nor could the rhetorician find, nor hope,
One ill-placed metaphor, one faulty trope.
High claims in this rare composition meet,
Soft without weakness, smooth without deceit.
Say not as o'er this learned work you pore,
"This author nothing knows of classic lore."
The Roman satirist's self might laud my plan,
For to the end I keep as I began.
Though some its want of ornament may blame,
Utility, not splendour, was my aim.
Not ostentatious I—for still I ween
Its worth is rather to be *felt* than *seen*.
Around the feelings still it gently winds,
If lost, no comfort the possessor finds;
Retired from view, it seeks to be obscure,
The public gaze it trembles to endure.
The sober moralist its use may find,
Its object is not loose, it aims to *bind*.
No creature suffers from its sight or touch;
Can Walter Scott say more, can Byron say so much?
One tribute more, my friend, I seek to raise,
You've given indeed a CROWN, give more—your praise.

Barley Wood, Dec. 22, 1821.

The following letter to Sir W. W. Pepys was almost the first product of her pen after her recovery:

Barley Wood, Aug. 19, 1822.

At length, through the goodness of a gracious God, I am once more able to write a few lines to one of my oldest, most interesting, and most valued friends. I have been in bed six months with a fever as severe as it was durable. At my advanced time of life, I was bled seven times in a few weeks, with other sharp discipline. The mercies of my heavenly Father during this trial have been great and numerous. Of the first sixty nights, I passed forty without one hour's entire sleep, yet I had never one moment's delirium, and scarcely

any discomposure. I had a most skilful physician, affectionate and disinterested,—Dr. Carrick, of Clifton. Another mercy it was that I have had the whole time the attendance of a kind young friend,—an excellent companion, of a cultivated mind, warm affections, genuine piety, and amiable manners. She has received my company, for I was allowed to see none; visited my schools; managed my friendly societies of poor women in distant parishes; read to me, and written all my letters. But I have not yet named all my mercies; and here, you, my dear friend, come in for a portion. I was able to direct all my little charities myself, so that nothing was suspended. In addition to the general state of want, the typhus fever has been making great ravages here; within a mile, ten families were in a dreadful state at once; and from my chamber window were seen two cottages burnt to the ground within a fortnight, one by a flash of lightning. Through your generous bounty I was enabled materially to mitigate these calamities. The former I relieved as I commonly do, through the apothecary who attends them and me. I had a little bag pinned to my curtain, from which I sent the almost daily dole, and I believe some lives were saved, and others made more comfortable. And here I cannot but express a wish that all my opulent friends who live in the country would make a conscientious apothecary the vehicle of their charity in this way. In my little way, I have done it these twenty years. But I have said too much of myself. Can you forgive it? This is my first attempt to write. Whether my recovery will be perfect I am not anxious to know. We have nothing to do with it but to submit. I bless God I enjoyed great tranquillity of mind at the worst, and was willing "to depart, and to be with Christ," had it been HIS will; but I left it in HIS hands who does all things well.

I fervently hope you continue to enjoy your own health and your family blessings. May they be multiplied to you in this world, and perfected in that which is to come! Poor Lord ——! How does this dreadful event stamp vanity on rank, fortune, power, talents, popularity! Might he not have exclaimed with Wolsey, "If I had served my God as zealously," &c.? May he have found mercy! but he did not give himself time to seek it.

I know not if you are at your villa, but for security shall direct to your town house. Could you and I meet here, how many things we should have to say; but I trust we shall meet in a more perfect state, "through him who loved us, and gave himself for us."

Ever gratefully yours,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

After three nights passed with much fever, and scarcely any sleep, I think I should neither have the will nor the power to write to any one I loved or cared for less than yourself; and to *find* one I cared for more, I must go a great way.

If you will have the goodness to present my new edition of "Moral Sketches" to the Duke of Gloucester, I need not suggest to you what is to be said. The substance however is, that having taken the liberty of presenting a copy of the first edition to his royal highness, I could not presume to offer *this*, though I venture to hope that it would not be disagreeable to him and his royal consort to peruse, in the *new preface*, the expression of my cordial tribute of veneration to our late excellent and beloved king.

I have not till lately had a correct copy of the speeches of his royal highness at the late Bible meeting. They do honour to his head and his heart. So manly, decided, unequivocal a public declaration of his sentiments of attachment to this great cause is gratifying, not only as it marks his patronage of this glorious institution, but as it is, I trust, a pledge, that while he is assisting in dispersing the divine volume to millions, he has himself a personal interest in it. To have sent the Bible to the farthest extremities of the earth, and at the same time to have made it the rule of his own faith and practice, will administer peace and joy to his own soul, when that earth and all which it contains shall have passed away.

I hope you are as much delighted as I am with "The Life of Scott." I always highly honoured and loved the man, and often walked four miles on a Sunday to hear him at the Lock. With the worst voice, the most northern accent, and very plain manners, sound sense and sound piety were yet so predominant that, like Aaron's serpent, they swallowed up all the rest.

I have had two volumes of sermons from the author, a lady, sister of Dean Kenny; she is the most candid of writers. Have you seen her "Letters upon Prejudice?" they have great merit, especially the second volume. From another friend I have had the "Life of Dr. Stewart, of Edinburgh," a very interesting work. Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

Aug. 25, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I suppose you must have a few lines about *nothing*. One of our poets once wrote a poem upon that inexhaustible subject.

I believe I owe you two letters, and am not able to pay the debt of one. So hurried am I with the petty cares and paltry businesses of this work-day world. Things are going on in it *de mal en pis*. I saw a letter to Mr. M. from ——, who is travelling for his health, giving a most deplorable account of the state of France. The blind bigotry of the royalists, the spirit of persecution, almost ready to break out into action, the detestation of the people at large of royalty, the triumphs of the slave-trade—every thing seems to say that a revolution can be at no great distance; yet this is the country for which we abandon the quiet, the security, the comforts of our own! the country where our children are educated,—the country we fondly visit, imitate, dote upon, worship! "It cannot, nor it will not, come to good." The increase of our corruption, the downward tendency of the general character, makes me, I think, more willing to depart than all other earthly reasons together. The Bishop of St. David's says, that nothing but a more moral and religious education can stop the dreadful progress of suicide; he might have added, of duelling. Dear Wilberforce has been staying at Cromer. The good ——, his lady, and daughter came on Monday, time enough to sit an hour with me before dinner; he is more hard-working than ever, if possible. Oh what a comfort to think that there really remaineth a rest for the people of God!

I have just, through Mr. Butterworth, sent a trifling help to that wonderful Mrs. Judson, towards redeeming two or three more little Burman slaves. I have been also subscribing a few stones to two new churches. Your account of Miss —— is heart-breaking, yet heart-healing, when I think of her piety; I read it to the servants after the sermon last night, and they were much affected. God bless you both. It will raise my respect for your talents if you can read this scrawl.

Yours ever, most affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

1822.

My dear Friend,

I hope I need not tell you how deeply anxious I have been since I first heard of your painful illness. I had not the heart to write myself, nor to tease you with a letter; but to-day I have heard with sincere joy of your convalescence. I have now therefore courage to thank you cordially for your last valuable letter. Your account of the state of France is truly awful; yet I am so very national that I could not grieve much at any event which would drive our infatuated countrymen home again. I lose all temper when I think of the myriads who by their long residence in Paris can improve in nothing but gambling and desecrating the Sabbath. To say little of

their *moral* deterioration, is it nothing to defraud an impoverished government of its taxes, and their home of the benefit of spending their money on their own estates? Nay, since we have lived to witness that surprising paradox, that plenty impoverishes and luxuriant harvests produce poverty and want, I would almost forgive the absentees their other mischiefs if they would only stay at home and *eat;* for it is from the want of eaters, and therefore of *purchasers*, that our abundance is become a misfortune. You see I am opposed to the sentiment of your friend Horace, for I should have some respect for those who are born to consume the fruits of the earth, if they would exercise their privilege of consuming. What a tirade! you will say.

Though I did not quit my bed through near eight months of severe but salutary suffering, and shall probably never quit my bed-chamber,—yet, through the unwearied kindness of more Christian friends than any other unworthy creature was ever blessed with, I see through "my loop-hole of retreat," or rather hear of whatever interesting is going on. My conclusion is, that wickedness is wickeder than it used to be, and that goodness is better. Religion certainly has increased much among the higher classes in England, and perhaps still more in Ireland. Yet I will venture to say, even to the religious world, "I have a few things against thee." With no small number of happy exceptions, I cannot help observing the common fault of good people—the misappropriation of *time*. I will only instance two particulars, of the evil of which they do not seem to me to be sufficiently aware,—*music and light reading*. Twenty years ago, when I wrote "Strictures on Female Education," Bishop Cleaver of St. Asaph was at Bath. He was much attached to me, though we differed on many points. Talking on this subject, he was so much of my opinion that he wrote the following statement, which I inserted in a note in the first volume:—"Suppose your pupil to begin music at six years of age, and to continue the average of four hours a day at her instrument (a very low calculation), Sundays excepted, till she is eighteen, the statement stands thus—three hundred days multiplied by four, the number of hours amounts to 1200; this multiplied by twelve, which is the number of years, amounts to 14,400 hours!" I come now to the *reading*. I pass over Byron and his compeers in sin and infamy, though I have known some good people who now and then take a slice even of this highly seasoned corruption. I pass over the more loose and amatory novels, and take my stand on what is said to be safe ground—the novels of that unparalleled genius Walter Scott. Now, I would not have it supposed that I have not read with delight and admiration all his poetry. This is a repast that might be taken with safety, though certainly not with profit, for it would be difficult to find another specimen of such admirable works with so few maxims for the improvement of life

and manners. Let that pass; they gratify the taste without vitiating the imagination; add to this, they were written at reasonably distant periods from each other, so that we were refreshed without being crammed. We come now to his novels, in which his fecundity is as marvellous as his invention. I have read one volume and a half, in which the powers of his vigorous and versatile mind were conspicuous; but from what I have since read in reviews, I rather see the absence of much evil than the presence of much good. I, of all people, ought not to find fault with authors for writing too much; yet I must return to my first position, the misapplication of time. Had he written before the flood, when perhaps there were not so many books in the world as he has introduced into it, all would have been well; he would have been a benefactor to the antediluvian Hilpahs and Zilpahs. A life of 800 years might be allowed the perusal of the whole of his volumes; a proportionate quantity in each century would have been delightful; but for our poor scanty threescore years and ten, it is too much. Nay, I under-estimate the chronology; I believe they have all been produced nearly in the odd *ten* years. Now I readily grant, that to the mass of readers the reading of these works should not be prohibited. To the gay, the worldly, and the dissipated it is perhaps as safe, and even more safe, than any of their other pleasurable resources; being often their only intellectual one. The strong sense, lively exhibition of character, and animated style certainly afford aliment to the mind. My remarks are limited to a certain class of readers, who have made a strict profession of religion. If, indeed, our time is to be accounted for as scrupulously as the other talents committed to us, how will their reckoning stand? In the case of some, it is almost the only talent they have. Such ought to be especially careful that this one be rightly employed, as we have an awful lesson on the danger of unprofitableness. Were any one but yourself to see this, they would say, "Oh, this is a sick old woman in her chamber, who, being past the enjoyment of all pleasure herself, would interdict it to us." This is not exactly the case. I never had more delight in reading than now; and to show that I have not quite lost the little taste I once possessed, I have been reading and admiring, as much as ever, Scott's beautiful poem "The Lady of the Lake." But you will say, something too much of this.

I have been thinking that, notwithstanding all the boasted improvements of this age, one thing is remarkable. I do not know that any of our modern poets since Cowper, except Milman and Montgomery, have even *occasionally* written any thing of a serious cast. There are many of them, perhaps, who are men of correct lives, but they have not added to the stock of improving poetry; while it is singular that aforetime, bad men and loose writers have almost uniformly written some one piece on the subject of religion. Pope, who certainly was no saint,

bequeathed us a poem of peculiar sanctity. His friend Steele, though manager of the theatre, and a careless liver, wrote "The Christian Hero." Waller, a political and moral profligate, has left a poem on "Divine Love." Prior, some of whose pieces are licentious, has dedicated all the force of his opulent mind to the production of one of the noblest poems in the English language, his "*Solomon*;" yet I have never once heard that fine piece quoted. These men bore testimony to the truth of a religion which they yet would not allow to influence their conduct. Cowley, in the midst of all his metaphysical obscurities, was not ashamed in that abandoned age to write his "Davideis." But how I run on! I am tired of writing, as you will be of reading; yet I had much more to say. I enclose 20*l.* for my subscription to your Clerical Education Society. My improvement in health is almost miraculous. I must not call it *recovery*. At my age, comparative ease demands great gratitude. Pray for me, my dear friend, that my faith fail not.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1823.

My dear Friends,

I write to you on the anniversary of my seizure. This week twelve months I took to my bed, to which I was confined many months. Whether I shall ever quit my chamber is only known to that Infinite Wisdom in whose hands are the issues of life and death. I have recovered beyond all human expectation; still I have considerable disease in the liver; indeed, during my little fragment of life, I must not look for perfect recovery. The health of my body might not be good for my mind. I am, however, able to see my friends for an hour in the middle of the day. It is among the numberless mercies I have experienced, that in so violent and lasting a fever I was never for one moment delirious, and had no tendency to it. During the last few months I have been able to employ myself in a *new work*, of which I am much more proud than of all my preceding ones, because I am *sure this* will do good. I have been knitting garters, cuffs, and babies' shoes for the benefit of the Missionary and Jews' Societies.

The missionary cause flourishes astonishingly, and the time seems to be approaching when "all the kingdoms of the earth shall be the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ."

I saw both the Randolphs, though at separate times, lately. They seem quite stout and well. What says the sagacious politician Mr. Huber,—will it be peace or war? We in this country have lived to witness one of the most extraordinary paradoxes that ever puzzled the world—general poverty produced by universal plenty!! The earth has been sick of a plethora, and her bowels have burst with their abundance, and

yet distress and want were never so universal. The landed gentlemen can get little rent, some can positively get *none*. The farmers are as poor as their labourers, and the labourers in some parts (not here) have only four shillings a week. We *here* have the best meal at fourpence halfpenny a pound; bread proportionably cheap. One tax is taken off. I lately gave five shillings for *half* a peck of salt; I now give two shillings for a *whole* peck. I do not, however, grow rich, having sustained a considerable loss by the reduction of the five per cents.

Have you not read Dean Milner's Sermons? To me they come more home to the heart and the conscience than almost any I know. But the book that has produced most sensation in the religious world is the Life of Scott, the commentator, written by his son. It furnishes indeed a striking instance of the power of genuine Christianity to change, or rather to new-make, the heart.

I hope Madame Necker is well; when you see or write to her, present me respectfully. *Adieu*, in the literal sense of the word. May a merciful God bless, protect, and direct you both. If we do not meet in this world, may we meet in that better world purchased for us by our adorable Redeemer, who laid down his life that we might live for ever.

Truly and affectionately yours,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1823.

My dear Friend,

Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, which is the anniversary of my last seizure. May God have sanctified it to me! But, as dear Bishop Hall says, we carry about such a luggage of calamities that we are never secure. Do not be frightened at my writing so soon; it is not my wont,—but thinking that your time will soon be more than swallowed up, I wished to trouble you with one more of my scrawls. If I know a little of any thing in the world, it is about the poor; you will not have forgotten how eager I have been for their instruction. When I set up our schools, I was considered by the farmers, and even by their betters, as the greatest enemy of my country. "We sha'n't have a boy to plough, or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton," was the general cry. One of them pointed to Glastonbury Tor, saying, "*We* should make things as bad once more as when the monks brought religion and learning there." We, however, kept the noiseless tenor of our way; and the rest of my journey I must finish alone. I have not at the end of thirty-six years altered my opinion; but our instructions have been and still are confined to the Scriptures, and such books as are preparatory to, and connected with, them. At Blagdon we attempted something one step

higher, and employed a man who, in addition to his large Sunday-school, taught the farmers' sons on a week-day. My plan was, that while he only appeared to teach writing and arithmetic, he should labour to infuse into them religious principles, and to give them such knowledge as should qualify them for churchwardens, constables, jurymen, &c., and impress on them the awful solemnities of an oath. You know how these *sinister* designs of ours were quashed! So it pleased Infinite Wisdom; doubtless for my deserved humiliation, and to punish my sins.

But how the tide is turned! Our poor are now to be made scholars and philosophers. I am not the champion of ignorance, but I own I am alarmed at the violence of the contrast. Even our excellent C—— seems to me to refine too much; but my friend F—— is an ultra of the first magnitude. The poor must not only read English but ancient history, and even the sciences are to be laid open to them. Now, not to inquire where would they get the money,—I ask, where would a labouring man get the time? Time is the fortune of a poor man, and as to what they would gain from Grecian history, why, they would learn that the meanest citizen of Athens could determine on the merits of a tragedy of Euripides; to do which they must always live in a play-house, as indeed they almost always did; they were such critics in language as to detect a foreign accent in a great philosopher, &c.—and yet history does not speak of a more turbulent, unmanageable, profligate people.

I had always a notion that in a mass, suppose of a hundred children, there might possibly be ten who had superior capacities. Where there is talent there is commonly energy, and I calculated that these ten, rising above their fellows, would, somehow or other, pick up a little writing and accounts, of which they might make good use in after-life; and I have even paid for some sharp boy to go to another school on evenings to learn writing, while the other ninety quietly drudged on, perhaps better without it.

If you are not quite tired of me and my senilities, I will proceed to a few facts to illustrate my theory. Not only in the great national schools, but in the little paltry cottage seminaries of threepence a week, I hear of the most ridiculous instances of the affectation of *literature*. A poor little girl of this stamp was in my room one day when a gentleman was sitting with me. He asked her what she was reading at school. "Oh, sir, the whole circle of the sciences!"—"Indeed," said he, "that must be a very large work!"—"No, sir, it is a very small book, and I had it for half a crown." My friend smiled, and lamented that what had cost him so much time and money was of such easy attainment. I asked a little girl, a servant's child, the other day, what she was reading, and if she could say her Catechism. "O no, madam, I am learning *syntax*."

What I am going to add you will think an exaggeration, if not an invention, but it is a literal fact. A girl in the next parish, being asked what she learned, answered, "I learns gography, and the harts and senses."

In many schools, I am assured, writing and accounts are taught on Sundays. This is a regular apprenticeship to sin. He who is taught arithmetic when a boy will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday. Now, in my poor judgment, all this has a revolutionary as well as irreligious tendency; and the misfortune is, that the growing ultraism on the side of learning, falsely so called, will irritate and inflame the old bigotry which hugged absolute ignorance as hidden treasure not to be parted with; while that sober measure of Christian instruction which lies between the two extremes will be rejected by both parties.

Tuesday.—This frail and feverish being of mine did not allow me to finish my letter yesterday, so you must bear with one more absurdity. Many a child is brought to me in my room for a little reward of a tract, &c. Since I began this scrawl, a sharp little girl was brought for this purpose. She repeated a short poem extremely well. I then said, "Now I must examine what you know of the Bible. Who was Abraham?" After some hesitation, she answered, "I think he was an Exeter man!"

As experience is a sort of substitute for wisdom, I thought these petty details of things under my own eye might be of some use. Happily my own schools go on in the old-fashioned way. I taught the teachers their alphabet thirty years ago, and they continue pious, faithful, and sober-minded. As Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, they come to Mahomet, and Miss Frowd, when weather permits, goes to them. This is, I believe, the longest letter I have written for some time, and, happily for you, probably I ever shall write. I hope Mrs W. is better; my kind love to her, and all the young ones.

Ever, my dear friend, yours,

H. More.

From the Rev. D. Wilson to Mrs. H. More.

1823.

My dearest Friend,

Your interesting letter, by the hand of Miss Frowd, reached me a few weeks since. I hasten to reply.

The case of Mr. T—— interests me extremely; but I can scarcely address myself to write calmly on any topic when my heart is so full of the sudden death of our valuable friend Mr. Grant. I had only arrived at home a few hours, from a long tour prescribed by my medical advisers, when the melancholy tidings reached my ears. What a loss! and without a moment's

warning. Oh, my dear friend, when I went on Sunday and yesterday, and sat by the side of the afflicted widow, I could scarcely collect myself sufficiently to utter a few words of consolation; and yet what sources of comfort spring up on all sides! so honourable, so distinguished, so pure, so long a course of Christian rectitude and piety! India, with its countless millions, is indebted to him for the establishment of its first missionaries, and for the supply of its ablest and most pious chaplains! Who began the work at Calcutta? Who bought the missionary church? Who received and supported Carey and Ward? Who sent out Buchanan? Who Thomason, Brown, Corrie, and the host of worthies who have preached a crucified Saviour to a lost world? Who swayed the counsel of India directors for thirty years at home? Who prepared the documents by which the parliament was *compelled*, as it were, to provide some ecclesiastical establishment for the Indian empire? And amid all this, how humble, how retired, how spiritually-minded, how pure and sincere, how unobtrusive! and that we might feel the void made by his loss the more, removed in a moment! He had been with his family in Kent on the Sunday and Monday; on the Wednesday he had attended a state dinner—on Wednesday night he had devoted every hour to important business. He was not in bed till eight o'clock on Thursday morning—the same day he was at the India House till six o'clock. After his usual nap, from nine o'clock till eleven, he sat at his papers till four o'clock; he felt cold in his back and extremities—rang for his butler—prepared for bed rather sooner than usual; from his private devotions he rose to retire to rest—a profuse perspiration came on—he sent for Dr. Pennington—spasms seemed coming on—camphor and ether relieved him, and he turned to compose himself to sleep. Dr. Pennington approached the bed—he was no more! Like Enoch, "He was not, for God took him; and, like Enoch, he had walked with God."

Believe me, yours very affectionately,

D. WILSON.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

Barley Wood, 1823.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Through the great mercy of God, I am enabled once more to have the honour and pleasure of addressing your ladyship. I have been most wonderfully preserved through a winter which seems to have swept off all the old people in the land: I do not remember such a mortality. It is above a year and a half that I have been confined to my room; more than half that time to my bed. My sufferings have been great, but my mercies have been far greater. *Recovery* at my age is not to be

expected, nor, indeed, unless in submission to the Divine will, is it to be desired. I am thankful to say that I am able to see my friends, who are so good as to visit me in my chamber. Indeed, my kind physician complains that I see too much company. My greatest concern is, that I am burdened with such a heavy correspondence that I cannot answer half the letters I receive. My amiable young friend, whom I think I have spoken of before, still kindly stays with me, and generally answers my letters of *friendship*, so that I really behave better to strangers than to those I know and love. You would be surprised to see the masses of books, pamphlets, &c. I have from America. I do not naturally love republicans, nor the coarse manners which belong to them; but these people appear really to be making such rapid advances, that they seem determined to run with us the race of glory. They seem to be improving in religion, morals, and literature. The Episcopal church rises; they have now nine bishops, from some of whom I have letters. They treat me better than I deserve. They have sent me an edition of my own writings, elegantly bound. A drawing of my little habitation having found its way to New-York, they have made a very good engraving of it, which their Board of Foreign Missions is selling; and they are sanguine enough to expect that the sale will enable them to build a school in the distant island of Ceylon for poor girls, which they intend doing me the honour of calling "Barley Wood." Have you seen their Bishop Dehon's Sermons, which are printed in London? They have considerable merit. We have not a religious or charitable institution in England, but they establish one of the same, in three months, in all their great cities. I have been much interested, as everybody has, about the state of Ireland; but my mind has been chiefly occupied with the danger of some very dear and valuable friends, who are an ornament to their church. The Archbishop of Dublin has been in peril of his life from the infuriated papists. His admirable charge has so enraged the Jesuits, that one of them, Friar Hayes, has published eight sermons, which he calls his octave; in one of which he has undertaken to prove the truth of transubstantiation from *reason;* in another from *Scripture*, &c. The whole is the most scurrilous, extravagant abuse of the good archbishop. I was so anxious about this excellent friend, that they have contrived to furnish me with accounts how things went on. He is one of the greatest ornaments of the church, and the author of that admirable book on the *Atonement*. He is also a most agreeable and gentlemanly man. The fate of the Catholic claims in the House of Commons has rejoiced my heart, though I suppose it will increase the phrensy of this wild and turbulent people. It would afford me great pleasure to learn that Lady Susan's health was improved, and that yourself and the other ladies had escaped the perils of this

Siberian winter. To all I desire to be most affectionately and respectfully remembered.

Believe me always, my dear Lady Tryphena,
Your much obliged and faithful
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

July 1, 1823.

My dear Friend,

I can no longer deny myself the gratification of writing a few lines to one of my very oldest and very best friends. My recovery to my present moderate health is considered by my medical friends as little short of a miracle. Through the great mercy of God I am enabled to resume my pursuits, and to receive my friends. Indeed, I see *too much* company, as talking much is injurious to me. My dear sister used to say, there were but two great evils in the world, sin and bile: now to say nothing of the former, the latter clings to me; the liver is now indeed my only seat of suffering. By-the-way, I pretend to have thrown light on a story of mythological antiquity, which has escaped all the classical commentators, and I give it you as an original discovery, *le voici*. Prometheus, it is said, was *chained* to Mount Caucasus, that is, he was *confined* to his bed. It's being called a *rock* only means that it was a *hard* bed, not one of our luxurious beds of down. The vulture which fed upon his vitals was nothing but a bad liver case. Now, as the use of calomel was probably at that time not introduced into the pharmacopœia of Caucasus, it is no wonder that though his liver was continually *devoured*, it was never *destroyed*. Hercules, who at last killed the vulture, was, I presume, some skilful physician, who had discovered some substitute for mercury, by which the bilious patient was, at the end of thirty years, delivered from his *hard bed*.

I never had so many cares and duties imposed upon me as now in sickness and old age. I neglect my friends, while I have great intercourse with strangers. There is hardly a city in North America in which I have not a correspondent; if that be called correspondence where there is little or no reciprocity, for I am not able to answer two out of twenty of the letters I receive. Many of them are important; all relate to matters concerning religion, morals, or literature, in all which they appear to be fast improving. They have sent me a pretty drawing of my own habitation, engraved at New-York, and with the profits arising from the sale have built a school for poor girls at Ceylon, which they have called Barley Wood. I have lately had a small legacy left me by a dignitary in the cathedral of Lincoln, whose name I had never heard, accompanied by a passage in his will more gratifying than his twenty

guineas. With this bequest I have indulged myself by redeeming two little slaves in the Burman empire, a country of nineteen millions, not so much of idolaters as atheists; an ingenious acute people, very argumentative, &c., as I learn from some friends there.

I am persuaded of the interest you have taken, both from feeling and principle, in the struggle now so arduously carried on in the cause of negro slavery. Have you seen Mr. Wilberforce's last pamphlet? The zeal and ability exerted by him for thirty-six years are not one jot diminished.

Poor Greece! poor Scio! I think the only crusade I would forgive would be, of all the students of both universities of *one year's* standing, who might raise a regiment, the best Grecians to be the chief officers; I only allow those in their *first* year, as they would afterward be too wise to be guilty of such a glorious imprudence. Have you seen my friend Jowett's Christian Researches in the Mediterranean? The author is much too elegant for a missionary: he is an accomplished scholar. He gives a correct account of the state of Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans in the Greek islands. The former are fallen into such a state of poverty that their bishops and archbishops do not subsist as well as our poorest curates. Their fallen grandeur reads us an instructive lesson.

I have been particularly interested in the *ecclesiastical* concerns of Ireland, having two excellent friends placed in a most perilous state by their recent elevation, one to the see of Limerick, the other, Dr. Magee, author of the admirable work on "The Atonement," to be Archbishop of Dublin. He is a great ornament to the church; has all his suffragan bishops one day in every week to attend a board in his palace for the good of the church, and appoints two mornings in a week for curates and other inferior clergy to come to him with their information, complaints, &c. His life has been in danger from the fury of the Jesuits. He puts me in mind of good old Cyprian presiding at a synod of three hundred bishops at Carthage. Alas! what is Carthage, and where her bishops now!

I hope your anxiety on Lady Pepys's account is removed, and that you may both be spared to enjoy that domestic comfort with which you seem to be so eminently blessed in the conduct and character of your children. I beg to be kindly and respectfully remembered to her and them. The good Bishop of Durham is in his ninetieth year, and still retains his fine handwriting. In that article *you* eclipse all the old and all the young. I value this talent so much that I have established it into a maxim, that to speak so low that nobody can hear, and to write so ill that nobody can read, are among the minor immoralities. I have two delightful friends who are guilty of this fault to an undecipherable extent.

Adieu, my very dear and valued friend: I heartily commend

you to the infinite mercies of our God and Saviour, for time and eternity.

Your faithful and attached
H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Potterell's, Hatfield, July 16, 1823.

My dear Friend,

Your most kind and interesting letter demands my warmest thanks, as it gave me the sincerest pleasure to see you write in such good spirits, and explain so well the story of poor old Prometheus, which before appeared to have no meaning; though I doubt not that if we were more *au fait* at all the heathen mythology, we should find very salutary lessons conveyed under the cover of their fables: I hope you recollect the admirable comparison in the Rolliad, of the Speaker of the House of Commons with Prometheus on his rock.

"Like sad Prometheus fasten'd to his rock,
He sits with wistful eyes upon the clock.
For though he hears, 'tis true,
Pitt, Fox, and Burke, he hears Sir Joseph too."

I sent your explanation of Prometheus to Sir Lucas, as it was so much in his profession, and he is much pleased with it. You will be glad to hear that we are all going on (thank God!) as usual; myself enjoying, by his great goodness, uncommon health and spirits for eighty-three.

If your American correspondence does not oppress you too much, it must be highly gratifying to you to find that your sphere of doing good has been extended over the New World. I say nothing of your fame, because I know you are actuated by much higher motives; but I have often thought, when I have been reading the limits which Cicero sets on all human celebrity, which, he observes, cannot by any possibility extend beyond the pillars of Hercules, how little he dreamed that his name would be as well known on the Mississippi as on the Tiber; nor did you, I apprehend, when you were recommending the most important truths by the united powers of argument and wit, ever think that the good effects of them would be diffused over America as well as Europe, and indeed wherever the English language shall be read, which I doubt not will be, in time, over India and New-Holland; so that your ambition of doing good may continue to enlarge with your success. You will have "ample scope and verge enough the characters of heaven to trace." Fame, which by the generality of mankind is considered as a sufficiently laudable *motive*, has been to you only a *consequence*, and I perceive that you begin already to pant for more room, so that we are obliged to

take in the Burman Empire to prevent your being suffocated. An excellent friend of mine used to say, when he heard any one talk of extending his beneficence to China and Japan, that he felt very much disposed to inquire after his wife and children; but as you have never neglected, but on the contrary have done so much for whatever was within your reach, you are well entitled to extend your beneficence wherever you can make it felt. You do me but justice (let Madame de Sevigné laugh at the repetition of that phrase as much as she pleases) when you suppose me deeply interested in the cause of the Greeks; though I have, within this day or two, taken up a book which I fear will cool my ardour in their cause. It is Gell's Tour through the Morea; for he not only says (and I believe truly enough) that not one out of twenty of the present inhabitants are descended from the ancient Greeks, but that the character of the present Greek population is considerably worse than that of the Turks. Be that as it may, I have derived so much pleasure, and have felt my mind so much expanded by some of their writers in that most powerful and delightful of all languages, that were it only *pour l'amour de Grec*, I could not withhold my mite from their assistance. A very lively and intelligent man said to me, "If I hear that any person is fond of Greek, without knowing any more about him, I am prepossessed in his favour:" nor did he seem to intend the observation as any compliment to me, but as resulting from the general impression in favour of literary men, in which I very much agree with him, with the addition of literary *women;* an opinion which I have lately avowed, in some verses addressed to a friend on his wedding-day, which Mrs. Joanna Baillie has published with other poems for a charitable purpose, and for which I have received the thanks of some literary ladies. I am glad to hear that your young friend is still with you, and, from the account you give of her, if I were but an odd fifty years younger, I should be very much disposed to fall in love with her, and take a journey to Barley Wood, under the pretence of profiting by *your* conversation, but in reality to get a sight of *her:* as it is, however, you are both safe enough from any such quixotic intrusion, for though I do not feel many effects of old age, the disinclination to remove from home is, I fear, a very decisive symptom. Barley Wood in Ceylon! how this will puzzle some future commentator on your works! who will find some obscure tradition, that for some reason or other, most probably he will say for the laudable purpose of disseminating religion, our author took this long voyage, and, in commemoration of it, gave the name of her own residence to the school which it is evident she established in that island.

You are no doubt much interested in the issue of Captain Parry's voyage of discovery. Captain Sabine, who accompanied him on his former voyage, told me that Parry requested no one to think about him till the autumn of 1824, but that he

should expect to find a ship ready to receive him about that time near Behring's Straits. Upon my expressing some wonder what could possibly detain him so long, Captain Sabine observed, that the projection of a single cape or promontory farther into the Northern Ocean than he expected might delay him for a year. A physician told me, that if, in the former voyage, Captain Parry had not possessed uncommon powers in keeping the sailors constantly *amused*, they would have been sick with the scurvy. You surprise me by saying that your good archbishop has been in danger from the Jesuits; but I believe they are concealed in places where you would think them less likely to be found than in Ireland. A gentleman, who had been warned by a perfect *stranger* to escape from the Inquisition at Lisbon, saw many years afterward a man cutting up a sheep as a butcher at Norwich, whom he recognised as the friend to whom he had been indebted for his safety, and asked in what way he could best return the obligation; to which question the answer was, "By never taking the least notice that you ever saw me before."

The kind and solemn farewell with which you conclude your letter to one who is nearer eighty-four than eighty-three, and who does not want Horace to remind him,

"Omnem crede Diem tibi diluxisse supremum,"

affected me much. God be with you, my dear friend, in life or in death.

Yours most affectionately,
W. W. Pepys.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

Barley Wood, Nov. 5, 1823.

What is become of you? Where are you? What are you doing? It would indeed be "german to the matter" to put these interrogatories to *me*, as I have long been in your debt for a delightful letter. But there is a reason for your not asking *where* I am, as I am sure to be found in the bow-window in my bed-chamber. It is now about two years since I have been down-stairs, and I think four years and a quarter since I have been in any house besides my own. It is not at present that my locomotive powers are not equal to travel down-stairs, but that this unmannerly summer made my good Dr. Carrick order me to run no risk. I have, however, a pleasant prison, and am not anxious for a jail delivery. My health is much better, through the mercy of God, than there was any human probability would ever be the case; but with frequent salutary interruptions of bad nights. These are necessary to remind me that this is not my rest. I see a good deal of company in the middle of the day. But the *post* occupies and fatigues me much more than my guests. If you saw my table

on most days, you would think, if I were not a minister of state, I was become at least a clerk in a public office. These petty businesses often prevent my writing to those dear friends with whom it would be my delight to have more intercourse. I find, however, a good deal of time to work with my *hands*, while Miss Frowd reads for the entertainment of my *head*. The learned labours of my knitting-needle are now amassing to be sent to America to the Missionary Society, who sell them there, and send the produce to the Barley Wood school at Ceylon. So you see I am still good for something.

The Protestant church which is being erected over the very ashes of that archfiend Voltaire is too wonderful not to be just hinted at. That he whose constant cry it was, "*Il faut écraser l'Infame*," should have the gospel of the Saviour he vilified, and whose very name he swore he would exterminate, preached over his grave, is an instance of the antidote following the poison the most striking! How I honour the Baron de Staël! Had his unhappy mother employed *her* talents (unrivalled by any woman certainly) in the way her son has employed his, she would have been as much the object of love and esteem as she always must be of admiration.

Adieu, my dear M——. That God may bless you all with the best of his blessings, prays

Your very affectionate

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

December 26, 1823.

My dear Friend,

I hear from others a favourable report of your health. I thank God for this comfort amid the sad reports I receive of other dear friends. The ranks of the righteous seem to be thinning sadly. That dear Mr. G—— should be taken in the midst of his usefulness, and I spared in the midst of my uselessness, is among the daily proofs that we receive that God's ways are not as our ways. Preparation is necessary for me, and therefore *time* is given me; yet my time is not so much my own as you would imagine. I have had too many cares and interruptions, and too little leisure and repose, for age and sickness—too much of Martha, too little of Mary. Yet Bishop Hall says, by way of comfort, "It was Martha who went to meet Jesus."

Of all the interesting events which almost every day now produces, I think not one has excited my feelings so much as the church at Ferney; that the execrable being who declared he would never rest till he had exterminated the very name of Jesus should have the gospel preached over his very grave, and the publication of that gospel poured from that press which had so long been made the vehicle of his abominations,

"is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes." I cannot help thinking that, independently of religious feelings, it is more worth while as a matter of mere curiosity to an inquisitive mind to be alive now than at almost any period that history presents to us. I need not enumerate to you the astonishing and prosperous institutions of piety and charity, nor the successful projects of philosophy, mechanics, &c.

But how I run on! I pray God to give you and all your dear family the blessings of the present gracious and hallowed season.

Pray sometimes for one who stands as much in need of your petitions as any for whom they are offered.

Your very affectionate

H. More.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Potterells, near Hatfield, Dec. 6, 1823.

My dear Friend,

In looking over your last letter (for your letters remind one of *Decies repetita placebit*), I observe that you inquired after Mrs. Joanna Baillie's publication of poems last winter, for a charitable purpose. As I was a subscriber, I have desired that a copy of them may be sent from my empty house in London. They answered the good purpose for which they were collected, as the subscription was very large; which reminds one of an answer which some one made to a minister, who asked whether he could do any thing for him,—"Nothing," replied he, "unless you could make me a *Scotchman*." I well remember Lord Elibank maintaining a very good argument, to show our inconsistency in being angry with the Scots for their partiality for their country, when we applaud the Greeks and Romans, who carried that partiality to as great a length. Apropos, I cannot help telling you of an instance of it which was acknowledged in my presence. Two English gentlemen and a Scotch one took a ride together in the summer to Tunbridge Wells, and on their arrival the two English, having been shaved by a barber of the place, asked their companion if he would not also be shaved; which he had no sooner declined than the waiter whispered him, "Sir, I have found a *Scotch* barber;" to which the other replied, "Oh! very good, let him walk in."

In answer to your question about Irving, I have read a few of his orations, and the third, if I mistake not, pleased me very much; but I could not proceed—the very bad taste, and those "*Ambitiosa Ornamenta*" which Horace so justly reprobates, disgusted me exceedingly. The first charm of a preacher, in my opinion, is to possess his congregation with a conviction that he is thoroughly *in earnest*. The subjects in the pulpit are of too momentous a concern to be made the

materials of oratorical flourishes; and whatever tends to show the preacher more intent upon displaying his own abilities than persuading or convincing his hearers is not only bad taste, but a pitiful aberration from what ought to be his sole object.

Your caricature of two Romish penitents, one at each ear of the priest, is very humorous, and would illustrate the etymology of that word *bother*, that is *both ear*, of which the Irish make so much use. How can we be surprised at the prevalence of absolute infidelity in Catholic countries, when we know how rapid the transition is from superstition and mummery to no religion at all. When I was in France, in 1774, they considered Hume as a good sort of man, "*Hors ses préjugés*," as he was not an atheist.

You will be glad to hear that I continue, thank God, well as ever. Pray let me hear the same good account of you. It seems quite presumptuous at near eighty-four to talk of what we intend to do next month; but if it please God, we hope to return to town for the winter on the 14th day of January, which is our usual day; so that seven months in the country and five in London give us as much variety as we wish; though I am sometimes tempted to invert Lord Chesterfield's eulogium of London, by saying of the country, "that it is the best place in winter, and in summer there is no living out of it."

We have been pleased with some of Dr. Aikin's Essays upon subjects of criticism, as his style and that of his daughter seem to be very good; but the *politics* of most dissenters, "No kings, no bishops," &c., do not accord with mine; as I find myself under the present form of government quite at liberty enough to do every thing but mischief. I will now detain you no longer than to repeat, what I trust I shall do with my latest breath, that I am,

My dear and admirable friend, yours ever,

W. W. Pepys.

From the same to the same.

Potterells, Hatfield, Oct. 14, 1824.

My dear Friend,

I have directed Messrs. Child to pay to Sir Peter Pole and Co. 100*l.*, to be placed to your account, as I could not recollect the name of your banker at Bristol: this, if I remember right, was the way in which it was done last year.

I hope to hear that you continue well, and know you will be pleased to hear that I never was better; which however I pray may not make me forget how near I must necessarily be to my latter end! Whenever it comes, I hope I am deeply sensible of the very great blessings which have been bestowed upon me through so long a life, and sincerely penitent for not having

made a better use of them. I am here surrounded by all that can make old age comfortable and happy; dutiful and affectionate children, with a number of pleasing and promising grandchildren, who I trust will reward their mother for all her kindness and attention to me. You know, I believe that my two younger sons are both happily married. My eldest son and my three daughters are with me, and I am every day most truly thankful that my age, though now far beyond fourscore years, is so far from being nothing but labour and sorrow, that it is full as happy as any former period of it, and indeed much happier than when my hopes and fears as to this life were all afloat. What says your young friend to all this? Does she think that she will be happier at eighty-four than she is now? I rather think that she will make the same answer that a young lady made to one who quoted from St Paul, "that they who married did well, but they who did not marry did better"—"that she did not want to do better than well." She is, however, at this time laying up a great treasure of comfort for her old age; as no occurrence in her youth will give her more pleasure than the recollection of that kind assiduity and attention which you say has contributed so essentially to your comfort, and by which she has made a conquest which few ladies can boast of, over one who fancied himself secure, not only by distance, but old age.

We have been reading in an evening the "Life of Goëthe," in which much of the present German notions are disclosed; and it seems to me that imagination has, till lately, been such a scarce commodity, that now they have got it they don't know what to do with it: however, I am rejoiced to find that as great honours are paid to Shakspeare as in his own country; and one can see, from what Schiller has said of him, that in Germany he is perfectly well understood, which in France he never can be. Voltaire, you know, says of Hamlet and the grave-digger, "Que ces messieurs là se mettent à considérer les têtes." I hope you have not forgotten that best of all Mrs. Montagu's *bon-mots*, "Ce fumier qui a fertilizé une terre ingrate." I don't know whether we ever talked of that most extraordinary instance of indifference to posthumous fame which Shakspeare manifested in the latter years of his life; when he seems to have retired to his native place without the smallest concern as to what might become of his works; and, as far as I can learn, if the prompter's book had been burned, we should have had no traces of Shakspeare; to which, I presume, Pope alludes in his well-known lines—

> "Shakspeare, whom you and every play-house bill
> Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
> For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despite."

I hope you are as sincere a friend to the cause of the Greeks as I am. What a curious but afflicting sight is it to behold a

nation so gallantly struggling to emancipate itself from the worst of slavery,—that nation the very nursery of all our learning and science; and yet, from untoward circumstances, not one national arm in all Europe stretched out for their assistance. A few years ago, if this had been predicted, it would not have been believed.

Farewell, my dear friend, and let me repeat my desire that you would sometimes remember me in your prayers, as one who admires your virtues and piety even more than your talents, which is "*beaucoup dire*," and one who cannot accuse himself of any lukewarmness in the friendship with which he is, always,

Yours affectionately,
W. W. Pepys.

From Mr. James Montgomery* to Mrs. H. More.

Sheffield, 1824.

Dear Madam,

Your letter enclosing eleven pounds—from Mr. S—— 5*l.*, Mrs. W—— 5*l.*, and Mr. P—— 1*l.*—came to hand this morning; and I have paid the amount to the treasurer of the fund for the use of Mrs. C—— and her children. Accept for them the expression of my sincerest thanks. You have done well, and you have influenced others to do likewise, beyond what you yourself may be aware of. I ventured to publish an extract from your former letter in the Iris; and though I cannot specifically state the effect, I am as confident that there was a blessing in it as if I could enumerate all the good feelings, good purposes, and good works it produced among benevolent and Christian readers. Though it was a bold liberty to take with the very first communication that I ever received from your hands, there was no time to ask permission, and I chose rather to hazard the responsibility of giving it seasonable publicity, than the responsibility of withholding it a day longer than I could help. I considered—and I considered rightly, that some persons have that to give which is more valuable than gold or silver; and, as you are of this privileged number, I could not in my conscience deny to the widow and fatherless the authority and influence of your name and your example, not only in contributing liberally to their relief, but in sanctioning and recommending those excellent forms of prayer which the departed servant of the Lord has left, not merely as a legacy, which may produce a small pecuniary advantage to his family, but as an inheritance to the church itself, to be enjoyed by all its members—and here I mean the church of Christ generally—who are inclined to avail themselves of such a spiritual provision of "daily bread" for their families. Forgive what may seem praise in this statement in reference to yourself; but I

* The well-known author of the "World before the Flood," &c.

could not explain the motive for that which I had done without your leave, and avoid saying that which, however agreeable to myself to avow, you may feel humbled, and yet I trust gratified, to hear, because there is truth and honesty in the fact, and in the feeling with which I write it. The subscription for this family has indeed gone on gloriously; I believe it amounts to bout 4000*l.* And surely this is a token for good, that God is indeed blessing the faithful testimony of the gospel of his Son by whomsoever preached; when so many people of all classes, from the archbishop and the peer down to very humble individuals, are made willing to contribute so freely to the comfort of those who are rendered dear to the living, because they belonged to one who had laboured in the Lord, and was "esteemed very highly for his work's sake;" and who having died in the Lord also, his works not only followed him to the judgment-seat, but are thus made to follow him in blessings to those who give and those who receive this unexampled bounty. I cannot imagine the possibility of such a sum of money being poured in from all quarters, all ranks, all kinds (if I may use the word) of people, for the family of any minister of another character than the late Mr. C——. As much money might be raised perhaps in many instances, but then it would be among rich and powerful connections, and within a certain locality or sphere of personal influence. His townspeople (not of his church) have generously made cause with those more directly attached to him; but a very large portion of the sums contributed has come from distant parts of the kingdom—from strangers who knew him only by his writings and his character, or who had occasionally witnessed his zeal, and faith, and fervour on Missionary and Bible Society occasions.

I am crowding my paper, and setting you a difficult task to read my scrawl, but my hand has run faster and longer than I thought it could do when I took up the pen, being exceedingly unwell; though, like the breathing of a vein in some complaints, I feel better for the exercise, which is more than I have had courage to take in the same way for several days. Mrs. C—— was exceedingly grateful for your former kindnesses, and this additional proof of your remembrance will cheer her heart. She droops much, but who would not, circumstanced as she is? he was no ordinary man.

Accept my best thanks for your too good opinion of me: would that I merited it!

I am very truly and respectfully your obliged friend,

J. MONTGOMERY.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

1824.

MY DEAR LADY TRYPHENA,

I might with truth and propriety say, my dear *ladies*, for I

remember each and all with undiminished respect and affection. It will rejoice my heart to hear a good report of the health of all, especially of my dear Lady Tryphena's eyes. What a consolation that she has in her own family able and kind readers. I take the liberty of again troubling you with poor Messenger's little annual remittance. I hope the poor soul's family calamities are diminished; as to myself, through the great mercy of my heavenly Father, I have been wonderfully carried through the vicissitudes of the weather during the last winter; and though I do not quit my apartment, I see a great deal of company,—too much, my kind physician says, but most of them are among the excellent of the earth, and some come from far. I only see them in a morning; and manage very well when they are all of one party; but when I am obliged to split my attentions, it is a little fatiguing; for instance, I had the other day three ladies from the Highlands of Scotland, three gentlemen from the Land's End in Cornwall, and one from Dublin. They had never seen each other, nor had I ever seen any but the latter.

I envy those who are in London this week, which I call the saints' festival; so many distinguished scholars and Christians will speak at the different religious and charitable public meetings, I hope, with profit. As to my insignificant self, I can find sufficient employment, which, if not splendid, is not quite useless. At Bristol, Clifton, and Bath they have an annual bazaar for the different charitable societies, which by means of contributions of ladies' different works, produces a great deal of money. You will say, that in my old age I am brought so low as to write halfpenny papers: I enclose you a specimen. Every year I write some such trifle as the enclosed. The ladies who conduct the bazaars in the different places, get these paltry papers printed, sometimes on coloured papers and by selling them for a shilling, twenty pounds have been collected in the year. I spend all my leisure in knitting garters and muffatees a little decorated; these, by the lady customers giving five times more than they are worth, bring in the year no contemptible sum.

I have lost so many of my contemporaries within the last year, particularly in the higher classes, that I am ready to ask, with Dr. Johnson, where is the world into which I was born? —*they* taken, *I* spared—*they* of great importance in society, *I* of little or none; but by thus extending my life, God has been pleased to give me a longer space for repentance and preparation. May it not have been given in vain.

Adieu, my dear ladies; I heartily pray God to bless you in time and eternity.

Your faithful and obedient

H. More.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. H. More seemed to view her wonderful rescue from the opening grave as an imperative call upon her to improve with increased vigilance every passing hour to the temporal or spiritual benefit of her fellow-creatures. She considered that her life was thus unexpectedly given back to her for this purpose; and every day witnessed some proof of her benevolence. It was no uncommon thing for those who solicited her contributions to find that she had been beforehand with them, and that before their charity had set out, hers had reached the object; and the manner which accompanied her kindnesses gave completeness to their Christian character. She still continued as much alive as ever to the pleasure of intellectual and instructive intercourse with her friends; and it was admitted on all hands that her conversation had lost none of its accustomed sprightliness. She was always furnished with anecdote; and a friend who spent some weeks with her towards the end of this year recollects some detached parts of her conversation, which are here thrown together. She remembered that when Johnson was intending to write the Life of Akenside, he asked her, as a friend of Sir James Stonehouse, his contemporary at Northampton, if she could supply him with any information concerning him; upon which she made an effort to recollect some sayings she had heard reported of his, when he interrupted her with impatience—"Incident, child! incident is what a biographer wants—did he break his leg?"

At another time she mentioned that her friend Mrs. K—— and a little worthy knot of her neighbours had with the purest intentions entered into an engagement, by which they bound themselves to do some good work every day; and that she had advised them to dissolve the contract; because if they performed it, they might be too triumphant, and if they failed, too desponding; but still to work on in the spirit, though not in the letter, of the obligation.

She remarked one day, that if we resolved things into their first principles, how few and simple they would be discovered to be. The vehicle of all knowledge was formed of the combinations of twenty-four letters—all calculations were generated from ten figures—and all the infinite variations of sound in music from eight notes. In speaking of Soame Jenyns, she gave an anecdote descriptive of his extraordinary easiness of temper and careless good-humour. A friend who called upon him one morning was pressed by him to take a slice of cold meat, but the servant on being rung for informed his master

that there was not a morsel in his larder. When he had left the room, Mr. Jenyns turned to his friend and said, "Now we had a large round of beef dressed yesterday; this is therefore rather unaccountable. But I expect these things; and that I may not be subject to lose my temper, I set down 300*l.* a year to losses by lying and cheating, and thus I maintain my composure." She told us one day of a bon-mot of Burke's, who, expressing to her his dislike to closed bookcases in an apartment, exclaimed, "I don't like this *Locke* on the human understanding."

She declared her strong objection to the application of consecrated words and phrases to familiar things; such as the "great unknown,"—resurrection-men,—the ascension of a balloon,—even the redemption of the land-tax,—the salvation of the country,—the christening of a ship, &c. She said she often tried to pass a day without once saying, in reference to earthly things, "I wish."

We have thus caught and imprisoned some fugitive vapours of her fine mind, as they rose and played in the corruscations of her returning health and spirits, with the freshness of the morning of her existence, when her elastic thoughts first woke upon the scene of her future eminence, and the world's realities and excitements.

Before we leave these little reminiscences, with which, after her frequent periodical illnesses, the symptoms of her convalescence were generally attended, to the delight of those who sat with her in her chamber, we will give the reader a passage or two, which, though they chronologically belong to an earlier part of her life, are not out of moral order in any place among the general aggregate of sayings and things which bring out the character and expression of her mind,—of that mind which, though voluble and various, and taking all the tints and shades of passing events as they moved in quick succession before her, was always occupied with the single sober purpose of doing good, in the large and little concerns of society, with a persevering sameness of thought and action.

Mr. Jay of Bath, whose chapel she frequented under the circumstances which she explained to her diocesan in the letter which has been already produced, and of whom Mrs. More's high opinion is well known, has favoured me with the following particulars:—

"One day in a dinner party at Mrs. More's house in Bath, he was lamenting the ingratitude Mrs. M. had recently met with from a person he had recommended to her beneficence,—upon which he received a look from her which silenced him; and after dinner drawing him into a corner of the room, she said, 'You know we must never speak of such things as these before people, for they are always too backward to do good; and they are sure to dwell on such facts to justify their illiberality.' She finely added, 'It is well for us sometimes to meet with such

instances of ingratitude, to show us our motives, for if they have been right we shall not repent of our doing; though we lament the depravity of a fellow-creature. In these instances also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of any one towards us compared with our ingratitude towards our infinite Benefactor.'"

Mr. Jay said this was but in character with *all* she *said* and *did* through a long and favoured intimacy with her after he came to Bath; adding, "Great as her fame has been, I never considered it equal to her merit. Such a fine and complete combination of talent and goodness, and of zeal and discretion, I never witnessed. All her resources, influences, and opportunities were simply and invariably made to subserve one purpose, in which she lived not to herself, but to Him who died for us and rose again."

There was nothing, he said, he admired more than her *conversation*, and not only its eloquence, but its judiciousness, its selectness, its appropriateness. Whatever was the party or the topic, "upon her tongue was the law of kindness." There was never a word to offend, or wound, or grieve, but always something to instruct and improve; "her speech was always with grace, seasoned with salt, and ministered to the edifying of the hearers."

"You could not," he said, "touch her without finding her electrical wit, genius, and godliness. Her very praise was moral. If she praised a sermon, it was not a sermon that might have a little air of originality, but one that commended itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. She often remarked, that preaching was an instrument, and the best instrument was that which did its work best."

Mr. Jay remarked, that when, forty-four years ago, he first saw her in his congregation, she tried him more than any hearer he had preached before; but when he had become acquainted with her, and was secure of her friendship, he was pleased to see her present. He soon made her a confidante; entreating her to point out any thing she deemed exceptionable, or capable of improvement, in one so young and inexperienced; and he acknowledged with gratitude many valuable hints derived from her judgment in the discharge of his ministry.

He also admired the moderation of her doctrinal sentiments, and said how well they had always accorded in their dislike of the jargon of the schools, and whatever men had rendered metaphysical and exclusive in the gospel of the God of all grace. She was, however, he said, fond of reading the works of many of the old divines, and even those of the puritans and nonconformists, remarking with her inimitable smartness, "that she found nothing more good than the lean of their fat."

In the month of July in this year (1824), the Wrington Bible Meeting took place, of which she was still the strength and cement, although unable to be personally present. The apos-

tolic bishop of Ohio (Bishop Chase) was brought to the meeting by Sir T. Acland, and was one of seventeen who dined at Barley Wood when the business was over. After dinner the whole party assembled in Mrs. More's apartment, when an animated and interesting conversation was carried on during several hours, in which Mrs. More, now in her seventy-ninth year, bore a conspicuous part, and the good American bishop, who pronounced the parting prayer, brought away strong impressions of the conservative power of vital faith, in keeping the heart warm and the head clear under the weight of years, with all the aggravations of infirmity and pain. The intermission was short. In about a month after the festival of the Wrington Bible Meeting which has just been recorded, Mrs. More was again laid upon the bed of sickness. She was to be subjected to a fresh trial; and again her Christian part was to maintain its accustomed conflict with irritating pains and loathsome remedies; and on this as on other like occasions, the perfect composure of mind into which she had long settled, and her habitual resignation to the Divine will, were great auxiliaries to the skill and care of her physician.

She recovered from this severe attack, but not till she had made her sick-chamber again the scene of an edifying patience, and a school of spiritual instruction. She said she wished to bear her dying testimony to the goodness of God, that her blessings had always been much greater than her sufferings; and added, as one proof of the mercy shown her, even in her privations, that for many years she had lost her taste and smell, which had been taken from her by a violent attack of fever, and had once thought it an affliction, but having since that period been almost perpetually constrained to feed on drugs, she now felt her loss transmuted into gain, as her medicines were disarmed of their power of tormenting her. Somebody speaking of a very fine house they had recently seen, she said, "Do they suspect that so mean a thing as death can enter among all that finery? take physic, pomp;" and then raising herself in her bed with surprising energy, though obliged to pause for breath between her words, she repeated,

> "Oh, insolence of wealth, with all thy store,
> How durst thou let one worthy man be poor."

On another occasion she thus broke forth, "What sinful, vile, miserable bodies we have, and yet we can be proud, and dainty, and fastidious." When she heard the bell toll for her late medical attendant, she exclaimed, "Happy Mr. James, he has escaped before me! Pray sing the funeral hymn at family prayer this evening." Upon those about her answering that nobody had spirits to raise their voice in song, she said, "Why not? it will raise your hearts in love." In a moment of particular suffering, she exclaimed, "Can my friends wish such a state as mine to be prolonged? death would be the greatest

mercy—but it is all best. I am not yet fit, I want a few more stripes, or I should not have them, for He does nothing without design." She once or twice remarked, with grateful emotion, upon the affecting beauty of that expression, "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes,"—not only that they should be wiped away, but that God himself should wipe them away.

Yet once more was it the good pleasure of Providence to raise up this eminent Christian to bear a little longer her testimony to the power of faith, and the Spirit's operation on the heart and understanding. Before she was able to quit her bed, she had vigour to project, and partly to execute, a plan to which she had been often urged when in tolerable health,—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that all-important subject. These passages, when brought together with some additions, composed a little volume, to which she prefixed a few pious and touching sentences, by way of preface, and bequeathed it to her friends, not expecting herself to witness its publication. No sooner was this little book advertised than the whole edition was bespoken, and another was in preparation before she herself had received a single copy of the first. It reached a third edition within three months of its first appearance.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Potterells, January 7, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just finished your "Spirit of Prayer," for which I give you my sincerest thanks; I have told my family, what, if said only to you, might savour too much of compliment, that I do not recollect to have ever risen from a book which gave me greater *pleasure;* I said actual *pleasure*, not merely instruction or useful exhortation, but positive delight. There is such an animated spirit of piety running through the whole of it, that not to have greatly relished it would have impeached one's taste, even more than one's principles. Mrs. Montagu and I used always to agree that you had more wit in your serious writings than other people had when they meant to be professedly witty; and I used to tell her, that whenever I should see you I should plague you by complimenting you upon the wit of your writings, and not upon the good which I thought they would do: as to this last treatise, I hope to have it always upon my table, and to read it over and over again as long as I shall wish to cherish the spirit of piety; which I pray to God may be as long as I live.

Mrs. H. Bowdler writes me word that she saw you lately, and that you were still in your chamber. She says, "I left her with feelings of respect and admiration which I cannot describe. I never saw her more agreeable or more animated than on this last visit." Though you have long since been raised above the

praise of us poor mortals, yet if any such can give you pleasure, it must be when it comes from such a person as Mrs. Bowdler.

We are just now reading in an evening a memoir of Mr. John Bowdler, her brother, written by his son, which shows him to have been worthy of that excellent family to which he belonged. I have long known and highly respected Thomas Bowdler, but of John I knew nothing, except an admirable saying, which I remember was attributed to him some years ago, when the fashion was to lament over the state of this unhappy country:—"If," said he, "a man were to go from the northern to the southern extremity of this island with his eyes shut and his ears open, he would think that this country was sinking into an abyss of destruction; but if he were to return with his ears shut and his eyes open, he would be satisfied that we had the greatest reason to be thankful for our prosperity." As we have not finished the memoir, I can only hope that this observation has been preserved in it. What would he have said had he lived to see the *present* state of this country?

We hope to return to our winter-quarters on Friday next, the 14th, and, blessed be God, in the same state of health and spirits as though Tuesday next would not complete my eighty-fifth year. I will not fill my paper with any effusions of that gratitude which the most obdurate heart must feel for such unmerited kindness. I wonder whether I shall ever see that young lady in whose favour you have so highly prepossessed me, by the account which you gave of her kindness and attentions to you. If that false sentiment be so applauded,

"My friend must hate the man who injures me,"

surely it is equally fair that your friend should like (I suppose I must not say *love*) the young lady who has shown such attachment to you; pray remember me to her, and tell her that I think she has much more reason to value herself upon the conquest of an old man who has never seen her, than of any young man who has.

We have been of late very much pleased on an evening, by the Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Clarke, the traveller, which we thought an acquisition, as it is so difficult to find any book that will suit equally the taste and ages of a whole family circle. For my part, when I am alone I feel that I have so little concern with this world, and so much with the next, that I am apt to reproach myself if I bestow much time on any book that has not some *tendency*, at least, to prepare me for the awful change I must expect soon to undergo. Dr. Doddridge, on the words, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" recommends that answer to those who lose their time on the curiosities of literature, and quotes the last words of a great scholar, "*Heu! vitam perdidi operose nihil agendo*," instead

of being about their heavenly "Father's business." This, my dear friend, will never rise up, I trust, as a just accusation against you, who have employed those brilliant talents which God has bestowed on you, so much to his glory and the good of your fellow-creatures. I sometimes compare you with those who have attained the summit of earthly renown, and ask myself which I had rather be at this period of my life? I need not tell you the answer, which would be attended with still more self-reproach than it is, did I not feel that the mediocrity of my own talents exempts me, in some degree, from much of that responsibility which is attached to such as yours. But this is too fearful a subject to dwell upon, for we have all so much to be forgiven that it is idle to compare the quantities. May God in his mercy receive us both, through our only Mediator and Advocate.

Adieu, my most valued friend; I can never say how much I am

Yours affectionately,
W. W. PEPYS.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Gloucester Place, Feb. 5, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I little thought, when I have so often sympathized with you, that our sympathy would extend to the cramp in our hands; but *hæc data pœna diu viventibus*, I am so troubled with at times, that you would not recognise my handwriting.

The success of your last little book is enough to prove to you the relish which the public still continue to entertain for your writings; and I am very glad that I did not wait for their decision before I wrote my sincere judgment upon it, which was fresh and warm from the strong impression which I received from it.

I am delighted to hear that your health is improved, and am truly grateful for the kind and friendly wishes at the conclusion of your letter. If a good Christian could exclaim, "*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*," I may be permitted to say that it is a very great comfort to me to hear you say that you will sometimes remember me in your prayers. We are both so near the awful moment when our earthly trial will be at an end, that I feel every moment how little I have to do with this world, and how much with the next.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Dialogues are a great literary curiosity. I came very apropos to a dissertation which I have just read, on the characters of Johnson and Warburton, which, though rather too verbose, seems in many parts very well done. I found it in a late publication called "The Batchelor's Wife," consisting of a very heterogeneous selection from a variety of authors.

I paid a visit yesterday to the Duchess of Manchester, who asked me whether I could recommend any new book. I told her grace that, strange as it might sound, the greatest *pleasure* I had received lately from any publication was from one upon a religious subject, in a tract on "The Spirit of Prayer."—"Oh!" says she, "that I have been reading this very morning, and I admire it exceedingly." Now if Pope could say with so much exultation,

"Envy must own I live among the great,"

how much more reason have you to exult, in having contributed so largely as you have done to the spiritual benefit and immortal interests of the great, through every gradation, up to that of a princess! I have often told you how much I envy you; but I do not know whether I ever confessed to you how much importance I assume, from claiming a title to your friendship, and saying, *accidentally*, "I had a letter yesterday from *my friend* Mrs. H. More; she sent me such or such a book, but her most invaluable present was her own Bible, in which every passage is marked which she thought particularly worthy of attention." You see what *airs* I can give myself, when the balloon of vanity is well filled and rising. You will be glad to hear that I continue in perfect health, though I completed my eighty-fifth year on the 11th of last month, and have spirits to enjoy the amusement which variety of company affords me, after seven months' retirement in the country. You have immortalized my love of conversation in your "Bas Bleu:" and though I can no longer boast of mixing in such circles as you and I used to meet in, yet still I feel great delight and excitation in good society.

I say nothing here of Miss Roberts's letter, because I think it requires that I should acknowledge the honour she has done me personally to her; and shall only observe that the task which you say has been assigned to her is itself the greatest eulogium that can be pronounced upon her talents, judgment, and fidelity. Long may the work remain unknown, and when the time arrives that it *must* appear, may you be in a state far above the sense of all human praise, and alive to all the ecstasy of hearing, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Such is the earnest prayer of, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,
W. W. Pepys.

From H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Bagshot Park, Feb. 21, 1825.

Dear Madam,

I cannot refrain from troubling you with a few lines, not

only to offer to you my best acknowledgments for your last very kind letter, but to return to you my warmest thanks for the edifying volume you have had the goodness to send me; which has afforded me the sincerest gratification. In stating to you how much I admired it, I must add that I am satisfied every person who reads it with a proper mind will derive benefit from it, and that it cannot fail to do considerable good.

With great eagerness I avail myself of this opportunity of making my inquiries after your health, which I trust is improved; and of expressing my anxious hope that your truly valuable life will be long preserved.

I must request you will be assured that with perfect truth and regard I am ever, dear madam,

Your very sincere friend,
and very faithful servant,
WILLIAM FREDERICK.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

Barley Wood, March 24, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

Whatever zeal and piety may do, flesh and blood, I am sure, with strength nearly exhausted by suffering, cannot hold out. I dread the effect of such exertion. As to my unworthy self, if I were a disciple of Prince Hohenloe I should pass for a standing miracle; and, indeed, even in the sober sense of Protestantism, I am a miracle of mercy and forbearance. I have been three times nearly given over in the last year, and with an interval of one year only, I have been confined to my chamber, and chiefly to my bed, for nearly five years. These visitations have been accompanied with great mercies, for in all this succession of dangerous high fevers, I never had one moment's delirium. I have since had an inflammation so violent that for the last six months "my right hand forgot its cunning," so that I could not hold a pen, and even now I can only scrawl a little at a time, and that not with impunity. My hand will probably never be restored.

I think that if I could see the abolition of the slavery of the body in the West Indies, and of the slavery of the soul in Ireland and popish Europe, I could sing my *nunc dimittis* with joy. If they carry their cause in Parliament, we must pray that God may produce good out of this great evil.

Mr. Wilberforce visited me in the winter, in better health than I had expected. I earnestly hope he will devote his honourable retreat from public life to what appears to me to be an important object—the history of his *own* life, political, religious, and social. It would be a manual for statesmen as well as private Christians. It would be difficult to find another man of his deep experimental religion who has been the bosom friend and associate of cabinet ministers, which he was for

many years after I first knew him, and with a disinterestedness which gave a true elevation to his character.

I should be astonished at any persons of decent character taking in that infamous ——, if I did not know that the public appetite for calumny can feed on the pernicious aliment, however coarsely administered. I am ashamed to send you such a miserable scrawl, but I longed to call myself to your remembrance, that I might request your prayers. You cannot offer them where they are more needed.

When are we to expect Bishop Butler? Yours ever, my dear and honoured friend, with true regard,

Your grateful and affectionate

H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Missenden, Bucks, May 29, 1825.

My dear Madam,

I have just been reading the last chapter of your work on prayer, and I mean to read it again to-day to a young woman in this village, to whom it will be very seasonable, for she is in the last stage of a consumption, and apparently very near her end; but likely, I fear, to have much sharper sufferings than she has yet sustained, before she is released. Happily, she is a sincere and well-taught Christian; knows by experience the blessed efficacy of prayer; and has hitherto, in the full and near prospect of approaching death, been wonderfully sustained. To say that she is patient and tranquil would be too little. She is content, thankful, and cheerful; and I should say *joyous*, if the word did not raise the idea of triumph or exaltation of spirits, which she is too meek and humble to display or feel. To this interesting sufferer your work, especially the chapter I have just read, will, I doubt not, be highly acceptable and useful. Very many, I doubt not, in similar circumstances will owe to you the same benefit, especially when they learn that your own couch, when you compiled it, was "not a bed of roses," but that you were sustaining the very trials you depict, and using the same composing and invigorating cordial that your pen has recommended to others.

I most sincerely congratulate you, my dear madam, on this very appropriate and happy finish of your labours. Of all practical subjects, prayer is the best. I would rather have prayer without faith or love, than faith and love, if they could exist, without prayer; for they may be lost without it, and where it is they will not long be wanting. I am certain of this at least, that the man who persists in prayer will not long entertain any doubt whatever of some of the most important fundamental truths of religion. He will learn from the impressive and decisive testimony of his own experience, that verily and indeed there is a God who governs the world,—in-

timately governs it, by a providence as particular as all the concerns, however minute, of all his rational creatures; that he hears and answers their petitions; that he rewards what is right and punishes what is wrong in their conduct; and that he is mainly intent on the purifying and elevating their moral natures, though often under circumstances, and by means, which make a future retributory state absolutely necessary for the vindication of his justice, and mercy, and goodness, i. e. of the very attributes which prayer and experience have shown him to possess. But the effect does not end here. Among all the various proofs we have that Christianity came from God, I know of none so strong, judging from the force of it on my own mind, as the wonderful correspondence of the Gospel with all that prayer and experience teach us of the ways of God with man. Christ taught us all those wonderful truths which prayer and experience confirm. He taught us moreover what they cannot teach, but what falls in admirably with all the discoveries they make, and solves the difficulties with which those discoveries would otherwise be attended. It was he also that gave us this telescope for the discovery of unseen truths. He was our Galileo as well as our Newton, in heavenly things; for he taught us to pray: and there is no duty which by precept and example he so carefully inculcated.

I have sometimes put this argument to philosophical unbelievers, who deny or doubt a particular providence:—"You believe in the existence of the lately discovered planets, and in other astronomical facts, which you yourself have never observed, and you would think it absurd skepticism in any man to doubt them. Why? Because all who have used the proper glasses, and carefully made the proper observations, concur in affirming their truth. Now you will find no man who has long been in the habit of private prayer, who will not tell you that he has had many and decisive proofs, decisive at least in their number and coincidence, that his prayers were heard, and practically answered in the occurrences of his life; and though not always in the way he wished, yet very often and very strikingly even in that way, and almost always, when he has prayed earnestly, in a way which he sooner or later has discovered to be best for his temporal or moral welfare. However widely devout men disagree in other points, in this they are all agreed, and very many have declared that things have never gone well with them through the day when their morning prayers have been distracted, cold, or languid. To suppose that it is with all these witnesses the dream of superstition is not less irrational than it would be to suppose that all the observers of the Georgium Sidus, of Pallas, and Ceres have been deceived by meteors, or some defect in their glasses. That the majority of mankind have had no such evidence, having never been in the habit of prayer, would be as idle an objection as that the planets just mentioned have not been seen

by those who never looked for them in a proper direction, and by the aid of a proper telescope. Your skepticism is therefore as unphilosophical in the one case as it would be in the other. You gave your confidence to Herschel, when announcing the most stupendous discoveries, he told you, 'Look, and you shall see;' but you refuse it to Christ, when revealing a providence without which a sparrow falls not to the ground, and who, when teaching a truth so credible as that God governs the world which he made, says to you, 'Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

I have been led insensibly by this very interesting subject away from the purpose with which I took up the pen; which was to thank you heartily for the pleasure and honour conferred on me by the present of your work, and so make the best apology I could for not sooner acknowledging that favour. I can truly say, that had I been less sensible of its value, I should have returned thanks for it sooner, but not liking to express my sense of such a gift, from such a giver, in a hasty way, I waited for that leisure which I very rarely find. I cannot indeed say that it has never been found till now, but never before in concurrence with the recollection that I had such a letter to write.

With the highest respect and esteem,
I am, my dear madam,
Very sincerely and affectionately yours,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford.

Barley Wood.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been much entertained with your picturesque letter. Scotland is a country I should particularly like to visit, as its scenes retain so much of their original character, and have not been spoiled by art and industry; which, though very good things in themselves, yet efface the old ideas that contribute to the pleasant romance of life. I particularly envy you the sight of Staffa's cave. Its laird, or, as he styles himself, *Staffa* only, has visited me, and I remember his account of his little empire was very amusing. But if these scenes have my admiration, Dumblane would have my homage. Of Leighton I could almost say with Burnet, "If I am not the better for that man, I shall have to answer for it at the day of judgment." What sacrilege to demolish his cathedral!

The heat here is almost tropical. Not a blade of grass left. The complexion of my field is hardly distinguishable from the gravel walk. I believe the farmers, like Milton's Satan, "never see the sun except to tell him how they hate his beams." What a fine description there is in the 11th of Jeremiah, of a

drought! "And the nobles sent their little ones to the water: they came to the pits and found none; they returned with their vessels empty, and were ashamed and confounded. And the ploughmen were ashamed, for there *was no grass*. And the asses snuffed up the wind, for there was no grass," &c. Pray turn to the chapter.

I have just had a visit from a very old and interesting friend, Mrs. ——. We had not met for twenty-seven years. We lived much together when I lived in the great and gay world. She told me when my little book of "Manners of the Great" was first published (anonymously), she was sitting with the queen, who was reading it. When her majesty came to the passage which censured the practice of ladies in sending on Sundays for a hair-dresser, she exclaimed, "This I am sure is Hannah More; she is in the right, and I will never send for one again." She did not mean she would not have her hair dressed on a Sunday, but she would not compel a poor tradesman to violate the Sabbath, but rather employ one of her own household.

A letter from —— tells me that Mrs. —— is doing well after her confinement. They still feel the loss of their son. I never saw a lovelier youth, or one better disposed. *Oh vita humana chi est si bella in vista!* &c. &c. What a sweet passage in Petrarca follows! With kind love to Mrs. H——,

Believe me, my dear friend,
Yours very sincerely,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hart Davis.

1825.

My dear Sir,

I trouble your inexhaustible kindness to forward the enclosed, which contains a letter from me to a valuable man at New-York. I have a warm feeling of kindness towards him, for having (as the first printer in America) printed thirty editions of Cœlebs, 1000 copies in each, and so of my other unworthy writings.

I hope you are enjoying this fine weather at your country retreat. The Caledonian ramblers are I hope turning their faces homewards; we want them much. The face of things in Ireland, I rejoice to hear, is more favourable. I have just had a letter from one of the best and wisest men in that country. Mr. Harford must know him as one of the favourite friends at Bellevue. His heart always so overflows with kindness and affection to me, that I cannot send you his letter, but I will quote part of it. "This strange country of ours, which excites so many of the cares of the good people of England, never was so quiet, and I do verily believe that we shall have no serious disturbances; for though there is much inflam-

matory matter, and though there are enough flaming orators among us, yet there is a non-conductor between these two, and that is the Roman Catholic gentry, who, believe me, are very sincerely attached to the British Constitution; for they are not so blinded by party as not to see that they may traverse the whole world, or call up the spirits of all the ancient legislators and statesmen, and that nothing could be devised to compare with the British Constitution; and be assured they will stick to it, even on the present terms; which however they are persuaded will not last, and so am I; the higher classes hang loosely to their faith, and *names* are the last things that are given up. You will at length see the advantage of letting them mix freely among you, and thereby detaching them from their angry party and the religion of an ignorant priesthood, and thus preparing the way for the coming in of the truth. As to the roaring orators of the Catholic Board, *we now* understand them well. Mr. —— means to swell his lawyer's bag much more than to vent his zeal for popery, and he gets so much money by it that he will never risk his neck in a rebellion. He is quite of opinion with the priest of Padua,—he would rather be excommunicated for thirty years than hanged for half an hour, though he struts upon the public stage a very Bolivar," &c. &c.

This, my dear sir, is the opinion of an acute and near observer. I thought you would be amused with it. I am, I bless God, pretty well, though rather overdone with the two interfering claims of company and business. I see so many strangers whom I know not yet how to refuse. My most affectionate regards to your whole circle; I hope the Spaniard will get safe back, but I fear to an unhappy country.

Yours ever, my dear sir,
With true regard,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hart Davis.

Barley Wood, Oct. 28, 1825.

My dear Sir,

Miss —— told you what a singular visiter called here the other day. I had heard so much of this extraordinary being, Rowland Hill, that knowing he was on a visit in the neighbourhood, I begged my friend to bring him. I had been told so much too of his oddities in the pulpit, that I had prepared for something amusingly absurd. But, as the phrase is, I reckoned without my host, or rather without my guest. He is extremely well-bred; abounding in pointed wit, very cheerful, in argument solid, sober, and sound, quite free from the infirmities of age, and retaining all those gentlemanly manners which one had rather a right to expect from his birth and early habits than from his irregular clerical performances. As a proof that he

takes good works largely into his notions of religion, when I asked him if it were true that he had vaccinated 6000 poor people with his own hand, his answer was, "Very near 8000." He did not, to my great surprise, discover one eccentricity in manner, sentiment, or language. I was well acquainted with his brother Sir Richard, who was a man of polished manners, very agreeable, and very pious.

I fear you will hardly be able to decipher this scrawl. If your ladies are returned home, my most affectionate regards attend them.

Ever, my dear sir,
Your very obliged and faithful
H. More.

From the Rev. J. Foster* to Mrs. H. More.

Stapleton, near Bristol.

Dear Madam,

I should never have thought of such a thing as requesting your acceptance of a new copy of an old and common book, on account of the piece prefixed to this edition of it, had not Mr. Cottle told me that such a liberty has been taken by the writers of some of the Essays, accompanying the late reprints at Glasgow, of a number of other old books.

I am aware that the vast accumulation on your premises of the productions of contemporary bookmakers must have suggested to you the idea of the comfortable provision you will have of materials for lighting your fires, in case of any scarcity of chips and shavings. But, on the supposition that you will order them to be taken for that use in the *order of time*, that is of *their dates*, I may venture to calculate on a considerable term of exemption for this volume; and may even hope for it an extension of that term by way of special favour, on account of so minor a part of it being the work of any other than the excellent Doddridge.

If I could be confident in reckoning on any decay of memory in such a veteran, I should not be doing wisely in taking this opportunity of recalling to your recollection, by confessing, my sins against, I must not say courtesy, but even all civility, propriety, and decorum, in having received in former years presents of copies of several of your valuable works, without returning so much as a line of acknowledgment. I wish I could find any better extenuation than to say, that in each instance I really did feel grateful, and very greatly flattered; that I intended writing soon to say so; that a sad habit of procrastinating all things deferred it till I became ashamed to write at all; and that then I said to myself in excuse, Mrs. More

* Author of "Essays," a work which needs no other title to designate them to the reader.

is necessarily quite certain, without being told it, that I, with every intelligent reader of her works, hold them and their author in high respect and admiration, and will be sure that I value as I ought these personal tokens of her friendly remembrance.

Then occurred one circumstance, now many years past, which would have seemed to render it indispensable on *my own* account, however otherwise superfluous to you, to convey to you some brief strong expression of my high and invariable respect, if I had not become informed that a suspicion excited in your mind against me had been obviated. I am referring to what you may have probably dismissed from your memory; the appearance of an unaccountably captious article in the *Eclectic Review*. No one could be more surprised and displeased at that article than myself; and I am confident that from no quarter did the editor receive a more speedy and indignant reprehension.

In common with all the true friends of religion, and the improvement of the age, I am gratified to think to what an extraordinary length the sovereign Disposer of our allotment on earth has protracted your life and eminent usefulness. It is very pleasing to hear that you have experienced a considerable alleviation of infirmity and illness. Deeply grateful as you must be for having been appointed so long to prosecute with success so important an employment, you will wait with calm acquiescence and cheerful anticipation the hour when the great Master shall call his servant to his presence and her eternal reward.

I am, dear madam,
With the highest respect and regard,
Your friend and servant,
J. Foster.

A longer interval of moderate health and spirits now succeeded than she had for many years enjoyed, or was considered possible by her friends. Bordering on the age of eighty-two, she was able to declare that she could scarcely recollect any part of her life in which she had been so little confined to her bed as during the last two years. These two years, however, deprived her of three of her oldest and best friends—Sir William W. Pepys,* the venerable Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne, who had been the last survivors of that society in which she had passed so large a proportion of her time in elegant and intellectual enjoyment, while her custom continued of paying an annual visit to London. She often reverted to it as an affecting and admonitory reflection, that she had thus seen, as it were, a whole generation pass away.

* Sir W. W. Pepys maintained an affectionate and constant correspondence with her to the last year of his life, and from the good bishop she received more than one kind and friendly note written with his own hand, not many months before his decease, at the age of ninety-one.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. Pepys.*

Barley Wood, Saturday, June 17, 1825.

My dear Sir,

I hardly know how to write to you, and still less do I know how to forbear. I would not intrude upon you in the first moments of your affliction; and indeed I had a faint hope that the sad intelligence might not be true, several false reports of the death of some of my friends having been afterward contradicted. Most deeply do I sympathize with you and yours on the irreparable loss of the best of fathers and of friends. When I consider the loss of Lady Pepys and her family, I ought not to dwell on my own. And yet I may be allowed to mourn with no common sorrow. Our acquaintance of between forty and fifty years, which ripened into a firm and lasting friendship, has proved one of the most pleasant events of my life. He was a shining ornament of that select society in which for a long series of years we passed so many agreeable evenings together. His fine taste, his various literature, which he had always at command, his polished manners, the happy union of the gentleman and the scholar, which rendered him so interesting a companion, are still fresh in my mind and heart. I believe he was the last of that society, as he perhaps was the most accomplished. I told him not long since that he and I were the "leavings of Pharsalia." His correspondence since our long separation has been a source of solid pleasure to me. His letters, without losing any thing of their elegance and vivacity, have been imbued with a spirit of piety truly gratifying. His last was as lively as any of its predecessors, and the handwriting so beautiful that I showed it as a perfect specimen. There was not in this letter the slightest mention of illness; it overflowed as usual with that devout gratitude to his heavenly Father, for the abundance of his family mercies, and the virtues of his children.

My amiable friend and companion, between whom and Sir William so many pleasant messages have passed, sincerely laments him. To my poor, and schools, he was a bountiful benefactor! Death has lately thinned the ranks of my friends; among the more distinguished were the late Bishop of Salisbury and the Dean of Canterbury. I lately reckoned up thirty physicians who had attended me in numberless successive illnesses—all taken!—I left!

You will, I trust, forgive my troubling you on this sad occasion. You probably do not remember me; but I have not forgotten your running into the drawing-room, at six years old, and giving an animated account of the discovery of America, which you had just read. I beg to be most affectionately

* Son of her late excellent correspondent.

remembered to Lady Pepys and family, who have my cordial prayers.

Though my health is better than usual, yet at my time of life I feel on the verge of eternity—an awful, but not a fearful anticipation.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Very truly and faithfully, your obliged
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1825.

My dear Friend,

My health, through the great mercy of God, is marvellous, all things considered; but I am feeling the common effect of those who live to an advanced age,—that almost all my contemporaries are dropping before me. In one month I can reckon the Bishop of Salisbury, my valuable friend the Rev. —— Jones, and a loss that afflicted me very deeply, that of Sir William Pepys. We had lived in undiminished friendship near fifty years; he was a scholar and gentleman, and one of the principal ornaments of the select society in which I passed so many pleasant days; he was the Lælius of my now forgotten little poem the *Bas Bleu*. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when I gave up London entirely, we continued our intercourse by letters, and I had the great satisfaction of remarking his gradual advance in piety. I had made him a present of a fine Bible, marking those portions on which I wished him more particularly to dwell; he studied it constantly. His letters for several past years, without losing any of that classic elegance for which he was remarkable, were characterized by a spirit of devotion truly gratifying. His family character was admirable: his sons almost worshipped him. For the last seven years he has been a bountiful benefactor to my poor and my schools. I have no doubt he is accepted through Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

Ask Mrs. W. if she remembers going to dear old Jones's church at Shipham, on her marriage. In the sixty-one years that he was in orders, he only omitted duty four times. A more exemplary minister I never knew. Ten clergymen attended his funeral, so much was he respected, though poor. As to myself, I think I was never more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares than at present. I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house and planted my grove,—I mean retirement; it is a thing I only know by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought

to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers and excluding them. My *levée*, however, is from twelve to three o'clock, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two, as the franker of this letter for example.

It is a singular circumstance that one of my things, "*Christian Morals*," I believe, has just now been translated into Dutch, by a converted Jew at the Hague. *Practical Piety* has been published in Dutch at Amsterdam, of which I cannot read even the title-page. Love to Mrs. W.

Yours affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, June 9, 1825.

My dearest Lady Olivia,

It is so long since we have had any intercourse, that I am not certain on which side the debt lies; but I rather think I owe you, in common with other obligations, the debt of the last letter. I hope most cordially that the domestic health and comforts you so feelingly described are mercifully continued to you. My contemporaries are dropping away very fast. In one month only, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Canterbury, and my old and accomplished friend Sir William Pepys. Our acquaintance began near fifty years ago: he was the *Lælius* in my little poem "The Bas Bleu." As he was the chief ornament, so he was the last survivor, of the select society which gave birth to that trifle. The scholar and the polished gentleman were united in him. Since my giving up spending my winters in London, we have kept up an interesting correspondence. His son, the present baronet, has written me a letter full of the overflowings of sorrow and filial piety. The next death, within the month, of my aged friends, was that of the venerable clergyman of Shipham, my holy, heavenly-minded neighbour Mr. Jones, who in sixty-one years had never missed his Sunday duty but four times. All the clergy for many miles round attended him to the grave, and I hope will join to pay his funeral expenses. I was so fortunate as to obtain this little living for him thirty-five years ago.

Among my late stranger-visiters was a lady who had been maid of honour to the Empress Catherine of Russia. She has the remains of beauty, was richly dressed, sensible, and was not ignorant of religion. She was originally English.

I am expecting my valuable friend the Dean of Salisbury, the king's chaplain, at Brighton. I had the great satisfaction to hear that his majesty received the sacrament on Easter-day, not as a *king*, but as a *Christian;* not solitarily or separately,

but with his servants. My most respectful regards to Lady Mandeville.

Ever, my dearest lady,
Your obliged and faithful
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, August 3, 1825.

My dear Friends,

I received your very kind and interesting letter with that pleasure which every attention and remembrance of me from you is calculated to inspire. I rejoice to hear such favourable accounts of the health of both, and that you have it still in contemplation to visit England once more. Though I hardly dare look forward to the hope of profiting by that visit, yet I ought thankfully to acknowledge that it has pleased God to restore me to a large measure of health. I see a great deal of company (a great deal too much, says my kind physician), but it is only in the morning; my day *levée* is from twelve to three, and I have the whole evening to recover. I am, however, confined to my own and the adjoining room, more through precaution than necessity.

It is a singular satisfaction to me that I have lived to see such an increase of genuine religion among the higher classes of society. Mr. Wilberforce and I agree that where we knew one instance thirty years ago, there are now a dozen or more. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Nothing could gratify me more than your very pleasing information that Mr. Huber, to my other obligations, has added that of translating my little work on Prayer. May the Almighty water this labour of love with the dew of his blessing. I never was more agreeably surprised than with the extraordinary success of this small publication. I was to all appearance on a dying bed, when I felt an irresistible impulse to do *something* for my Christian friends in my last days. Beyond *them* I never looked for any further circulation, but, to my great surprise, it is already in the fourth edition, and about five thousand copies have been sold.

It is an humbling thing to know that instrumentality may be separated from personal piety. But dear Mr. Huber is in all respects eminently qualified for the work he has so kindly undertaken. He is a consummate master in both languages, and his style is perfectly pure.

A friend from the Hague writes me that my "Practical Piety" has been lately translated by a converted Jew. How wonderful! I had lately a visit from the principal American bookseller of New-York, who told me he had sold thirty thousand copies of "Cœlebs;" and he added, it did more good there

than my decidedly religious writings, because it was read universally by *worldly* people, who might shrink from some of the others. You would be surprised to see the number of superior Americans who visit me. They are a very improving people. They are running the race of glory with us; I hope they will make us quicken our pace.

I did receive and admire the admirable work you were good enough to send me, "L'Explication des Caractères de la Charité," which, I believe, is not the work you now mention, though it seems to be by the same author. I think I have never had any longing for any thing of which I have heard or read since my confinement of five years, so much as for your enchanted castle, which seems made for the habitation of sylphs and fairies; though, to be sure, the luxury of hot-houses, &c. seems more suited to beings encumbered with flesh and blood.

I have survived almost all my contemporaries. I have lost in one month several distinguished persons of nearly my own standing. The last has been the deepest wound—Sir W. W. Pepys. He was the Lælius of my now-forgotten poem the "Bas Bleu." For forty-five years we lived in the closest friendship. He was perfectly the scholar and the gentleman. Immediately before that illness which ended in death, I had a letter from him, written in an exquisite hand (at eighty-five), full of wit and classical taste. We kept up our correspondence since I left London, and I had the satisfaction to witness his growing piety and taste for spiritual things. He was the last survivor of our old set.

About twenty years ago I had one of my dreadful fevers, in which I lost both smell and taste; and I have never in the smallest degree recovered either. You will say this was a hardship; but it was a mercy, as all divine appointments are; for having been compelled to live on medicine for many years rather than food, what disgusts have I been spared! Then how richly has it been made up, in the more valuable, I may say intellectual, senses, for my sight and hearing are perfect. We shall always find mercy behind a cloud if we look for it, and the doctrine of *compensation* is a favourite theme with me.

With my most cordial prayers for your happiness in time and eternity, believe me,

My dear friends,
Your very faithful and very affectionate
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

Barley Wood, Sept. 2, 1825.

My very dear kind Friend,

If ingratitude be worse than the sin of witchcraft, then must I be worse than the witch of Endor. I may say with truth,

what a great man said of himself *without* truth, that "I spend my life in laboriously doing nothing." Did you think it possible that there could have been found a point of resemblance between me and Grotius!*—or, to go on quoting, I resemble Macbeth, not indeed murdering my king, but my time; for,

> "Like a man on double business bent,
> I stand in doubt which I shall first achieve,
> And so do neither."

Now I have nearly exhausted my whole stock of learning upon you, I will endeavour to extract plain matter of fact out of my own head, or rather out of my own heart, for that I take to be the seat of gratitude. I cannot however say that I am going even now to be original, because I have frequently aforetime had occasion to express to you my thanks for repeated kindnesses of the same nature. I fear it has been too much my practice to try to appear better than I am, but I must do myself the justice, in the present instance, to say I appear worse, for your precious treasures both old and new did not reach me till some weeks after you sent them to Mrs. M.

I have been exceedingly concerned to hear you have been again indisposed. I pray God to render your physical powers as efficient as your intellectual, for the purposes to which they have been so successfully devoted. Miss Frowd reads me one of your sermons every evening, and we find that "increase of appetite doth grow with what it feeds on." Another quotation! I really cannot help it, though I may truly say that for a very long season,

> "Verse I abjured, nor will forgive that friend
> Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend."

Again! but, like Desdemona, "I do conceal the thing I am by seeming otherwise;" for I declare seriously in prose and truth, that this unhappy schism in the Bible Society afflicts me by day, and keeps me awake by night. I know not how you, my dear sir, feel on this all-important subject, and perhaps I may be presumptuous in setting the opinion of an obscure, ignorant person like myself against that of so many wise and good men. My two quarto Bibles printed at our two universities have both the Apocrypha: but who ever thought of reading it?

> "Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one
> To wish for what one never dreamt on."

I wish these rhymes did not put themselves in my way—

* The phrase has been often borrowed; but I believe it first occurs in Seneca de Brev. Vit.—EDITOR.

but what can I do? I heartily wish the Apocrypha was out of every Bible; but if the papists will not take a Bible without it, is there any comparison between having a Bible with it and having *no Bible at all?* The one is like a slight disease compared with, perhaps, death—

"Death! unrepealable, eternal death!"

I must transcribe a passage from a letter just received from my good friend Mr. Butterworth. "Our agent from South America, Mr. Thompson, is just returned. He brings most gratifying intelligence of the impatience of the people to possess the Scriptures. A Columbian Bible Society for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures at home and abroad is established in the Roman Catholic capital of Bogota. The secretary of state for foreign affairs presided at the meeting, with the minister of finance, and some of the more eminent priests, who triumphantly confuted the more ignorant priests who were too narrow-minded for the circulation of the Scriptures." I never was so ready to sing my "*nunc dimittis*" as when I read this! What answer can be made to this? but my nerves will bear no more.

That excellent being —— has hitherto, I understand, chiefly disseminated the New Testament. Now we all acknowledge this to be the best book in the world; but still there is wanting the strong basis of the Old Testament to give firmness and validity to the New. The patterns of heavenly things which are shadowed out in the ancient Scriptures acquire their value by their exact correspondence to the heavenly things themselves, when the fulness of time was come; as these in their turn derive confirmation by their perfect agreement with types and figures. *Query*, whether by withholding the Old Testament as a *plan* to avoid the present difficulty, the enemy may not charge us with the sin of "*taking* from the Word of God."

But, alas! I am a miserable theologian.

Ever, dear friend, yours,

H. More.

From the Rev. Rowland Hill to Mrs. H. More.

Bristol, October, 1825.

Dear Madam,

An old man, who can scarcely see to read, has entertained himself with making playthings for children, and you have a large family of them. He conceives, however, his boxes are best calculated for the private circles of children than for public schools. However, as you are so warm and kind a patroness of early education, he sends you some of them; and more are at your service, if required. It may be necessary to observe, that there are ten alphabets in each set of the letter-boxes;

and what additions are made to the vowels and consonants mostly in use are to be seen in the enclosed card sent with this. A neat and impressive poet is rarely to be found, but without much vanity we may attempt to rhyme for children. Such a chiming style of writing is the best calculated to impress their memories, and to engage their attention.

I send you also my little tracts, made since my short residence in this city. Such a liberty, however, I should not have taken but at your own request. Had you seen them in manuscript, I am sure the public would have been the better for it; as it is, perhaps another edition may still be amended by your corrections. You will see, by the tenor of these few pages, that public-houses, the bane of the country, excite the strongest indignation of my mind. Nothing worse, excepting Antinomianism, in the church. I really have so much better an opinion of hogs than of these latter, that were any of that sort to be permitted to make any of their vile preachments in their hogsties, I think the stench of it would prove so disgusting to them as would banish them from their own filthy abode as fast as their legs would enable them to make their escape.

At the conclusion of these dialogues you will find a few more lines dressed in rhyme. Had they passed under your correcting eye before the public eye had been upon them, I should with the greater confidence have sent them to the press; but I find, if ever I attempt any thing of this sort, I soon aim beyond my reach. It is easier for me to trot on with my good old friends Sternhold and Hopkins, and by the aid of similar abilities; and in their language I bring this letter to a close.

"With this my love doth come to you,
My love it is both sure and true;
And eke the same likewise, also,
Unto your household it doth go."

One stanza of theirs, however, I shall never equal; may it be my last song when I escape out of this body of sin and death.

"Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask!
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come!"

Forgive, dear madam, this little bit of paper loquacity from one that scarcely sees what he writes, though still

ROWLAND HILL.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir Wm. Pepys.

October, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot describe the mixed feelings with which I perused the letter you have had the goodness to honour me with. It

awakened fresh regret in my heart for the inestimable friend I have lost, and augmented esteem for his successor, for so anxiously fulfilling what he supposed to be ever the *wish* of his lamented father. The strong family attachments of him for whom I shall never cease to mourn were among the most amiable qualities of his character; and his often-repeated pious gratitude to God for having given him such children, was constantly expressed from first to last with a warmth and energy I have never seen *surpassed*, I might perhaps say *equalled*. Speaking of yourself, he always named you, not so much as his son, but as his best and most confidential friend, with whom, as the Psalmist says, "he took sweet counsel."

I shall most thankfully accept the liberal sum you so generously offer to send me. It is indeed most gratuitous on your part, and very acceptable on mine, as my schools consist of six hundred children, and the friends who used to help me out a little are dead. I do not know if I ever mentioned to my admirable correspondent, that, attached to my schools, in three different parishes, I instituted thirty-five years ago a female club, for the parents of my children. I continue to give them an annual festivity, when every girl bred in my schools, and belonging to their respective clubs, if they have maintained a virtuous character, receives what they are pleased to call the bride's portion on the club-day. This envied portion does not amount to a guinea; but I think it has helped to promote sobriety. I have the satisfaction to know, that by petty accumulations and long perseverance, though the members of the club only subscribe sixpence a month, I shall leave these poor people possessed of nearly two thousand pounds in the three parishes. I have long since placed it in the funds, where it is accumulating. I have put it in trustees' hands. The club is now no further expense to me, except the annual feast, where my valuable companion represents me. Since my inability to be with them, to give it more credit, ten neighbouring clergymen, with some other gentry, attend, and make tea for the poor women. I should not have dwelt so long on this subject, but as an instance of what perseverance and petty savings may accomplish. It explains how misers, with small means, grow rich by petty savings.

Many thanks for your report of the health of Lady P. and your family. My own health is rather better than usual, and yet I account myself, from my advanced age and battered constitution, on the verge of eternity.

I will venture to conclude with the apostolic benediction, by recommending you to God and the word of his grace, and remain,

My dear sir,

Your faithful, obliged, and affectionate

H. More.

P.S.—Please to direct Sir P. Pole to send the 100*l.* to Heythorne's bank, Bristol, for me.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Dec. 1825.

My dearest Lady Olivia,

I grieve heartily to think how long, how very long it is since we have had any communication together. I have been overdone with cares, and business, and company, to such a degree as to have put it out of my power to indulge in the high gratification of *correspondence* in the primary and best sense of the word, which I take it is the *responding* of the *heart* in friendship. I steal at last a quiet quarter of an hour to assure my dear Lady O. that forgetfulness or wilful negligence has had no part in my silence. I have long been wishing to know the state of your health, and that of Lady Mandeville and her dear little ones, and whether the measles are increased; in short, all about you and yours, in all of whom I must ever take the deepest interest. My own health, through the great mercy of God, has been better than for some years past. It is a matter of wonder as well as gratitude that this should be the case at my advanced age, though I have as much employment and fatigue as at any former period. Among my too numerous visiters I have the pleasure to say that many of them are among the "excellent of the earth, and such as delight in virtue." I am, however, under the necessity of limiting the time for receiving *strangers* (of which I see a great number) to between the hours of one and three, thus reserving to myself a long morning and a long afternoon. Among my friends I indulge in a greater latitude. Daniel Wilson has been staying several days and nights here. Oh! how you would enjoy his devout energy, the heart-felt and heart-awakening piety of his prayers, and his expounding of Scripture.

My neighbour is truly a most warm and zealous Christian. I have long watched his progress in religion. He has been at the opening of his new church near Dublin, which has cost him four thousand pounds. He has endowed the church, the school, and minister, so that it is always secured to be in pious hands. I have now been confined seven years and two months to my apartments, consisting of two rooms, having opened a communication to the adjoining one, which I have made a drawing-room, so that I have room for exercise; it is no want of strength which confines me, but my friendly physician will not allow me to walk out, as a cold has so often threatened to be fatal to me.

I am almost ashamed of this egotism, but I hope you will pay me in kind. Though I boast of my health, my mind is in a continued state of anxiety for the distress which surrounds me. You have heard me speak of the two mining villages, where I have had a school nearly fifty years, of about 300 young and old. This gives me a peculiar interest in the wants of these

poor people; for though their ground is covered with the ore by which they used to subsist, they cannot sell any, such is the state of trade! If I were not so old, and of course on the very verge of eternity, not looking forward with the expectation of passing through another cold winter, I could not do what I have lately done, and am now doing, for these suffering people. They are quite insulated on Mendip hills, and though their number amounts to twelve hundred, there is not one able to assist another with a basin of broth. If, my dearest lady, you would spare a small charity, I shall most thankfully dispose of it. Pray pardon this freedom. How many years since we have met! O what delight would it afford me once more to see you. But we must content ourselves with praying for each other, till, in God's appointed time, we meet in that blessed land where there is neither sin, nor sorrow, nor separation.

Yours affectionately,

H. More.

The visiters to Barley Wood daily increased in number, so as often to overwhelm her with fatigue; and when her friends remonstrated against such exhausting interruptions, she replied with her usual hilarity, "If my visiters are young, I hope I may, perhaps, be enabled to do them some good; if old, I hope to receive some good from them. If they come from far, I cannot refuse to see them after they have incurred (though so little worth it) so much trouble and possibly expense to visit me; and if they live near, I could not be so ungracious and so unkind as to shut out my neighbours."

Among her most interesting visiters, about this time, were Dr. Marshman, of whose invaluable Christian labours and interesting and informing conversation she spoke with great delight; and the pious and eccentric Rowland Hill, whose interview with her is related in so lively a manner by her friend Miss Frowd, then resident in the house, that she must forgive the liberty here taken of introducing a portion of her letter.

"You cannot imagine how delighted we were with dear old Rowland; instead of a coarse, quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all, however good, who were not of his *particular genus*, we found a mild mellowed Christian, of a liberality which really astonished us! He quite overflowed with amiable and truly pious conversation, and this was so seasoned with point, humour, and a delightful oddity which was all his own, that we were beyond measure entertained as well as edified by his company, and it made the three hours he spent with us appear no more than half an hour. He talked with cordial love of Wilberforce, and spoke very highly of Archbishop Magee. He is an excellent hater of Antinomian doctrines, and I was glad to see such a soundness of Christian principle in the good old man. Upon the question being put to

him, 'How many persons he had vaccinated with his own hand?' Mrs. M. said, 'I have heard so many as six thousand. —'Yes, madam,' he replied, 'nearer eight thousand.' We talked of everybody, from John Bunyan to John Locke, and he really showed an excellent discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature of all was the spirit of love and charity which was eminently conspicuous in this Christian veteran. I cannot express to you how interesting a spectacle it was to see these two *already* half-beatified servants of their common Lord greeting one another for the first, and probably the last, time on this side Jordan, preparatory to the consummation of a union and friendship which will last for ever in the regions of eternal felicity. I *do* suppose that no two persons, in their own generation, have done more good in their *respective ways* than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both have exceeded fourscore; both retain health and vigour of intellect; both are on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the glorious summons, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father.' He concluded this very interesting visit with a fine prayer, which was poured forth in an excellent voice and manner. I really don't know that upon any occasion I have been more gratified."

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

Barley Wood, 1826.

My dear Friends,

This comes with my kind love to you both. I am pretty well for me, and hope you are very well for you. Poor Miss Frowd is rather over-worked—yesterday was a most theological day. Early in the morning arrived dear old Rowland Hill and another saintly man. The veteran gave us an incomparable prayer. Our next guests were dear good Mr. ——. Miss F. is delighted with his deeply devout mind; they dined and staid till evening, when they gave place to Dr. Bridges, who drank tea, and passed the evening. He prayed and expounded in his energetic and powerful way. We had several others of the masculine gender; but, I think, not a *single* woman (I don't mean an *unmarried* one) all the day.

We have settled with Mr. Hensman to receive the sacrament on Wednesday morning, about eleven or twelve o'clock I suppose. We may expect Madame Margaret to join us. I grieve that I could not send a letter enclosed in one from the Duchess of Beaufort. It was the dying history of a little sainted child of Lady Elizabeth O'Brien. It was such a picture of infant piety as I never heard. I had not time to copy it; but it drew tears, not only from my eyes, but from those of others. He called for passages of Scripture frequently. He was so gentle, that after a rattling in his throat, which immediately preceded his death, he said, "Indeed, I could not help making that noise."

Saturday.—This day has trebled the number of females to the male list. God bless you both.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hart Davis.

Barley Wood, March 16, 1826.

My dear Sir,

I have had the great pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Harford's company for a couple of days. Of these two dear friends, the former visits Barley Wood officially, as he has long been appointed to the dignified title of "Comptroller of my forests;" over which he has such complete sovereignty, that not a bough is cut, nor a sapling planted, without his express command. He has just exercised his *pleins pouvoirs* by presiding at the grand and interesting operation of cutting down above a hundred trees. It has made me shrink a little, to be sure, to behold such a demolition of that which, a few years ago, I thought could never be thick enough, but which were now spoiling each other's beauty by their too near approach.

I am quite delighted with Mr. Peel for the plain, intelligible, and practical good sense he has shown on getting rid of all that tautologous, trifling multiplication of statutes, which he has so well described, and, I trust, so successfully cleared away. I am a miserable politician; but it requires little skill to see the beauty of simplicity, good judgment, and rational conduct.

Pray offer my kind regards to all your household.

I am, my dear sir,

Your very obliged and attached

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hart Davis.

My dear Sir,

I fear you will say I am too old to write nonsense; but I plead, as my privilege, that I am approaching the season of my second childhood,—when nonsense is almost as pardonable as in the *first*. Such as it is, it is spick and span new, the same having just passed under my window. The foolish thought struck me; and, except some little additions in writing down, it is as I spoke it, and as my young friend took it down. It may, perhaps, divert Miss Davis.

Yours, dear sir,

Very truly,

H. More.

This heroic poem was spoken extempore, not written, on seeing the body of a large dead pig dragged up the hill to the house for dissection.

The saddest sight that e'er was seen,
Was piggy rolling up the green!
Though dragg'd, he still would roll alone
Downward, like Sisyphus's stone.
This pig, as good as e'er was sold,
Was worth—not quite his weight in gold.
That pork's unwholesome doctors tell us,
Though of the fact I'm somewhat jealous;
And I believe, beyond all question,
Bacon is sovereign for digestion;
For this one cause, among a few,
I'm glad I was not born a Jew.
No quadruped like piggy claims
To give his flesh such various names.
The calf and sheep half-starve the glutton,
By yielding only veal and mutton;
While all extol the liberal swine
For griskin, and the savoury chine:
How often does the brawny flitch
Adorn the table and *enrich!*
The stately ham, the rasher small,
Are liked in every state and all.
Who will confess they see no good in
The poignant sausage or black-pudding?
The spare-rib, sweet-bone, ears, and snout
My bill of fare will quite make out;
For I disdain my song to close
By stooping to the pettitoes.
He ne'er was seen to dance a jig,
Though a genteel and graceful pig;
Yet when he round my field would prance
It might be called *a country dance.*
Those *men* who dancing lives have led
Are worse than nothing when they're dead.
While piggy's goodness ne'er appears,
Till closed his eyes and deaf his ears.
Though feeding spoil'd his shape and beauty,
Yet feeding was in him a duty:
In spite of this reproach, or that,
'Twas his sole duty to grow fat.
Death was to him no awful sentence,
No need for sorrow or repentance.
How many a *gourmand*, stout and big,
Might envy thy last hour, O pig!

Sus,

From my stye
at Barley Wood.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

March, 1826.

DEAR, VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

If that text be true (and I am inclined to think every aphorism in the book from which it is taken is), that it is good to be always zealously affected in a good cause,* then are your present labours well applied. I beg earnestly that you will

* The anti-slavery cause.

never omit to use my name where you use your own. I have already subscribed at Liverpool—I, however, insist upon subscribing here also, as the meanest name is a help in a new place—so do not scold about it. Last Thursday was the missionary meeting; the next day brought me three carriages full of the holy missioners and missionesses; Bickersteth, Biddulph, Elwin (Mr. Hoare, an Irish clergyman of talents and piety), some other clergy, and the dear Powyses of course. They made me a long and most pleasant visit: it was not the worst part of it that Mr. Bickersteth closed it with a fine prayer, in which he gave a kind of abstract of the conquests of Christianity in most of the desolate corners of the earth, especially India, where good Bishop Heber is acting like an apostle.

Before I thank you for your very interesting letter, I must unburthen myself of a tragedy, and a comedy, or rather farce. A lady settled at L—— some years ago, of whom I had never heard,—a genteel and very worthy woman, with several children, very charitable and good to the sick poor; the husband, the greatest monster, as Hamlet says, "that e'er my conversation coped withal," an avowed atheist, and reprobate of the most abandoned kind. He had been to ——, where he has a considerable property, to settle his affairs. I forget the particulars of the voyage; but he and his brother got as far as the harbour, when the ship was wrecked, and both brothers and their substance were cast away; not a creature in the ship perished except themselves! I have written a few lines to the poor woman, and sent her the little book on Prayer—do pray for her.

I have hardly the heart to give the farce so soon after this dreadful story. The other day I received a parcel from Wrington, bundled up in a coarse brown paper; I found it was a Latin essay on Homer's Iliad; the very name of the author was in Latin, just as Monsieur de Thou styled himself "Thuanus." There was a short letter enclosed, saying, "I am tutor to Mr. ——'s children, and beg leave to dedicate this work to Mrs. H. More, desiring her inspection of it:" I was out of breath in my haste to decline both honours, deeply sensible as I was, and naturally must be, of such a distinction; I gave him some friendly advice as to the great expense of printing, unless he were sure of a great sale, which was always uncertain: bear in mind, it is Mr. ——, the little shopkeeper at ——, to whose sons he is tutor!

I have this day received a parcel of my early letters to Sir William W. Pepys, beginning at 1780, or soon after; I enclose Sir William W. Pepys's letter to you; had you not better acknowledge it? Though I have not shown it to Homer's critic, yet as I am proud of patronising *men* of genius, you must present the enclosed trifle to your learned little nephew, who seems to have made no small progress in the *harts* and

*senses.** Do not scold again, for I suppose I shall overflow with wealth when Mr. ——'s *little* shall be added to Mr. ——'s nothing. I get frequent bad nights and mornings, but am pretty well by the middle of the day. I fear my head will not last out my body; but I am in the hands of the great Physician. I thought these enclosures would interest you. Take care of dear ——'s letter, as I have promised it to a friend for an autograph. This week is "Saint's Jubilee;" I suppose you will visit all but that which your mean sex prohibits.

Everybody has been reading ——, as a work of the deepest piety; but I, who have only lately looked into it, stumbled at the threshold, at the low theological standard with which it opens. I have just now been looking farther into it, and think, that though there is in it considerable ability, there is some defect of taste, and, in my opinion, some false views.

God bless you both.

Most affectionately yours,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, April, 1825.

My dear and very kind Friends,

Many people who appear wicked to others are very righteous in their own eyes. Now, as to myself, I not only appear to *you* a monster of ingratitude, but feel and fairly acknowledge that I appear so to myself. And this in more ways than one. That a most interesting letter from you both should have been so shamefully neglected by me is crime sufficient; but how is the offence aggravated by my remaining so long silent, and apparently insensible to the great honour dear Mr. Huber has done me, and the great obligation he has laid upon me, by undertaking the laborious work of translating my little volume into French. He is such a consummate master of both languages, that I am persuaded it will be as perfectly executed as Cœlebs was. I really feel more than I can express of gratitude to this very kind and able friend. I shall be much gratified with Madame Necker's critique, and hope she will not spare any censure on the English author, whatever she may do on the French translator. Though rather a careless writer myself, owing to extreme and blameable rapidity, I yet think purity of style of no little importance: as far as concerns perspicuity, it is one of the great charms of composition: farther than this I am not fastidious. Style is an excellent garnish, but it is not of itself substantial food. Pray assure this amiable and afflicted lady, Madame Necker, that I truly sympathize with her in her various trials; but pray remind her of a

* Alluding to a ridiculous account which a farmer's wife gave of her daughter's education.

truth which she knows, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and "though chastening is not joyous but grievous, yet it afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." I shall long to see myself in my French dress. This little book is also just now translated into Dutch, as also my Practical Piety. You are so kind as to take such an interest in me and my concerns, that you will forgive the egotism, when I tell you that 6000 copies of the "Spirit of Prayer" were sold within the year, and the sixteenth large edition of Cœlebs and the fourteenth of Practical Piety have been lately published. I fear you will think me very vain, if I go on to say that the chief bookseller of *New-York*, who lately came to see me, said he had printed and sold thirty editions of Cœlebs. He added, that it had, he believed, done more good in America than any of my other performances, because it was more read by worldly people than my more *professedly* religious works. I dare not look back on what I have written, having, I *hope*, never said so much of myself and my writings before.

I saw Dr. and Mrs. Randolph yesterday. The poor Doctor has an afflicting visitation; one eyelid is quite fallen down over the eye, but when lifted, the organ of sight is perfect, and there seems no defect in vision. It is supposed to be a paralysis in the eyelid. This is particularly melancholy to a studious man and a preacher. She is quite well.

There has been a missionary meeting at Bristol. All clergymen of high talents and character. These, added to the cream of the Bristol clergy, came to see me yesterday. We had much interesting conversation, and the eminent secretary of the London Society gave us an admirable prayer before we parted. It contained an abstract of their successful attempts to carry Christianity into all the dark corners of the habitable globe; especially in India, where their labours are patronised by the excellent Bishop of Calcutta. It is astonishing what good has already been effected; and I trust it is only a prelude to that which is to come. But I have deferred too long to name the disastrous state of the poor church of Geneva, the cradle of Protestantism! Your account of the schism of some, the imprudence and unjustifiable violence of others, is truly afflicting; and I deeply commiserate dear Mr. Huber's pious and correct feelings, which are exposed to such unchristian warfare. *Your* venerable minister, I trust, will be supported by Divine grace and his own firm principles. I pray that things may mend, and that you will be able, as I am sure you will be willing, to tell me so.

In our own country, among much that is profligate and corrupt, I am happy to say there is an increase of religion among many of the higher classes.

As to secular concerns, we have lived in a state of alarm, and want of public confidence that threatened sad conse-

quences; but the panic is nearly over, and I trust all will soon be set right.

I conclude with the apostle, by commending you to God and the word of his grace, and am,

My dear friends,

Your affectionate and grateful

H. More.

From His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester to Mrs. H. More.

Gloucester House, May 10, 1826.

Dear Madam,

In returning you many thanks for the letter I had this morning the pleasure of receiving from you, I have to express my sense of your kind attention in sending me the admirable little ballads that were enclosed in it. I am satisfied that their circulation in the disturbed districts will be of great use; and I must be allowed to say, how delightful it is to see that every moment of your time is devoted to doing good, and that on every occasion you come forward to promote the interests of your country and the happiness of mankind.

I am ever, with the sincerest regard, and the highest respect and esteem,

Dear madam,

Your very faithful friend and servant,

William Frederick.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

(*Extract.*)

August 3, 1826.

As to their reproaching you with being a Calvinist, "I wish," as Bishop Horsley said in his incomparable charge, "that before they abuse Calvinism, they would just take the pains to inquire what it is." I hope to make you smile for a moment when I tell you this story. A little party was sitting at a *comfortable* game of whist, when one of the set, having a slight headache, turned about and asked a lady who was sitting by to take her cards for a few minutes; the lady excused herself by saying, that really she could not play; on which the other exclaimed, "Now that is what I call Calvinism." It is a pity that Bishop Horsley could not have been by to hear this satisfactory exposition of the doctrine,—and so practical too!

You must not fancy that I am grown poetical in my old age. I have long abjured all attempts at works of imagination. The only one of my youthful fond attachments which exists still in its full force is a passion for scenery, raising flowers, and landscape gardening, in which I can still indulge in some

measure, as far as opening a walk from my chamber window, among a little grove of trees I myself planted twenty-four years ago. I wish you would come and see how I flourish in my small territory. A little change of scene and a little journey would do you good, and I should be quite happy if you and yours would spend two or three days here.

But I am running away from my object, which is, that I scribbled the enclosed rhymes in a state of mind not very different from that which you describe. Perhaps you will not be displeased at the similarity of our sentiments. You will be so good as not to let this bagatelle go out of your own hands. After all that religion can do, and really does, in respect to our feelings, yet we may say with Dr. Young,

> "Go bid physicians preach our *veins* to temper,
> And with an argument new set a *pulse*."

When you think of one who stands peculiarly in need of the prayers of her Christian friends, think, I beseech you, of

Your very faithful and affectionate

H. More.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

Lord! when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear,
E'en then I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present, though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains its evidence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine
That I might always feel thee mine!
Yet though a cloud may sometimes rise,
And dim the brightness of the skies;
By faith thy goodness I will bless,
I shall be safe though comfortless;
Still, still my grateful soul shall melt
At what in brighter days I felt;
O wayward heart thine is the blame,
Though I may change, God is the same.
Not feebler faith nor colder prayer,
My state and sentence shall declare,
Nor nerves nor feelings shall decide;
By safer signs I shall be tried.
Is the fixed tenor of my mind
To Christ and righteousness inclined?
For sin is my contrition deep?
For past offences do I weep?
Do I submit my stubborn will
To Him who guides and guards me still?
Then shall my peaceful bosom prove
That God, *not loving* is, but *Love*.

From Mrs. H. More to an awakened Infidel.

*Barley Wood, Aug. 27, 1826.**

SIR,

I have received your very affecting letter. I have read it with deep attention, and feel sincerely interested in the narrative of your own state of mind. Your candid confession, however, and the deep sense you express of horror for your unhappy situation, give me a strong hope that through the infinite grace and mercy of God in Christ, you may be restored to peace of mind here, and find pardon and acceptance hereafter. There is a humility, a self-condemnation in your letter, which give an evidence of deep repentance. The best counsel I can give is what you know already. Be frequent in prayer. Offer up all your petitions in the name, and through the merits, death, and intercession of the blessed Saviour of sinners. Read the Psalms, which are a storehouse inexhaustible of prayer. Read the New Testament, especially the gospel of St. John. Again I repeat, "Watch and pray," and remember that to doubt the will and power of God to forgive, and to cherish despair, is a greater sin than perhaps you have ever committed. Have no doubt or fears except of yourself; never distrust God. Observe the beautiful view taken of belief and practice in the various definitions of Christianity, viz "Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Again, "without faith it is impossible to please God;" "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

I shall take the liberty to send you a very few small books by the Bristol coach to F——. You will pay particular attention to Bishop Gastrell on the Promises. Oh, read those promises; get them not only by head, but by heart. They are the precious food which sustains the Christian life. Family prayer is a commanded duty; you will find also some excellent prayers in the small edition of Doddridge.

O sir, lose no time; do not content yourself with *intending*. "*Now* is the appointed time." Do not fancy it is too late; it is never too late to *begin*, but it is always too late to *delay*. Be sure to reject all dark and gloomy thoughts, as suggestions of the great enemy of souls. I have always admired that expression of Scripture, "Through the terrors of the Lord we *persuade* men;" observe the gracious word *persuade*, when one might have feared the awful one of terrify. Let it be your especial care to vindicate the ways of Divine Providence to your children: show them how strikingly they are proved in sacred, and even in profane history. In both they will see that prosperity is no certain mark of God's favour, nor adverse circum-

* The reader is reminded that Mrs. More was now in her eighty-second year.

stances any proof of his displeasure. Read to them the 12th chapter of the Hebrews,—there they will see that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," that he does not indulge, but scourge, every son whom he receiveth. Without these instances, we should want one of the strongest confirmations of a future state of retribution; there all these discrepancies will be reconciled, and the love of God, under the severest dispensations, be made obvious. Have you no enlightened friend, no neighbouring pious minister with whom you could confer on all these important subjects? It would be far better to open your heart to some decided Christian, than to let these fatal feelings prey on your heart in secret. Forgive the freedom of this letter; my poor prayers shall be offered to our heavenly Father for you, by

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

My very dear Friend.

Your kind and interesting letter cheered my heart, and served to put me in more humour with myself than it found me. It brought back former days to my mind: I too, who am much older than you, have not one contemporary left. My youthful set, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Burkes, the Bryants, the Reynolds's, &c., I do not reckon, as they were old: of my second set, the Bishop of Durham and Lady Cremorne were the last, both ninety-four: of your period (alas, poor H. Thornton!) there remain yourself (to me a host), the Gisbornes, the Babingtons, my old accomplished friend, now new neighbour, the Bishop of Bristol, &c. &c. Do not say you have nothing to do in your retirement from public life; yes, my dear friend, I can point out to you an employment not less important than those in which you spent so many laborious days and nights. You *can* and you must write the history of your own life; such a work would be sure to embrace three great classes of readers, the fashionable, the religious, and the political. You, who were so long the intimate friend of the first minister in the world, might introduce such a proportion of public and political remark as would attract the worldly, who might thus be seduced to read the abundant instruction of the more serious pages. Thus they will meet with what will benefit their souls, while they looked for nothing less. You say in your letter how much time you have lost by pausing too long, and making too much preparation before you begin to set about any thing. My fault is directly of a contrary character; in avoiding Scylla, I have fallen upon Charybdis: for I have such a horror of delay, that I called myself, and they now call me, the ultra-anti-procrastinator. Though I have not done *much*, yet with a sickly life, an annual dangerous fever of long dura-

tion, which I have had till the last two years, if I had been sober and considerate I should have done *nothing*. My thick volume *Moral Sketches*, more than five hundred pages, was first thought of in January, entirely written, printed, and published at the end of August. In September of the same year dear Patty died. Could I have foreseen this, or had I delayed the work, it would never have been written. I do not mean that it would have been any loss to the world, but that it would never have existed. So much in favour of rashness.

Do you know that I am very desirous of selling Barley Wood?—the reversion I mean. I have written to *my* friends to name it to *theirs*. I am unwilling to advertise, as it would bring strangers, and I do not like the publicity. Within the last two years, I have spent nearly a thousand pounds in enlarging and embellishing the grounds, and have put those and the house in complete repair. All the demands, both of family and charity, are so much enlarged, that I have exceeded my income in the last two years by 300*l*. I have sunk a little from my four per cents.; yet, as Pope says of Allen, "it is pleasanter to give than to bequeath." The worst is, that I am still alive, but though not in bad health, yet, at eighty-two, I consider myself at the very verge of eternity, so that, though I must unavoidably lose by the sale, yet the purchaser must very soon become the possessor. My neighbour Mrs. —— has just sold her place for ——; it is a nice place, but not to be compared in point of scenery with mine, and has nearly four acres less land.

Ever yours,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. T. Gisborne.

Barley Wood, February 28, 1827.

My dear Sir,

You cannot conceive the gratification your very kind and interesting letter afforded me. It was connected with so many circumstances. It carried me back to my delightful visit to Yoxall; back to the evening when, having settled to leave it in the morning, you slipped into my hand a scrap of paper under the table at supper, with these words, "You must not go to-morrow, it is your *duty* to stay;" the case was this, Dr. H. R—— was just arrived. Little did I think I was beginning a cordial friendship with that bishop. Who is to have Bishop's Wearmouth? My old friend Paley amused me much with his account of taking possession of that place. Said he, "I found a palace instead of the house of a private gentleman; but though I ran all over the house to find a place for a book, there was no such thing as a single shelf, closet, or corner."

Poor Paley! I have survived almost all my former society. Your late bishop was, I think, the last of my contemporaries;

we were acquainted near fifty years. I seem to have survived scores of friends much younger and much healthier. I am now eighty-two years old, and have had less interruption from sickness than at any period in my life in the last two years. I have been setting down the names of all the physicians I have had; they amount to fifteen: not one survives! Should you and dear Mrs. G. visit Bath before I am removed hence, it would be a great delight to me if you would spare me a night. Many thanks for your valuable and highly useful little book. It is much liked. I have just received a present of my *own* little book from the Continent, translated into French, with the title of "*L'Esprit de la Prière.*"

I never had so little leisure in my life, now that I ought to have the most,—letters which I cannot answer, applications that I cannot comply with, company that I cannot refuse. Pray tell Mrs. G. that now I have no head left, I work hard with my fingers, so that I am still of some little use; as my goods fetch a high price at all the numerous bazaars: so you see I am alive to serve!

I have had lately a good deal of the valuable company of good Daniel Wilson; I have prevailed on him to preach four times at our church. Oh that you would come and do the same! I, alas! have not been in a church, or down-stairs, but once for more than seven years.

I have had a very gratifying letter from Oxford, from Blanco White. Though I have long since left off the rhyming trade, yet I am prevailed on every year to give a few trumpery lines to the bazaar; they bring a trifle to the charity. I enclose one for your young ones. I beg to be kindly remembered to the female part of your now dispersed family. I have not scrawled so long a letter for a twelvemonth. I cannot look it over.

Ever affectionately yours,
H. More.

Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.

1827.

My very dear Friends,

It is well Miss Frowd has left me only a little space, for I have little to say, and little time in which to say it; there are three littles for you; three greats (if there were such a word) would not more than express my affection for you both. I am going to give, for the second time this week, the most illustrious proof of a great soul—of duty triumphing over self, that has been given in modern times. The first of these glorious victories was writing to put off D. W. from fulfilling his promise of coming over to us a second time; the other is to desire you will not come till Monday instead of Saturday.

It is not always that I set my conscience above my feelings,

but you must encourage a young beginner in integrity and self-denial, and not think of being so base as to subtract these two days from your allotted visit; but let me have my fair tale. I have too many petty cares at that age when the grasshopper is a burthen. I have *many* grasshoppers, and seem to have less time and more labour than ever I had in the busiest periods of active life; and half my interruptions are of a paltry kind—albums, and autographs, &c. Did I ever tell you that R—— I—— said to me, that if he were engaged to the prettiest woman in the world, he would break off the match if she kept an album? "It is," said he, "the essence of folly and vanity; a vile way of seeming literary. He is a coarse man, but very clever.

The Dean of Salisbury, his wife, and son passed three nights here: he preached two most awakening sermons at Wrington. I have had a heavy heart and weeping eyes; dear Mrs. Carrol has "entered into the joy of her Lord." She was gradually becoming disqualified for usefulness, yet her zeal lasted as long as her senses. Two more bishops gone to their last audit! it is really striking and awful, and I hope will quicken the zeal of the survivors! When have I written so long a scrawl! I am sorry to send you so many papers, but I am half distracted at the daily applications which I do not trouble you with naming. One is often tempted to wish one had but 60*l.* a year, to buy bread and cheese; and then perhaps they would leave me to pursue my narrow way in quiet. And now this is to certify, and by these presents you are certified, that you shall be met at Bulgin's at two of the clock on Monday, by my coachman, with his leathern convenience. I commend you to God and the word of his grace! May we meet in health and peace if it be his blessed will!

Ever yours, while
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir Edmund Hartopp.

Barley Wood, May 9, 1827.

My dear Sir Edmund,

My heart has ached for you and your dear lady. I have forborne, however, to express the deep sympathy I have felt, because I did not dare intrude upon the Sabbath of your sorrows, which I considered as sacred. It is among the imperfections of human things, that while we can feel so much for the afflictions of our friends, we cannot diminish them. I both admired and loved the inestimable treasure you have lost. It is a fresh illustration of Cowper's remark, that

"God moves in a mysterious way."

A life so useful, a character so every way not merely amiable

but so very estimable, with all the means and the will to do so much good, and to be a blessing to all around her, taken away in the prime of her life and her usefulness,—this is a lesson more striking and awakening than a hundred sermons.

We know, my dear sir, that the Judge of all the earth cannot but do right. Yet is it not among the secret things of God, that while this charming lady is taken from us so early, I, who am of so little use, am preserved through what Pope calls

"That long disease, my life,"

to my eighty-third year. I consider myself so much on the very verge of eternity, that having no one to succeed me in the house which I have built, and the woods which I have planted, I have come to a resolution to sell the reversion of Barley Wood if I can. The purchaser will soon become the inhabitant if he likes it. Being pretty well just now, I hope I shall have the honour and pleasure of showing you and Lady Hartopp how much it is enlarged and improved; though I have not walked round it for eight years; and of assuring you that I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

My dear Sir Edmund,
Your very obliged, and very faithful
humble servant,
H. More.

It has already appeared that Mrs. More had become desirous of disposing of the reversion of Barley Wood, but an event now took place which made it necessary for her to part with the possession.

Under a system of excessive tolerance and indulgence, virtue loses something of its value and reward; and of this species of tacit injustice and indirect mischief to morality Mrs. More's memory must suffer the imputation. To bestow confidence, where experience should awaken suspicion and inspire caution is to sleep on duty, and although age and infirmity, seconded by a gentle temperament, might plead her excuse with society for the facility with which she exposed herself to be ill-treated, yet it must be owned, that when her sound understanding had health and strength for their allies, she discovered too little of that vigilant exactness so essential to the equity and consistency of moral rule. Her domestic government was such as might be expected from one whose reluctance to offend, or even to displease, was too apt to disarm her prudence; and when the ill effects of this amiable weakness, which at the age of eighty-three had nature on its side, were evident in the waste and misconduct of her servants, after trying in vain to correct the evil by mild remonstrance, she sank quietly under what seemed inevitable, and determined to take the infliction as a chastisement to which it was her duty to submit, without

struggle and without complaint. At length, however, such discoveries were made as induced her friends to represent to her the danger of her appearing to be a patroness of vice; or at least indifferent to its progress; and thereby of lessening the beneficial influence of which her writings had hitherto been productive. The thought of such a consequence made her forget her age and infirmity. She took the decided resolution of quitting for ever her Barley Wood, the retreat in which all that had been most dear to her on earth—her happy Christian sisterhood—had taken sweet counsel together with her for so many years, and breathed their parting breaths in spiritual trust and triumph. All her domestics who had so long felt and abused her goodness were cashiered, and at a bleak season of the year, and on an inclement day, after a long confinement to her chamber, with her faithful friend who had kept close to her in all her distress, she removed to Clifton. From her apartment she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had come to her that morning to protect her from the approach of any thing that might discompose her. She descended the stairs with a placid countenance, and walked silently for a few minutes round the lower room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends, who had successively gone before her; and as she was helped into the carriage, she cast one pensive parting look upon her bowers, saying, "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not, like Eve, by angels."

A few lines, written during the struggle and suspense of the first discovery, from Barley Wood, to two beloved friends who had a considerable share in extricating her from her distressing situation, cannot but be interesting.

From Mrs. H. More to the Misses Roberts.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

If I were to write to you as often as I have some new service to thank you for, I should be always writing, and you always reading. I have been quite overwhelmed with this heavy blow. I strive and fervently pray for Divine support and direction; but such is the variety of difficulties which await me for the next month, that I sink under the thought. I bless God I slept last night, but, like the disciples, it was from sorrow; my kind partner in these sufferings, Miss Frowd, is, I am grieved to say, in bed with a sad cold; this adds much to my distress. You must indeed, my dear friends, you must come to advise which of the painful paths before me I must

* These ladies, so long the bosom friends of Mrs. More, were of course in constant correspondence with her, but their letters to Mrs. More have not been introduced into this work, from an unwillingness in the editor to obtrude upon the public any persons standing in such near connection with himself.

pursue. I shall break my heart if you refuse this my, perhaps, last request. I would consult with you what gentlemen I shall get to stay with me in the dreaded moment of separation. The shocking conduct of the people below, it seems, has been long the subject of discourse with the whole neighbourhood. I alone was left in ignorance through false kindness. I am more obliged to dear Mr. H—— than I can say; he is a true Christian friend, and the station he fills gives authority to his judgment. He has so many engagements on his hands that I avoid troubling him continually with letters, though he always most kindly attends to them. I really think this shock has hurt my hearing and my memory!

Yours, my dearest friends,
Most affectionately,
H. More.

Resentment, however, could find no hospitality in her breast; it was speedily dislodged; and if the thought of her late unworthy household occurred to her thoughts, it merely led her to pray that they might be brought to repentance. "People exclaim against their ingratitude towards *me*, but it is their sinfulness towards *God* that forms the melancholy part of the case!"

The habitual contentedness of her disposition made her easily accommodate herself to her new residence, to the beauties of which she soon became thankfully alive; nor was she less so to the affectionate assiduity with which all her friends gathered round her; or to the numerous attentions which they were eager to pay her. She fixed her abode on Windsor Terrace, in Clifton.

In one of her playful moments she drew up the following list, in commemoration of the kind attentions she received from so many quarters.

Sketch of my Court at Windsor Terrace, 1828.

The Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Edmund Hartopp, and Mr. Harford, my sportsmen. Mr. Battersby, Mr. Pigott, and Mrs. Addington, my fruiterers. Mrs. Walker Gray, my confectioner. Mr. Edward Brice, my fishmonger. Dr. Carrick, my state physician and zealous friend. Mrs. La Touche, my silk mercer and clothier. Bishop of Salisbury, my oculist. Misses Roberts, my counsellors, *not* solicitors, for they give more than they take. Misses David, my old friends and new neighbours. Messrs. Hensman and Elwin, my spiritual directors. Mr. Wilberforce, my guide, philosopher, and friend. Miss Frowd, my domestic chaplain, secretary, and house apothecary, knitter, and lamp-lighter, missionary to my numerous and learned seminaries, and without controversy, the

queen of clubs.* Mr. Huber, my incomparable translator, who by his superiority, puts the original out of countenance. Mr. Cadell, accoucheur to the Muses, who has introduced many a sad sickly brat to see the light, but whispers that they must not depend on a long life!

The influx of visiters which poured in upon her was now perfectly overwhelming and bewildering, till she was persuaded by the friends more immediately about her to reserve two fixed days in every week to herself for quiet and calm recollection.

In the mean time she gradually contracted her earthly concerns into as small a compass as possible. Her little estate of Barley Wood was disposed of to William Harford, Esq., the brother of her much esteemed friend the possessor of Blaise Castle; and she shortly afterward negotiated with her bookseller the sale of the copyright of the last portion of her works, comprehending ten volumes. Their sale had continued so steady as to afford a constant increase to her income, which overplus she laid up in no earthly treasury; and her expenditure being no longer unduly increased by fraud and peculation, she found herself able to send forth the streams of her bounty more abundantly than ever; and this she did with an unsparing hand, her whole heart seeming to be set on "devising liberal things." There was something indeed of excess on this side of her character, which laid the foundation for a report in distant quarters that the source of her charity was dried up, and that great pecuniary losses had caused her abrupt removal from Barley Wood.

She received a letter full of affectionate condolence from one of her excellent transatlantic friends, suggesting every pious motive for acquiescence in her change of circumstances, and conveying an intimation that her American admirers would gladly unite in helping to form a fund sufficient to preserve her from all fear of future pecuniary difficulties.

It has been mentioned, that one of her American friends had told her that her "Hints for the Education of a Young Princess" was the only one of her works which was excluded from publication in his country, their republican principles making them adverse to every thing connected with royalty; but she was now informed that they had at length adopted it as a generally useful work, upon which she exclaimed, "I have conquered America!"

* In allusion to the village clubs which had been set on foot by Mrs. More;

PART V.

FROM THE YEAR A. D. 1828 TO A. D. 1833.

CHAPTER I.

THE period of Mrs. More's departure from Barley Wood and settlement at Clifton may be considered as the close of her literary, active, and intellectual life. It was an affecting incident. The place she had left, never to return to it, had grown up into great beauty, partly under her own superintendence, and partly under the care of those whose memory had taken root in the soil. Much of what was best and most approved in character, worth, and station was associated with the recollections by which that retreat had been in a manner consecrated. The place had been marked by the footsteps of those who had formerly brought with them to this happy sojourn the delights of cheerful and instructive intercourse.

But on the other hand the painful discoveries which had been made at this place, of ingratitude and baseness in those whom her bounty had so long fed and fostered, had, it is to be presumed, somewhat diminished its attraction; so that upon the whole there was but little cause of regret in adopting a change which the helplessness and infirmities of age had rendered expedient.

It has been observed that this removal from Barley Wood was an affecting incident; but it was as instructive as it was affecting. It was an incident, all the circumstances of which bore testimony to the strength and patience of a mind which no temporal cross or discomfort could subdue. Surrounded by domestics in whom she could no longer confide, and fully aware of her danger for some time before she was extricated from it, her deportment betrayed neither fretfulness nor alarm. The boon of a most patient temper, still further tranquillized by religious trust, sustained her at an elevation far above the reach of ordinary vexations.

The house on Windsor Terrace to which Mrs. H. More was now removed was an elegant and convenient residence, within a few doors of her most intimate and affectionate friends, and

in the neighbourhood of many who had made a part of her society for a considerable period: nor let it be forgotten that she had still a companion, to whose voluntary and affectionate assiduity we find so many grateful allusions in her letters.

Her change of place had little of the shock of transition. There was nothing strange or novel in the new scene. She was brought back to terminate her pilgrimage where her career of usefulness had begun. The vicinity of Bristol had so long been a witness and participator of her virtues, so long identified with her fame and glory, that one could not have seen her living elsewhere without looking upon the removal as akin to one of those dislocations which are produced by a convulsion of nature. It is in that vicinity that she has left so many monuments of her benevolence. There the schools and public institutions of charity are so many living and lasting records of her compassionate feelings and social sympathies.

To this neighbourhood, from which, as the starting post of her brilliant career, she had set out some sixty years before, with the whispers of conscious power urging her forward in a career of publicity from which the modesty and moderation of her disposition shrunk back with trembling, she came at last, her race being ended, to receive a victor's reward in that peace which speaks comfort to the weary soul, and follows it to the land of the saints' inheritance, where there is quietness and assurance for ever.

But it pleased Providence to lengthen out a little the last scene of her existence, that as it had been seen in her how a godly woman could live in the world and above it, so in her it might be seen how gracefully a godly woman could pass out of it into a better.

Soon after her fixing her abode at Clifton, it was remarked by her more intimate friends, with that sadness of feeling with which we always see, in the case of an eminently gifted person, the approach of the great leveller, that her memory had begun to serve her less faithfully, and to betray her into repetitions and mistakes. Still her vivacity maintained a long contest with decaying nature; and though her powers were less uniform, they sparkled occasionally with their accustomed brilliance; and even her wit would sometimes resume its seat, to the surprise of those who were looking daily for the escape of her spirit.

It must be confessed, however, that as her valuable life drew towards its end, her mind partook more and more of the general decay; and that for some time previous to her departure she was unfit, though unconscious of her unfitness, to receive the visits of homage, respect, or curiosity which continued to flow in upon her. But her philanthropy, which she had always indulged to an extent almost bordering on excess, made it an uneasy effort for her to refuse admittance to any visiter; and however expedient on many obvious grounds it was to spare

her these excitements, this comparative seclusion was not so agreeable to herself as it was satisfactory to others. It was considered by her medical advisers as absolutely necessary to the preservation of her existence.

But the remission of intellectual labour, however essential it may be at a late period of life to the support of the animal frame, opens an escape to the stores of memory, and accelerates the decline of mental energy. To preserve the faculties from decay, as years increase, is not within the power of perishing mortality; but to protract the date of their use and efficiency is more or less the effect of a perseverance which keeps them in a constant and equable exercise, at a middle point between exertion and quiescence. From the earliest age at which the faculties usually attain to their maturity to a very late period of her life, Mrs. More had kept her mind, if not at the top of its bent, yet at a considerable stretch; and when her last long vacation from study and composition was entered upon, the retrograde course became more and more decided, till time completed the undoing of its own work, and dissolved the structure which long exercise and experience had raised to so lofty an elevation.

But it was not on every subject that the mind of this extraordinary woman could be said to have lost its energy even when her last sickness had brought her to the verge of eternity. There was a theme on which it appeared to have gathered strength, so that it might almost be said that the force of her intellect was rather diverted than destroyed. While that side of her understanding which looked towards the world was dim and obscure, that which was turned towards heaven continued bright and lucid. She retained to the last an unclouded remembrance of the mercies of her heavenly Friend and Guide, as her single ground of hope and trust through faith in the great Sacrifice; and if a text from Scripture was quoted to her for consolation, she would follow it out by applying it to herself, or respond to it with holy fervour in words borrowed from the same authentic source.

She had been brought up in two schools—the school of the world, and the school that calls us out of it. In the early part of her course, the world's vanities and flatteries had got the start of better counsels, and somewhat engrossed her for a time; but her principles remained sound, and concentrating themselves in the recesses of her bosom, waited there for the quickening influence of those truths which come with a mysterious vocation to the hearts of some, showing them to themselves as the heirs of corruption and the pupils of grace,—beset with numberless perils, and having one only way of escape. The learning of the latter school, long before age or infirmity had imposed their interdicts, had brought this eminent lady entirely under its discipline, and armed her for those frequent conflicts in which she became a conqueror through Him

who, by the trials and exercises of affliction, fulfils his purposes of preparation and reward.

Her learning in this school was turned all to profit. There was no waste of intellect in fruitless research. Her religion was all text; at once compendious and comprehensive,—in its creed a span long, but in its moral dimensions as large as life and all its charities. That which gives wisdom to the simple gave simplicity to her wisdom. It was always in preparation, and ready for use. Her confession of faith, as gathered from her declarations, her practice, and her correspondence, was this —that God wrought *for* her by the blood of his atonement, *in* her by the operation of his Spirit, and *around* her by the manifestations of his providence; the benefit of which mysterious agency was to be sought by prayer, faith, and penitence. This seemed to be the sum and substance of her theology; which, like its founder, had no form or comeliness after the fashion of the world's glory, and approved itself to those only in whose hearts the truth, in its simplicity, was acknowledged and embraced.

Mrs. More came to reside on Windsor Terrace on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, where she lived in Christian composure till the 7th of September, 1833, a period of five years and a half. The reader will be helped to some idea of her average mental capacity during the first four years of her residence at Clifton, from the age of eighty-three to eighty-seven, from the following letters, the first written in the month of October, 1828, the others in 1829 and 1830.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Windsor Terrace, October 27, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot express the immense joy your most welcome letter gave me. It is delightful to think we shall meet once more on this side Jordan. I am diminishing my worldly cares. I have sold Barley Wood, and have just parted with the copyright to Cadell of those few of my writings which I had not sold him before. I have exchanged the eight "pampered minions" for four sober servants. I have greatly lessened my house expenses, which enables me to maintain my schools and enlarge my charities. My schools alone, with clothing, rents, &c., cost me 250*l.* a year. Dear good Miss Frowd looks after them, though we are removed much farther from them. The squire of Cheddar attends them for almost the whole of Sunday, and keeps and sends me an accurate statement of merits and wants; so that I have many comforts.

As I have sold my carriage and horses, I want no coachman; as I have no garden, I want no gardener. My removal here has been providentially directed to my good. I have two pious clergymen, whom I call my chaplains, and who frequently devote an evening to expound and pray with my family, uniformly

on Saturdays. My most kind and skilful physician, Dr. Carrick, who used to have twelve miles to come to me, has now not much above two hundred yards. I found this a great comfort lately, when he attended me every day, sometimes twice, for a strange complaint—a total deficiency of bile. By the blessing of God on his skill, I am nearly recovered; but am still left to feed on drugs. As to your kind visit, we can give you two beds, and one for a female servant; I am sorry I can do no more. The house, though good, furnishes few conveniences. We have no servants' hall, of course no second table; but we are surrounded with hotels, lodging-houses, &c. I am expecting soon to see my much-valued friend Mr. Huber and his wife, from Geneva. He is a man of great talents and piety. I owe him much—he has translated many of my works into French, and is now going on with the Essay on St. Paul. It gratifies me that his translation of the "Spirit of Prayer" is now circulating in Paris. I have just received a valuable work from Madame Necker de Saussure. Miss Frowd desires her best respects. She is my great earthly treasure. She joins to sincere piety great activity and useful knowledge. She has the entire management of my family, and is very judicious in the common offices of life. She reads well, and she reads much to me. I have much more to say, and much, I trust, to hear, when we meet. May the God of all grace and goodness preserve you, my dear friend,

Fervently prays

HANNAH MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

January 14, 1829.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

I believe the enclosed trumpery lines are what you desired; and trumpery as they are, is there any command of yours I would not obey, or any wish, however insignificant, I would not gratify?

I do not like these *prendre congés*, as they indicate the loss I am so soon to sustain. If I were to repeat the acts of kindness you have bestowed on unworthy me, my paper would not contain them. I hardly dare expect to see you this side Jordan, but we can pray for each other. Miss Frowd joins in kind regards with, my very dear friends,

Your ever obliged, faithful, and affectionate

H. MORE.

COWPER'S POEMS—Vol. I. Page 19.

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with every ill but that of fear;
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplex'd,
Once Chatham saved thee, but who saves thee next?

I add,

Who saves! Again the glorious trophy's won,
For Chatham's name is lost in Chatham's son;
To him the muse a loftier praise shall yield,—
A sword was Chatham, Pitt both sword and shield.

Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

1829.

We are all agitation and confusion about the Oxford business. I tell my friends they must be all alive. The interest of our church and our country are at stake. We have just got your note and the printed paper. Send down by coach at least a dozen of the same, and I will disperse them among all who are likely to turn them to good account. I did not expect to see the king surrounded by a half Protestant ministry; had it been Turkish or Jewish I might have put up with it. My dear and able friends the Misses Roberts and Miss Frowd are running about like mad folks; and I am not over-sound. My duty, as well as love, to the champion of Protestantism. God bless you all.

H. More.

To a Friend on the Oxford election of 1829.

Joy, joy, joy to you, to me! Joy to the individual victorious Protestant! Joy to the great Protestant cause! I have been almost out of my wits ever since I received your delightful letter; in which insanity my dear colleague Miss Frowd joined me. That dear valuable Sir T. Acland brought the first news of a great majority; and though I could scarcely doubt of our success, yet I applied the words once used to me by my old friend Dr. Johnson, "My dear, I must always doubt of that which has not yet happened."

Nothing short of this great event could have induced me to hold a pen. I have been confined to my bed, and still am, by a severe cough and cold. My good doctor attends me daily, and rejoices in our joy, but he would scold me for writing. I cannot answer the earlier part of your letter, not being sufficiently stout to say more than that I am

Your ever affectionate
H. More.

From her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to Mrs. H. More.

Kensington Palace, June 25, 1830.

Madam,

I have received this day your note of the 22d, and your work which accompanied it.

I hasten to assure you that I have received with great pleasure the books *direct* from you. It will gratify you to hear, I am sure, that the princess received them some years ago from the late most excellent Bishop of Salisbury; and I have much satisfaction in adding, that I am most deeply impressed with the value of the books.

I remain always, madam,
Yours very sincerely,
VICTORIA.

Her last letter was addressed to one of her most valued friends, who must forgive the mention here made of his kind and effectual services in facilitating and protecting the removal of this aged and ill-requited benefactress of the poor, from the place where every breeze whispered her charities, and every cottage was warmed by her benevolence, with a frame as little fit for a journey as it was for war, to her new abode; where every local reminiscence was to be dispersed, and the thread which held in continuity the texture of her interests and affections was to be broken. Of this gentleman's friendship, and particularly his prompt and timely aid in the moment when, without the kindest and most judicious treatment, she must have sunk under the infliction, she always expressed herself with the liveliest gratitude.

The letter alluded to as being one of the last from her pen was written to acknowledge a present of a book which she had received from this friend.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

7th May, 1832 (88*th year of her age*).

MY DEAR AND TOO KIND FRIEND,

If you could look into my heart, you would see more pleasure and gratitude at one peep than you would find in a folio full of elaborate compliment. I am delighted with, and I hope edified by, your highly finished work. I am enchanted to find powerful reasoning and profound reflections so frequently diversified by the brilliant, the sprightful, and the gay. The work is at once Christian and classical.

I remain yours sincerely,
H. MORE.

An extract from a letter, written by Mrs. More's long-attached and highly valued friend and physician Dr. Carrick, of Clifton, will very suitably bring us to the close of her long and Christian life.

From Dr. Carrick to the Editor.

Clifton, Dec. 30, 1833.

From the time Mrs. More removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, in the spring of 1828, her health was never otherwise than in a very uncertain and precarious state, and she seldom continued beyond a few days exempt from some attack of greater or less severity. Yet although so frequently suffering from disease, she was but seldom, during the five years and a half she lived at Clifton, subjected to such violent inflammatory seizures as those she had sustained at Barley Wood; from which she had escaped with extreme difficulty, and altogether contrary to reasonable expectation. At all periods of her life, Mrs. More had been liable to dangerous inflammatory affections of the chest; and during her latter years it seemed always improbable that she would be able to survive another such attack. The anxiety of her friends was therefore peculiarly awakened for her safety during the winter season, and every possible precaution was employed to obviate the recurrence of catarrhal affection, by which it seemed most probable she would ultimately be carried off. By the unremitting care and attention chiefly of her attached and judicious friend Miss Frowd, this principal cause of alarm and anxiety had been in a great measure warded off or essentially mitigated during several successive winters, and especially the last, that of 1831–2. About the middle of November, however, of 1832, some degree of catarrhal affection, without any assignable cause, supervened, which gradually extended to the chest, in the usual form of bronchites in elderly persons, although milder perhaps in appearance than on some former occasions.

Towards the end of November, these catarrhal symptoms seemed to be giving way, when, during the night of the 26th of that month, a considerable degree of bewilderment or mild delirium was observed to supervene, which continued with only occasional remission or abatement to the termination of her life, about ten months afterward.

For some time previous to the period alluded to, it was apparent to those who had frequent opportunities of seeing Mrs. More, that her intellectual energy was gradually undergoing a process of deterioration and decay; imperceptible indeed from day to day, but sufficiently obvious at longer intervals. Towards the end of the year 1832 a still more considerable falling off, both in her mental and bodily powers, was observed to take place. Whether the severe illness and death of her respected and excellent friend Mrs. Roberts had a decided influence on Mrs. More's state of health, I would not venture to say, but it certainly was about the period of that melancholy event, the latter end of September, that a very marked deterioration of her faculties became observable; but it was not till

about two months afterward, the 26th of November, that her intellectual powers sustained their last and greatest shock, upon the translation, as it seemed, of morbid action from the chest to the head. From that period her symptoms underwent but little alteration. A slight or moderate degree of fever continued slowly to waste her strength. The catarrhal symptoms, however, did not recur. About a fortnight before her death, her appetite for food, which had hitherto been sufficient for her condition, suddenly failed, and a total rejection of nourishment led unavoidably to the termination of her lengthened struggle.

For the space of a week or more she scarcely seemed to recognise those about her, with the exception of perhaps one or two individuals. The last day, the 7th of September, she did not speak, but without any painful or convulsive effort, quietly and placidly ceased to breathe.

To the friends and admirers of Mrs. Hannah More it was painful during her latter years to see those great and brilliant talents, which had justly raised her to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, descending to the level of more ordinary persons. Yet there was this consoling circumstance in the case of this admirable woman, that while the grand and vigorous qualities of her mind submitted to decay, the good, the kind, the beneficent, suffered no diminution or abatement to the last moment of consciousness. Age, which of necessity shrinks and impairs the bodily powers, generally blunts sensibility, and narrows the social virtues. The soul which in youth and in the prime of life teemed with every liberal and benevolent quality is not unfrequently observed to grow cold and insensible, parsimonious, and even avaricious when sinking into the grave. With this remarkable woman it was signally the reverse. Her well-known beneficent and charitable qualities not only suffered no abatement, but expanded with her years.

So long as her intellectual faculties remained but moderately impaired, her wonted cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her; and at no period of her declining life did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, even in moments of painful suffering.

During her latter years, indeed, it was her constant and ardent wish that she might be permitted to quit that terrestrial stage on which she considered she had finished her destined part; but this desire did not proceed from impatience to escape from mortal suffering, but solely from her anxiety to enter on that state of blessed immortality to which she aspired with humble confidence in the merits of her Redeemer, —an anxiety at all times qualified and subdued by an entire and willing submission to the Divine decrees, "Not my will, but thine be done."

It seems worthy of remark, that as it pleased the Almighty

to protect this distinguished woman to a very advanced period of life from the infirmities of temper which often tend to render age both unamiable and unhappy, so it likewise accorded with his goodness to spare her from many of those bodily infirmities which usually accompany length of years. To the very last her eye was not dim; she could read with ease, and without spectacles, the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired; and until very near the close of life, her features were not shrunk, nor wrinkled, nor uncomely, and her person retained to a considerable degree its wonted appearance, as at a much earlier period. Even to the last, her deathbed was attended with few of the pains and infirmities which are almost inseparable from sinking nature.

It has been my fortune, during a long and close intercourse with mankind, to have enjoyed many and valuable opportunities of observing and studying the human character, under various and trying circumstances; but never, I can say with truth, have I known a character in all respects so perfect as that of Mrs. Hannah More.

I remain
Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. CARRICK.

It has already been observed, that as the life of Hannah More approached its termination, her thoughts often travelled to far distant scenes, and seemed sometimes to be lost in visions of eternity. The forces that kept the citadel seemed to be gradually disappearing, except those clear thoughts and holy certainties which still sustained her spirits, and suffered neither sadness nor distrust to intrude upon her last hours. Amid all her wanderings, she was coherent and consistent on whatever had an immediate relation to the place to which she was going.

"Upon one occasion," says the faithful friend who was always about her dying bed, "in the early part of her illness, I read to her the office for the visitation of the sick, and the burial service in the Book of Common Prayer. She was still and engaged while I was reading, with her hands clasped in devotion. Some of the verses in the Psalms, after I had begun them, she would finish, exclaiming with rapture, 'How beautiful, how sweet—delighting the taste and touching the heart.' The fifty-first Psalm was continually on her lips: 'Create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.'"

When the prison-doors were open, and her soul was on the point of escaping to its true home, though a thick veil was spread over the world she was leaving, no look of regret, but one of sweet sympathy with its trials and sorrows was often cast behind her; nor could the awful change which awaited

her dislodge from her heart that love of souls which had supported her through so many years of bodily suffering in her various works of Christian beneficence. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her,—every breath was prayer; and in the vital energy of her expiring petitions, her affectionate friends and those that administered to her wants and soothed her last conflict were earnestly commended to the great Advocate of repentant sinners. The lady who had long taken such kind care of her, and was kneeling at the bedside, was thus addressed by her shortly before her departure: "I love you, my dear child, with fervency. It will be pleasant to you twenty years hence to remember that I said this on my death-bed. Be near me and with me as much as you can, will you? I may last out a few days—how long does the doctor think I shall live?"—"She was always," says this lady, "bestowing blessings on those around her, and hoping they should meet in a happier world—in an eternal and glorious world;" and when she was told of some presents made in her name to those who were employed in her service, with a smile almost amounting to a laugh, she exclaimed, "I am glad of it, glad of it." Adverting to her own frame of spirit, she said, "I hope my temper is not peevish or troublesome;" and on being answered that it was the temper of an angel, she said, "Oh, no, not of an angel! but of a very highly favoured servant of the Lord my Saviour."

The Psalms and other passages of Scripture were perpetually breaking from her lips; and it seemed extraordinary to those who were about her, that her memory, which had let almost every terrestrial impression slip away, had kept the registry of her devout recollections unobliterated and unimpaired. The loins of her mind were girded up, and her soul braced as it were to meet without amazement the strange and awful encounter which was approaching. Like one preparing for a great expedition, all impediments were thrown aside, all but the necessary implements to set up her tabernacle in the place of her destination and final rest.

She was sometimes, says Miss Frowd, painfully conscious of the disturbed and confused state of her mind. One day she put her hand to her head, and exclaimed, "I am all confusion, I seem quite to have lost my understanding. My mind is all so" (shaking her hand before her eyes); "I used to entertain my friends and be agreeable to them. If I shed tears, they are tears of gratitude, and from a sense of my unworthiness."

The philosophical reader, when he contemplates this buoyancy of hope and trust amid the languors of a last sickness, at an age verging on fourscore years and ten, will find a difficulty in accounting for it by any analogies of nature; and if he is determined to see nothing supernatural in it, he must be content to sit down in ignorance and wonder: but to the Christian inquirer the phenomenon will show itself under another as-

pect; he will see and adore in it the Spirit's work and the succours of Divine help; he will see in it the process of a second birth in a dying child of Adam; he will see in it the funeral of death, its sting extracted, the grave spoiled, and Satan discomfited; he will find in it the best comment upon the Psalmist's exclamation, "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

To save space, we lay before our Christian readers the sentences which escaped from her lips at intervals during the latter portion of her last illness, requesting them not to forget that at this period she had arrived at her eighty-ninth year. They were committed to writing by one who dearly prized her posthumous honour for the sake of the generation which has succeeded her; but whom neither this nor any other consideration could ever have induced to dress up her sentiments in any other idiom than her own. Plain as it was, it was the vehicle only of her earnest pleadings with her merciful and awful Judge.

She said to those who surrounded her, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus is all in all. God of grace, God of light, God of love, whom have I in heaven but Thee?" When very sick she said, "What can I do? What can I *not* do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in a better world. The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. My God, my God, I bless thy holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer. Pray, pray that the dear mistress of this house may be supported in her last hours. I pray to God to forgive my offences, to make me humble, and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Lord, stablish, strengthen us! 'The heavens declare the glory of God;' how I love that Psalm! Oh eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate myself before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy! Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! into thy hands I commend my unworthy self—unworthy but penitent!" Upon being asked if any thing could be done to make her more comfortable, she said, "Nothing, but love me and forgive me when I am impatient." Upon her servant's proposing to read a chapter to her, she said, "What are you going to read?" and upon being told the resurrection of Christ, she said, "If we meet at his feet we shall be equal!" She said to her attendant, who had been repeating some psalms and hymns, "You cannot have your mind too much stored with these things; when you get old, or are in solitude, they will supply you with comfort." After repeating the doxology, she said to her servant, "The word Trinity, you know, means three. I once lived in a street called Trinity-street; I do think it very wrong to put such sacred names to common things." She often exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon me; Christ, have mercy upon me, and

make me patient under my sufferings. Take away my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, and by me, to thy praise and glory: I desire only to be found at the foot of the cross. Lord, I am thine, I am not my own, I am bought with a price, a precious price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord, have mercy upon me, grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom! Jesus my Saviour and my Friend." She talked much of the many mercies of God to her, through her very long life. To an intimate friend she said, she hoped they should meet in glory; for herself she had but one object in view, and that was to wait the Lord's time. "Lord, strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless. Oh Lord, strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and honour. How many parts of Scripture speak of the necessity of our being born again! Raise my desires, purify my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to heaven—think what *that* is! To go to my Saviour who died that I might live. Lord, humble me, subdue every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory; through Christ's merits we can alone be saved! Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant with eyes of compassion." A friend said to her, "Our good works will not save us;" she said, "Our good works are nothing, but without them we cannot be saved. You must pray for me that my sins may be forgiven me for Christ's sake." After repeating the fifty-first Psalm, she said, "Pour out such a measure of thy grace upon me that I may be enabled to serve thee in spirit, soul, and body, and that, loving thee, I may come unto thee through Jesus Christ. Oh, my Saviour, forsake not her whom thou hast redeemed." Feeling herself linger in her sickness, she said to a friend, "My dear, do people never die? Oh, glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love." She said, "It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful; Lord, I believe, I *do* believe with all the powers of my weak sinful heart. Lord Jesus, look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!" When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, "Talk not so vainly, I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross."

The gradual dissolution and departure of this gentle ornament of her sex shall be described in the natural and affecting language of the friend who cheered and comforted her last days and her last hours, and counted the last beat of her pulse. "During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excite-

ment, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bedside; she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called 'Patty' (the name of her last and dearest sister) very plainly, and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dosing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, I sent in for Miss Roberts. She lasted out till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one more was added 'to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever.'"

CHAPTER II.

Thus ended the long life of this distinguished lady; not the last, I trust, of the female worthies of this land, but one who more, perhaps, than any other, carried in her opinions, habits, and predilections the sample of a straight-minded English woman, combining natural manners with polished breeding, home culture with elegant attainments, and preserving in an era of revolutionary rage and moral bewilderment a loyal heart, a regulated spirit, a simple faith, and a holy walk. A patriot, too, as much as a woman can be without purchasing the distinction at the price of qualities essential to the true relative place in society which the sex should maintain. Adding strength and safety to the moral foundations of liberty, by prudent teaching and example, and leaving it to the rougher sex to tread the doubtful path of speculative daring upon the

thin border which separates between liberty and licentiousness.

Her love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including among its essential constituents loyalty, allegiance, security, and duty. Patriotism, in this view of it, should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object. All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying to truth any advantage to which it is fairly entitled, of illustration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never to stop but with her pulse; never to need the refreshment of change; and never to be weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness.

It was the privilege of her intellect to work successfully in the face of forbidding circumstances—such as in ordinary cases repress vigour and slacken perseverance. In her early life, her powers of conversation led her into varied society, and principally into those assemblies where intellect is in the breath, and expires in evanescent displays, multiplying its ephemeral products to flutter and expire; where a mind capable of things of lasting effect and extensive benefit often lays out all its strength in thoughts that do but gild the fugitive hour, and fade from the memory like the phantoms of a summer's cloud. Those who move amid such fascinations are seldom extensive contributors to the treasury of human knowledge. It was therefore the more remarkable that Hannah More, during this part of her life, was actually accumulating, projecting, and accomplishing beneficial schemes and purposes;

and as some rivers are said to pass through large receptacles of waters without intermixture in their passage, and to roll onwards in their own course till their destination is completed, in some such manner did this single-minded woman travel through this gay medium without disturbance or diversion, till in no long time she gained a clear and uninterrupted current, dispensing beauty and fertility throughout her beneficent progress.

The qualities of Mrs. More, considered absolutely, have been deservedly the object of her country's homage and admiration, but when regarded as actively contending with the false sentiments, new theories, and foreign fashions which have within these last forty years been gaining so fast upon us, the worth of her character becomes very conspicuous. He who has observed the traces of the old English mind gradually growing fainter as it recedes into the great limbo of forgotten things, will think with sadness of our common loss in the departure of a person of such influence and authority on the side of moderation, loyalty, high breeding, and honour, and all those things which belong to our national and homely habitudes. If Mr. Burke as a philosophical, and Mr. Pitt as a practical statesman successfully resisted in their days the raving theories of revolutionary extravagance, Hannah More, as a moralist,—a Scriptural moralist, standing in the old paths, —shared largely with them the glory of this conservative warfare.

She was always opposed in youth and in age to whatever in sentiment or practice carried the mind to a distance from the soberness of self-distrust, and the light and leading of Scripture. With the artillery of her plain truths and oracular common sense she shook the arsenals of folly, and excited in the ranks of fashion, if not consternation, at least some of the sensations which belong to the shame of merited exposure. That wisdom was hers which uttereth her voice in the streets —that crieth at the gates, and at the entrance of the city. It was her privilege in an extraordinary manner to compel attention. The harp and viol, the wheel and the forge were still, for an interval at least, to listen to the voice of this charmer, charming so wisely. Her hints, her admonitions, and her remonstrances found their way everywhere, even where sprightlier moralists had been denied access. And all this was done without lowering the quality of religion, or disguising its interdicts with any arts of pleasing or adventitious aids. Her moral writings, containing nothing but the pure ethics of the gospel, without anecdote, or ridicule, or satire, or any other superadded attraction but those of good composition and beautiful illustration, showed her to be in possession of the secret of gaining readers without cost or sacrifice on the side of humanity, or any breach of the law of kindness.

On questions of party politics she wrote and conversed but

little, deeming them to be no proper part of a woman's province; but as far as she allowed herself to take a side on political questions, she was thoroughly loyal and monarchical —of such principles as would have proclaimed her a stanch whig after the fashion of Lord Somers in his day. But in these days, when old things are shaken out of their places, and the notions and distinctions of a former period are lost in a crowd of new names and designations, so that the age of George the Third is falling fast into virtual obscurity, buried in a manner before it had ceased to breathe, it would be difficult to assign to Hannah More her proper political place among modern patriots or partisans. The more things were shaken around her, or trembled under her, the firmer was the hold she took on the pillars of the temple, and in this position she maintained her integrity and consistency to the last, amid the new aspects of the political and religious community; and though she was too candid and generous to renounce friendships on account of any honest change of opinion, she was too true to her own principles, and too sensible of the value of ancient institutions, not to deplore the growing contempt for things tried and approved. It may be that in some things her mind was over-strenuous, and her adherence and opposition too unqualified; and I know not whether the totality of her hatred of every thing French—of French morality, French politics, French philosophy, and French fashions, might not have bordered on excess; but her feeling for the maintenance of what was understood by the good old cause, involving the great securities and pledges of social happiness and national prosperity, was such as to make every attempt at removing landmarks regarded by her with suspicion at least, if not with aversion.

On the concession of the claims of the Catholics to political power, whether right or wrong, her opinion was never altered. She always regarded it as the beginning of a succession of evil measures, which were gradually to change the whole face and character of our fundamental institutions, and turn the genius of the country towards objects of a disorganizing tendency. She considered Protestantism as the basis of our government, and she loved it best in its connection with the character and discipline of the Church of England; but she could never live in unison with those eager men who were for reforming reformation, and measuring religious advancement by the length of its departure from the practice of the papal church. She was very liberal, but very stanch; and although she could not but see that religious communities take up notions of each other's creed too much upon trust, and with too little forbearance and candour; yet of a religion which professedly regards our church as polluted, and founded on usurpation, she considered it as not illiberal to be mistrustful. She looked upon the alliance of church and state as founded upon nature rather than legis-

lation; human societies being always in fact found in practical alliance with religion; and opinion, which is always at work, being itself determined and modelled by the secret influence of its mysterious and persuasive power. Such appears to have been her general views of this subject, as gathered from her works, her correspondence, and her conversation. It gave her considerable uneasiness to witness what she called the defection of some of her best friends, whose change of opinion on the question before the legislature, respecting the admission of the Roman Catholics to power, made a vacancy about this graceful pillar which rendered its elevation more noble and conspicuous.

But the difference between them reached no further than the point to which it related; and it does not appear that any one of her intimate friendships, which were very numerous, and generally instructive and captivating from the light which played around them and sparkled in their correspondence, were materially diminished or disturbed by these contrarieties of opinion. If at any time she entered into controversy, it was always an exercise of her charity, and a test of her self-control.

On her religious opinions much need not be said. She was too pious to be a professed theologian, and too much in earnest for curious criticism or speculative discussion. To make a right application of religious truth,—to bring it home to the conscience,—and to be conformed to its precepts,—was, she thought, our immediate concern with revelation, as soon as its great doctrines of redemption and grace were vitally apprehended. Having once received and understood the message in its awful import, instead of first considering how best to obey its commandments, and respond to its invitations, to begin an ingenious examination of its formal contents, the manner of its promulgation, its phraseology, and its partial obscurities, was, she thought, to mistake the design of the embassy, and the predicament in which it placed us. After saying this, it is almost needless to add that she was adverse to theological disputation. Wrapping herself up in a simple and humble belief, she went out to meet the accidents and storms of life with a composure of mind, and a pious fortitude, which made her walk as instructive as her writings.

In treating of these subjects, in her books and her letters, her views appear to have been remarkably plain and practical. She knew it was the first business of an author to get readers; and she saw that others obtained them by striking out new and adventurous paths of research or conjecture; but her mind was so determined towards what was useful, solid, and saving upon this great topic, that, trite as was the theme of practical piety, she could not forbear again treading where so many footsteps had been that scarcely a spot of freshness or floridity remained. But as her light tread proceeded along this beaten

path, a new life of green and gay variety sprung up beneath her; surprising the senses with new colours and new odours, from products bursting into being in quick and endless succession. Her powers were inexhaustible. Again and again she recurred to the same subject, and still varying the dress of her thought where the thought was repeated, she cheated the light-minded into reading her again and again, and still again and again the pious fraud succeeded. Had she lived the life of a patriarch, it seems as if every year of that life would have been marked with some fresh expansion of Christian verity and duty.

So close was the connexion between faith and practice, doctrine and duty, in the religion of Mrs. More, that many years ago she drew upon herself some strong animadversions from a pious dignitary of our church, who charged her before the public with advancing opinions on this subject of dangerous consequence. Mrs. More had said that the apostolic writers, after having explained the doctrines of Christianity, proceeded "to exhibit all the duties which grow out of them as the natural and necessary productions of such a living root." Great fault was found with her use of the term "necessary," as implying, that when once the doctrines of Christianity are assented to, every thing necessary to salvation so inevitably follows as to render moral exertion superfluous; whereas the passage was obviously susceptible of a logical or practical exposition (as was ably shown by Mr. Knox, her zealous and effectual vindicator), according as it is understood to imply, that the doctrines and duties of the Christian system are so intimately connected as to make it impossible, on rational grounds, to admit the truth of the doctrines and deny the exigency of the duties; or, that whenever the doctrines are established as practical principles existing in the heart as a living root, they must necessarily prepare the heart of the person who has embraced them for every thing that is just and true, honest and pure, lovely and of good report. There is not the remotest intimation of any such necessity as supersedes exertion, but a clear assertion of a strong consequence which facilitates and secures performance by a strict moral necessity.

If Mrs. More's religion was moral, her morality was altogether religious. She knew of no worth in human actions but as they belonged to faith; which in her view was of such large dimensions as to encompass the motive and the object of whatever was good in conduct. As far as inferences may be drawn from her writings and her conversation of the quality of her religion, it altogether excluded a speculative faith. It might be consistent with her avowed opinions to suppose a speculative belief, but not to hold the possibility of a speculative faith. According to her view of the subject, Scriptural faith was essentially practical. It was with her the root and principle

of spiritual life, the very door through which sanctification enters into the soul's recesses, to concentrate its strength, spiritualize its affections, and determine its will.

It was this decided and prominent part of her character and mental constitution which specifically distinguished her among Christians. A peculiar soundness of sentiment domesticated and tempered all her reasonings and opinions, without subduing their natural and free-born energy. There is a greatness which owes its effect in part to the sacrifice of symmetry; genius is aggrandized by its eccentricities; learning claims many privileges for itself, and wit often acknowledges none in others; the details of duties and reciprocities are not seldom trampled upon by those to whom the world's flattery concedes the charter of despising ordinary things; but Hannah More, caressed by princes and nobles, the delight of intellectual society, the centre round which so many luminaries revolved, having her name echoed from shore to shore through the civilized world, was yet a plain, home-bred, practical, and true-hearted woman; who managed so to live through a life of unusual length that while one half of her contemporaries were drawing largely from her stores of instruction and entertainment, the other half knew her only by the solace imparted by her labours of love. While she was employed in the daily office of cherishing virtue, advocating merit, animating diligence, and clearing the road to happiness, she stood at the gate of mercy an humble supplicant for grace and forgiveness, and rested the success of all her endeavours on their conformity to the will of Heaven.

She was a person to live with, to converse with, and to pray with. Her powers were capable of dilating or contracting their dimensions as occasion required. Every one found it easy to deal with her in a commerce of benevolence. Her genius invited a near approach. It was great and commanding, but it was lovely and kind. Genius, in general, requires to be placed at a certain distance to produce its effect. The equilibrium of the mind is often disturbed by it,—its stability shaken, and its moral texture dissolved; and often out of this elementary disorder, forms and combinations arise which the mastery of genius moulds and disposes at will. It claims our homage, and visits as a conqueror, to whom belongs the tribute of suit and service. But to domicile and diet with genius is for the most part an unenviable lot. Its hearth and home are not usually the scene of comfort. In Mrs. More the colours of character were so blended, that all was consistency, and quiet, and pleasantness around her. Her wit was entirely subordinate to her good-nature, and her great qualities did homage to her little graces. Her companions were sheltered from her brilliance by the shade of her humility.

Her manners were unostentatious and unconstrained; and although she could not but be sensible that she was always in all

companies a principal object of attention, this consciousness produced in her neither reserve nor effort. She had the art of saying and communicating much without seeming to engross a larger share of the conversation than others; and as she could afford better than most to throw away her opportunities of excelling, it was one of the exercises of her skill in which she took most pleasure, to draw forth the capabilities of retiring merit, to give confidence to the timorous, ease to the embarrassed, and its full credit to common sense. It was the prerogative of her superiority to maintain the fundamental rights of social equality by the equal distribution of her kind attentions.

Her friends were often astonished at the candour and good-humour with which she listened to criticisms on her works. What was accomplished with so little labour was never so fondly cherished by her as to become a subject of fretful anxiety: those who pointed out defects, or repetitions, or redundances in her compositions were always considered by her as giving proof of their kind feelings towards her. And as to those who treated her with severity, she was too conscious of the careless rapidity with which she generally worked to be offended at that which she had taken so little pains to avert, or to be wounded by the sharp animadversions which her own salutary censures naturally provoked. It is true that the homage of the world attended her throughout her life, with little interruption, but then it is equally true that homage is not the nurse of contentedness, nor fame and success the usual preservatives of a patient spirit and a gentle temper.

No exemptions or immunities of genius were claimed by her. In her dress she was very neat and decorous, but very plain and frugal; a great enemy to singularity and artifice, but especially to the artifice of seeming to despise art, as far as it was called for by the infirmities of our condition and the duty of reciprocal respect. She was, however, so little taken with the tinsel of life and studious decoration, that what she often said of herself has been confirmed by the testimony of those who knew her best and longest, that she never wore a jewel, or trinket, or any adjunct to her dress of the merely ornamental kind, in her whole life, though much of that life was spent in the society of the great and splendid.

A very distinguishing part of her character was her "consideration," a word not yet perhaps of abstract and special force enough to designate a particular virtue, but to which Mrs. More had attached a sort of technical meaning, by declaring a half-intention of writing a treatise upon what she called "the law of consideration." Taking it, however, in her own sense, as expressing an anxiety to carry one's self in one's daily intercourse, especially with inferiors and in the common matters of life, so as to be the author of as little unnecessary uneasi-

ness, trouble, or inconvenience as possible in any supposed case, she may be said to have practised it herself to perfection. She would suffer considerable privations rather than allow her wants to harass others, and would often express a dread of appearing to her servants to be regardless of the trouble she was giving them. She carried, indeed, this little morality to a remarkable extent. She never rang a bell without asking herself why, and when doubtful whether she had rung or not, would wait a considerable time, to avoid the suspicion of impatience.

Her thoughts were always on the business before her, nor was any thing too small for her attention, if it affected the feelings, or comfort, or interests of the meanest about her. She had no aberrations or fits of absence to require the apology of wit, or to favour its effect on weak judgments. She despised all shapes of affectation; but the affectation of absence of mind, as indicating abstraction of thought, she considered as the lowest of those little cheats which we are hourly passing upon each other.

A cultivated relish for moral scenery was one of her distinctions, and so great was her delight in the disposition of her garden and grounds, that she would sometimes say that Providence had consulted her good by disabling her during the greatest part of the year from exposing herself to the air, as there was danger, had it been otherwise, of her allowing this strong propensity to absorb too large a portion of her time. Akin to this innocent relish was the gayety with which she entered into the happiness of young children, who were seldom introduced to her without receiving some advice from her, conveyed in so pleasing a form as to engage their attention and impress their memories.

It was always, however, the foible of her mind to lean too much towards indulgence, the predominance of which propensity was sometimes productive of consequences injurious to her quiet, and laid her open to much disappointment from ingratitude. Her laxity in this respect was not however accompanied by any disregard of order and regularity. When in health she was punctiliously exact in the economy of her household; in observing rules, and times, and seasons; and more especially in the dispensation of her charities, and the discharge of all her pecuniary obligations.

She composed with remarkable rapidity, seldom reforming or retouching her sentences; and the same ability and habit appeared in all her transactions, small or great; her promptitude in business being stimulated by her anxiety to save others from inconvenience or disappointment. Similar motives induced her to arrange her papers and accounts with minute exactness. Common sense and business-like habits prevented the balance of her mind from being ever disturbed by her ex-

ercise of thought, or excursions into the regions of taste or imagination.

The energy of her mind in carrying into execution any purpose which had been adopted after sufficient consideration was very remarkable. In conformity with this part of her character, her plan was, in any new resolution which involved the exercise of self-denial, to contend with the most difficult part of the undertaking first, after which she used to say she found the remaining sacrifices comparatively easy to be submitted to. On this principle, having resolved to desist from going to the theatre about the time her play of "Percy" was revived, she determined to make that the immediate occasion for carrying her new resolution into practice. Mrs. Siddons was then at the height of her glory, and was to act the part of the heroine of the tragedy, a character which she was said to exhibit with remarkable success; and Mrs. Hannah More was in the midst of a brilliant society of friends and admirers, who all attended the representation; but here she was determined to make her first stand against this particular temptation, and to break the spell of the enchantment while standing in the centre of the magic circle.

Another anecdote will show the same principle brought into exercise on a very different occasion. As her limited income began to be sensibly diminished at one time by her travelling expenses, she determined to perform her journeys in stage-coaches; and in order to overcome at once every obstacle that pride might interpose, she resolved to pay a visit to a nobleman. on which she was about to set out, in one of these vehicles; which, as there was a public road through the park, set her down at the door of the mansion. She has more than once described her conflicting sensations when his lordship, proceeding through a line of servants in rich liveries, came to hand her out of her conveyance,—a conveyance at that time much less used than at present by persons of high respectability. Thus it was the policy of this able tactician to commence her operations by a decisive blow, whereby the main strength of the opposing force was at once broken and dispersed, and her victory made easy and secure.

Those who lived most with her pronounced her to be a person most easy to be lived with. None of those little petty peevishnesses with which some are so fond of spicing their intercourse and their friendships were played off in her commerce with her friends or dependants. As she was scrupulous of giving offence, so she suspected none of intending it towards herself. She lived in an immunity from quarrels, and above the need of explanation. Her passage through life was that of a vessel on the bosom of a lake, with its canvass spread to catch the breeze, that whispered benisons as it bore it along to its quiet haven.

That she was very sensible to human praise cannot be de-

nied; but neither can it be denied that she was prompt to praise others, and had an alacrity in pointing out the merits of contemporary writers. Her charity in thinking and speaking of others ran sometimes into excess; it was the charity that "hopeth all things," but it was carried so far as sometimes to confound the distinctions of character and actions. She had the finest tact in distinguishing and appreciating in the abstract, but her good-nature and sensibility to kindness suspended the exercise of her moral discrimination in some instances wherein wit courted her favour, and waited upon her genius.

Beyond the limits which have been expressly propounded in the written Word as essential articles of belief, she knew that there was an area in which sincere Christians may expatiate at some *distance* from each other, without any hostile separation or substantial *difference*. She knew that a religion of general laws, which lays little stress on modes of opinion and precise observances, in comparison with the service of the heart and a sound trust in the revealed plan of redeeming mercy admitted of some variety in the particular application of it to the conscience, and even as to the extent of its practical requirements in the different circumstances of its professors; and to the farthest bound of this reasonable latitude she always carried her tolerance and her charity, if not her friendship and affection; but in the earlier part of her life, when her views of the sanctity of the gospel dispensation were only in the first stage of their advancement, she certainly allowed herself what may be called a free intercourse with those whose wit, or reputation for wit, formed their chief, or perhaps their only recommendation.

It is on such a subject a painful employment to particularize, but the long and animated correspondence carried on between Hannah More and Horace Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford, seems to require some explanation, and perhaps apology.

Premising that the letters of Mr. Walpole to Mrs. More were always restricted in sentiment and expression to the decorum which politeness and respect towards a female of so much worth and dignity demanded, it is but truth to say, that the general conversation, correspondence, and avowed principles of that nobleman were such as to throw him out of the circle of Christian fellowship. It had been well if that pretender to good epistolary writing had erred only in supposing it to consist in a vacant vivacity of expression, the disdain of propriety, grace, and grammar, and a triumphant neglect of those rules of decent circumspection which, in unprivileged cases, it is customary to regard. Such mistakes imply only the union of defective judgment with blunted sensibilities; but it could belong only to a vicious constitution of mind to mistake vulgarity for vigour, and blasphemy for wit; to introduce religion only for the purpose of insulting it; to scatter abroad the scan-

dals of private history, and the profligate gossip of the great; to make, in short, whatever is serious, or tender, or lovely in life the perpetual theme of a flippant and heartless banter.

Had Lord Orford lived a few years longer he must have given up "Holy Hannah," as he was accustomed to call her, or given up his own affectations and follies, and cast all his egotism and profanity at her feet. The wand of the necromancer must have been broken; and the fascinations of his false wit have retired before the bright ascendant of her pure and prevailing superiority. She was soaring, about the time of his decease, into an element into which his wings of gossamer could never have borne him.

As she advanced in age and wisdom, and with a prayerful policy kept closer to God, and at a greater distance from worldly connections, she drew around her the best and wisest of her contemporaries; many of whom have come before the reader in the course of the correspondence in which she engaged during the latter half of her life. Hardly an individual distinguished for learning, virtue, or piety, during this period, was a stranger to her merit, or without a participation in her interests and her objects. Such influence possessed by a retired female, during many years confined to her chamber, and constrained to pass much of her time on the couch of sickness and pain, while a series of strange occurrences were shaking the world out of its sober senses, and indisposing it to be governed by the lessons of practical prudence, was a fact so striking and peculiar that none can help acknowledging its testimony to the power of truth, when it goes forth in the demonstration of that energy which the word of wisdom imparts, and which has the warrant and seal of Divine authority.

Of her zeal in the cause of the Bible and missionary societies, and her warm interest in the progress of the slave question, as it struggled through its various stages, so much has already transpired in the correspondence which has been produced, that nothing more need be said to exhibit this shining side of her character. It may be enough to say that she had her right hand on every engine that was at work for the enlargement of human happiness. Her heart and head were equally busy in the great commerce of time with eternity. To bring Christianity into the intercourse of life was the great aim of all her best efforts. She lived emphatically and gloriously for *others*; for *herself* humbly, simply, and sparingly; and while her name was noised abroad, and repeated wherever genius and virtue were respected, she was passing her time in her tranquil retreat,—in privacy, and prayer, and peace; discoursing with her pious friends, and with the scenery around her.

Of the works of her pen, we may in truth aver that they have raised for her a monument which can never fail to remind her country of what it owes her. They are, for the most part, elevated above criticism by the noble purposes to which

they were devoted, and by the decisive suffrages of the moral public. Her biography, however, would be considered defective if it did not bring her entire character before the world. There was hardly a period of her life which was not stamped with her intelligence. From her infantine days books were her playthings, and her first discoveries were their own reward. The conscious capacity of doing good and making happy seemed to possess her earliest thoughts, and to prompt her first wishes and efforts. That, setting out in such a course, and excited by the anticipations and predictions of all around her, she should set her first foot upon life's open stage without art or enthusiasm, and with neither singularity of deportment nor conceit of superiority,—that she should carry with her the same consistency and sobriety of character when her powers expanded,—and terminate her brilliant career with a composure which infirmities could not disturb, and a beneficence which age could not contract, are truths which those who admire excellence will delight in contemplating, and those who love their country will, especially in its present crisis, desire to see displayed and detailed with fidelity.

CHAPTER III.

It is not intended, because it would serve no good purpose, to treat of the merits of *all* Mrs. More's productions, nor to introduce in the order of their publication those which will be made the subject of remark. Such of her writings as were written with the same design, or belong to the same class of composition, may be properly taken into consideration together.

In her early days, when her imagination was the faculty most in exercise, poetry appears to have excited the first essays of her genius; and before she was eighteen years old (1762), her little work called "A Search after Happiness," which she styled "a Pastoral Drama," was given to the public. It was by no means a specimen or an earnest of her poetical powers; but it had the merit of being on a par with the purpose for which it was designed—"to furnish a substitute," as she states in a few words prefixed to the performance, by way of preface, "for the very improper custom which then prevailed of allowing plays, and those not always of the purest kind, to be acted by young ladies in boarding schools; and to afford them an innocent and, perhaps, not altogether unuseful amusement, in the exercise of recitation."

If young ladies must have plays, or need the exercise of recitation, there could not well have been devised a more harm-

less contribution to their amusement. A visit of four young ladies, whose erring apprehensions of what was good for them had involved them in vanity and vexation, to the retreat of a virtuous lady, who, with her two daughters, had renounced the world, and fixed herself in a secluded spot, where her sanctity and benevolence invested her with a sort of oracular authority, to be guided by her into the way which leads to peace and contentment, was not a subject to kindle the fervours of poetry, but was well adapted to convey instruction in a pleasing form to the capacities of those for whose use it was designed; and that intention was well executed. The versification is smooth, and the sentiments pure, correct, and exalted.

About the year 1783 Mrs. More gave to the world her "Sacred Dramas," in which her flight was far above the level of her first immature essays; but her flight was into a region too still and sacred for dramatic effect. The subjects were "Moses in the Bulrushes," "David and Goliath," "Belshazzar and Daniel:" all very interestingly and beautifully narrated in the inspired volume; and on that account the less open to any modern effort of experimental poetry. Besides which, it seems doubtful whether those consecrated subjects with which truth is so essentially connected will admit of that room and space in which poetic invention delights to expatiate. The drama especially depends for its effect upon its success in imposing its fabrications on the mind with the strongest semblance of reality; and in this object it must be very liable to fail when the truth is in such near neighbourhood, or rather, I would say, so palpably and solemnly impressed upon the mind, as to break all the spells of fiction, and disperse the creations of fancy. Nor will Scriptural story supply the materials of pathetic interest. In transactions in which the hand of Infinite Wisdom is visibly and specially operative in directing and controlling the process, human agency sinks into insignificance; and all the great inequalities which place man in striking contrast with himself are laid level before the awful supremacy of transcendental power. The anxiety of suspense, the flutter of conjecture, the surprise of discovery, must be absent from the plot. The development of passion, the tumults of undisciplined nature, and even the freedom of adventurous language, must be put under a decorous restraint. These are subjects, in short, which will neither admit into them the peripetia of the Greek tragedies, nor the mysteries which wait the development of our modern drama. They are too awful for scenic exhibition, —too near us for poetic illusion,—and too simple and solemn for sudden and desultory emotion. These were difficulties in the way of the poetess, and to these may be added the constraining consideration of the character and proprieties of the age and sex of those for whom these compositions were principally, if not altogether, designed—young females in the progress of their education. Yet notwithstanding these opposing

circumstances, the "Sacred Dramas," if they do not present a specimen of the ideal world, in which genius exercises its great prerogatives, and rears its royal standard, may still afford that practical ground on which innocence may tread securely, and on which the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace are authentically traced, and furnished with directories from sources of unerring instruction. These compositions are full of wise thoughts, powerfully and gracefully expressed, replete with virtuous lore, and rich in the maxims of sacred truth.

The "Sacred Dramas" have been noticed immediately after the "Search after Happiness," as having been written in the same spirit, and for the same didactic ends. But it is believed that the tragedies of "Percy" and "Fatal Falsehood" were both given to the public about two years before the "Sacred Dramas." Her mind seemed unable to wander far from the "courts of the Lord's house," without a sort of self-rebuke that sent her back to her pre-engagement in the service of the soul, and the great and catholic work of moral beneficence. But as if to set forth the value of those talents, which were soon to be devoted to the greatest ends of philanthropy, she made a display of them in two tragedies, which for the pathos of sentiment, the exhibition of contending passions, and especially the graces of appropriate diction, have not been often outdone in modern poetry. Dramatic poets, in their search after the models and specimens of the disorderly and tumultuous affections, have too frequently found them in the conscious recesses of their own minds; but Hannah More had to fetch them from a great distance from her own sound and healthful interior. The force, however, of her commanding genius made the muse attend her with her bowl and dagger, and all the forms and materials of tragic distress and perturbation.

There is a defect, perhaps, in the plot of this piece. The violence done by the father to the heart and affections of the daughter, by compelling her to marry Douglas after being betrothed to Percy, for the slight provocation given him, when on a hunting expedition on the borders of Northumberland, by some of the servants of Percy, the lord of that domain, was rather too weak an apology, even in the sensitive day of feuds and family resentments, to account for so sudden a transition, and so tyrannical an exercise of parental authority. Neither can the acquiescence of the daughter in the commands even of a parent, involving so much perfidy and cruelty, be excused on the plea of duty; far less be properly made to shine as a virtue by reflecting the lustre of such a sacrifice.

Percy, the beloved object of the ill-used Elwina, returns from the holy war covered with glory, and finds the unhappy Elwina the wife of his inveterate enemy. Douglas, who had suspected the pre-engagement of his wife's affections, and whose fierce disposition had been much excited by the failure of his endeavours to produce in his wife any higher sentiment than respect-

ful obedience, is carried to the extreme of jealous fury by the appearance of Percy at the castle, and thence proceeds by rapid steps the progress of the drama to its terrible catastrophe, which involves in a common destruction all the principal parties to this distressful story.

The passions of love, jealousy, and revenge produce all their natural tumult in the bosom of the proud and furious Scot; and the description and development of his turbulent character, partially subdued by the softer passion, is managed and conducted through all its progressive stages to its sanguinary result, with so correct an adherence to nature, thus darkened and disfigured, that the drama hardly affords a finer instance of bold and faithful delineation. The moral impression is no less successfully kept in view. Meanwhile the beautiful and insulated form of virtue rises majestically above these stormy elements in the person of Elwina, and comports with the skill and discernment of one who was a mistress of the art of representing female loveliness in the purest conception of the character. The much-exercised mind of the heroine having been carried through its successive trials and violent concussions, to its ultimate limit of patient endurance, is at length exhibited to us in the state in which incoherence and absurdity either mark the consummation of suffering or mar the dignity of sorrow, exhibit either an artificial assemblage of unconnected ideas or the broken remains of an understanding in ruins. The distraction of Elwina has more of the characteristics of grief in this its greatest aggravation, with less of the distortion of senseless raving, than will be easily found in dramatic poetry. It is a short and transient representation, winding up the heart-rending catastrophe without waste of words or wearisome expansion; and is despatched, as indeed are all the images and creations of this brilliant writer, with a sort of aerial lightness and felicitous forbearance.

Respecting the two other pieces of Mrs. More's dramatic composition, "Fatal Falsehood" and "The Inflexible Captive," the editor feels he has neither room nor right to trouble the reader with his remarks. It may suffice to say, that they both contain specimens of pathos, sentiment, and dramatic skill worthy of the author. But regard to truth extorts the confession, that in the plays of Mrs. More which were acted on the public stage, there are passages in which concession was made (how was it to be avoided?) to the demands of an audience which looks only to be pleased or affected, through whatever medium such effects are to be produced. Some of the images pass the bounds of strict purity, and some trench too evidently on sacred ground by a Scriptural style of expression on occasions ill-suited to such imitation. That what is here meant may not be misunderstood, and with a desire to protest against all meddling with Scripture, unless for "instruction in righteousness," or purposes of holy illustration, an instance

shall be produced from the last-mentioned drama of the fault to which allusion has been made.

Enter EMMELINA *distracted.*

Off, off! I will have way! Ye shall not hold me,
I come to seek my lord; is he not here?
Tell me, ye virgins, have ye seen my love?
Or know ye where his flocks repose at noon?
My love is comely—sure you must have seen him;
'Tis the great promiser, who vows and swears, &c.

Other passages might, perhaps, be shown to which similar objections might be made (for at the period of Mrs. More's life in which she stood in a literary connection with the stage, religion neither in her mind, nor in the character of its professors in general, was what it afterward appeared in her teaching and her example), but any further remarks are rendered unnecessary by the beautiful preface which the authoress prefixed to her plays in the general edition of her works; in which, with an elegance of diction and correctness of thought nowhere surpassed, she enters into the dangerous tendency of dramatic exhibitions. Nothing could more strikingly evince the candour of this excellent lady's mind, and its Christian progression and improvement, than the reason given by her for allowing her dramatic productions to be published just as they were written; that she might ground on such publication her sentiments on the general tendency of the drama, and by including in her view her own compositions, might involve herself in the general object of her own animadversions.

Such a sacrifice at the Christian's altar was calculated to go up as the incense of prayer to Him who listens only to the plea of the self-accuser.

Very imperfect justice at human hands could be rendered to her whom it is most desirable at this hour to present to her country, and especially to her sex, in her own proper moral attitude, were this preface to her tragedies not to be anxiously recommended to the perusal of all, but particularly of the young, and most of all of her own sex, who will therein recognise their true predicament of danger from exposure to the influence of false principles and unsanctified sentiments. It is one of Mrs. More's most finished and decisive vindications of Christian morality on a topic of great practical concern.

We will pass on to her other poetical productions, glancing at each of those which have attracted general attention as cursorily as the respect due to them will allow.

The "Reflections of King Hezekiah" in his last sickness must not go without a tribute. It is a short effusion, containing lines worthy to be compared with the best of those with which the great imitator of Juvenal has made his original address us in English. As a vindication of this remark, will the reader accept the following specimen?

What can I then expect from length of days?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?
More pleasure! Hope not that, deluded king,
For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
Is health of years prolonged the common boas!
And dear earned fame, is it not cheaply lost?
More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
That were a wish a king might well confess.
But when did wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No,—wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity.

In her poem on *Sensibility*, the line of discrimination between the true and false was traced with the finest touch and nicest precision. Mrs. Grenville had written her well-known ode on *Indifference*—a quality which Mrs. More was desirous of taking down from its marble pedestal, and transferring its honours to a rightly-constituted "Sensibility." In this fine poem "Sensibility" is presented to us as a motive to action, designed to impel us in a course of virtuous and beneficial exertion. To expend a resource of so much moral supply and stimulating power, in vain emotion, idle sympathy, or fictitious distress, was considered by Mrs. More as a diversion of a blessing from its true intention; and in consequence, with this view of the subject, she has, with great judgment and graphic force, brought before us the genuine quality in an almost tangible form, and in its practical bearings on life and its realities. The mind whose strings have too much tension misses its object by shooting beyond it. Mistaking excess for excellence, overwrought sensibility loses the relish of what is simple, wise, and good; nor deems any thing great or interesting but what is exciting or unattainable. It *travels in state* along the *road of life*, without regarding its ordinary details, regulating its course by a fanciful standard, which puts its value and usefulness at a speculative distance.

Mrs. More has, with great success, extricated the true from the specious kind, and furnished such tests as, if properly attended to, would go far towards securing us on the one hand from becoming the dupes of a counterfeit resemblance, and on the other from blending characters and qualities, standing wide of each other, in a common suspicion. We dismiss these remarks with a few of the lines of this poem, to justify the commendation above bestowed upon it.

"Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!

Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the lib'ral deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness e'er reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs;
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suff'ring side;
To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint.
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs,
With pining Lesbia, when her sparrow dies;
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While real misery unrelieved retires;
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er Werter while her children starve.
As words are but the external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves, they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery feeling wears;
These are her garb, not her; they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
There are who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;
There are who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;
Who boast, quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly;
There are whose well sung plaints each breast inflame,
And break all hearts—but his from whom they came:
He, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend;
Of jails and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions prisoned virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruined innocence his crime laments.
O love Divine! Sole source of charity!
More dear one genuine deed performed for thee
Than all the periods FEELING e'er could turn,—
Than all thy touching page, perverted STERNE.

From this poem of feeling and wit, the transition is not sudden to one of wit and feeling. Such was the little production of her pen which, in allusion to the well known appellation (how derived remains in learned obscurity) given to female scholars, she called "The Bas Bleu." It is a sprightly portraiture of what she considered to be the right constitution and character of social conversation, and deserves to rank among the very best didactical compositions written in any language. It has upon it a vivacious image of that society of gay and graceful conversers which, at Mrs. Montagu's, or Mrs. Vesey's, or Mr. Garrick's, seemed to give wings to time, and yet to

place at a distance its solemn termination. A society, however, of which Hannah More made so considerable a part, could not be wholly without its proper counterpoise of thought and reflection. In this little poem, the concern which the heart should have in all profitable conversation is admirably illustrated; and if that which gives it its proper scope, and connects it essentially with the great end and purpose of our being, is not, and perhaps could not, be brought distinctly and eminently into view, all that makes it the harmonizing medium of a happy interchange of thought, the provocative of playful and sudden humour, and the dissipation of busy and official inquietude, existed in great perfection in these privileged assemblies.

It was in these meetings, and about the period of Mrs. More's coming annually to London, that the pleasures of refined conversation were most successfully cultivated; certainly not always, as has before been said, directed to its noblest end; but it was in its character sterling, honourable, benevolent, and correct. It was altogether at an immeasurable moral distance from those detestable colleges of vice, frivolity, and flattery which about the same time received the homage of Paris, and the Continent in general; where no union or real sympathy of sentiment was to be found, save that only which subsists between wit and wickedness.

In the savage gayety which reigned in their orgies, scarcely one of the qualities which Hannah More has celebrated in her "Bas Bleu" could have been recognised, or perhaps understood.

The elevation at which Mrs. More stood above the ordinary conception of good company and convivial entertainment, may be apprehended from the following specimen among others of equal value in the poem.

What lively pleasure to divine
The thought implied, the printed line;
To feel allusion's artful force,
And trace the image to its source;
Quick memory blends her scatter'd rays,
Till fancy kindles at the blaze;
The works of ages start to view,
And ancient wit elicits new.
But wit and parts if thus we praise,
What nobler altars should we raise;
Those sacrifices could we see
Which wit, oh virtue! makes to thee.
At once the rising thought to dash,
To quench at once the bursting flash!
The shining mischief to subdue,
And lose the praise and pleasure too!
Though Venus' self, could you detect her,
Imbuing with her richest nectar
The thought unchaste—to check that thought,
To spurn a fame so dearly bought;
This is high principle's control,
This is true continence of soul!

Blush, heroes, at your cheap renown,
A vanquished realm, a plundered town!
Your conquests were to gain a name,
This conquest triumphs over fame.

The metrical tale of "Florio," in which the silly imitation of vanities and follies, bordering on depravity, adopted by a man of good principles and right feelings, in deference to rules settled by the senseless arbiters of fashion, and laid aside with disgust when virtue and good sense, in alliance with female loveliness, made apparent to him the absurdity and danger of his aberrations, is told with great vivacity, grace, and vigour; it brings into juxtaposition correct principle and selfish levity, the majesty of moral truth, and the meanness of the world's maxims, with a brilliancy of contrast hardly to be found in any of the stories in which instruction wins us in the disguise of entertainment. If the stupidity of fashionable life could be put out of countenance, it might well blush to see its deformity reflected in this clear and faithful mirror.

There are passages in this poem of great elegance and force, of which the reader will perhaps admit the following to be a sample.

Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue:
Of youthful gayety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost
The shining gloss of life was lost,
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But Florio knew the world; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the world to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *town*.
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—mankind.
Though high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
No tool of falsehood, slave of fashion;
Though known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he liked to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait,
And still by system came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication
On which to found a reputation:

Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferr'd
Than one who always broke his word?

To do justice to these minor poems of Mrs. More, regard must be paid to the stage at which she was then arrived in her progress towards better things. They must be judged in reference to their scope and object, and the latitude in which she then lived; of which, if we look either to the character of the times or of the society in which she moved, we must admit the temperature to have been spiritually cold.

The "Tale of Florio" was, however, as far as it went, very usefully corrective of habits and practices which, if compared with crimes that cry for vengeance, may seem to be hardly sinful, but which, if placed by the side of the gospel requisitions (and what else afford the right standard), are seen in their true dimensions, as evils that widen the distance between God and soul, and are the forerunners of crime which occasion their petty beginnings to be forgotten.

It is not intended in these cursory comments to bring forward all Mrs. More's poems in numerical order; the reader will have no such ground of complaint: but among her poetical pieces of the lighter kind, it would look like insensibility to excellence to omit to direct attention to her little tales and tracts in verse, which are full of genius, and have had their merit decided by the best testimony it was possible for her to receive,—the eager and universal acceptance of those for whose edification they were intended. The "Carpet Weavers" and "Faith and Works" are specimens of pious humour (if the phrase may be allowed) in easy verse, which showed the author of "Cœlebs" and "Christian Morals" to be qualified by her versatile genius to hold converse with intellect in all its varieties, to teach wisdom in all its forms, and to bring to view all the little disorders that endanger the web of our moral texture, in their smallest beginnings and remotest consequences.

Her two poetic tales—in which she gave an early specimen of her genius in the pathos of simple narrative—"Sir Eldred of the Bower" and "The Bleeding Rock," drew much attention at the time they were produced. If they are forgotten, it is partly because innumerable competitors in the same walk have solicited in succession the ear of the public, each supplanting its precursor by its superior freshness; and partly, perhaps principally, because modern ears have for a considerable period been accustomed to a certain luxuriance of diction and remoteness of imagery, which indisposes them to receive pleasure from the simpler structure and more natural order of the sentimental poetry of the last age. In the "Bleeding Rock" there are many fine and well-constructed lines, and the whole poem is a grand specimen of melodious versification;

perhaps "Sir Eldred of the Bower" has been less wronged by modern neglect.

The poem in which the vigour of her muse was most decidedly shown was that which she composed on the black slave-trade: the whole is brilliant; and many of the passages deserve, both on account of the sentiment and poetical structure, to be enthroned in the memory and the heart. The following lines are comprehended within this eulogy:

O thou sad spirit whose preposterous yoke
The great deliverer death, at length, has broke!
Released from misery, and escaped from care,
Go meet that mercy man denies thee here.
In thy dark home, sure refuge of the oppress'd,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.
And if some notions, vague and undefined,
Of future terrors have assailed thy mind;
If such thy masters have presumed to teach
(As terrors only they are prone to preach;
For should they paint eternal mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If then thy troubled soul has learned to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footsteps tread;
On Him who made thee what thou art depend,
He who withholds the means accepts the end.
Thy mental night thy Saviour will not blame,
He died for those who never heard his name.
Nor thine the reckoning dire of light abused,
Knowledge disgraced, and liberty misused;
On thee no awful judge incensed shall sit
For parts perverted, or dishonoured wit,
When ignorance will be found the safest plea,
How many learn'd and wise shall envy thee!

It is thus she anticipates what we have lived to witness:

Shall Britain, where the soul of freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others she herself disdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty she tastes she will bestow;
Not to herself the glorious gift confined,
She spreads the blessings wide as human kind;
And scorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended space.
What page of human annals can record
A deed so bright as human rights restored?
O may that godlike deed, that shining page
Redeem our fame, and consecrate our age,
And let this glory mark our favoured shore,
To curb false freedom, and the true restore!
And see the cherub MERCY, from above
Descending softly quits the sphere of love!
On Britain's Isle she sheds her heavenly dew,
And breathes her spirit o'er the enlightened few;
From soul to soul the generous influence steals,
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She speeds exulting to the burning shore
With the best message angels ever bore;

Hark! 'tis the note which spoke a Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high, and peace on earth!
As the mild spirit hovers o'er the coast,
A fresher hue the withered landscapes boast;
Her healing smiles the ruin'd scenes repair,
And blasted nature wears a joyous air;
While she proclaims through all her spicy groves,
Henceforth your fruits, your labours, and your loves,
All that your sires possessed, or you have sown,
Sacred from plunder—all is now your own.

Of her epitaphs, which were numerous, all that such poetry usually accomplishes was attained by her various muse, which seemed to shrink from no trial of her power, wherever friend or fellow-creature called for its exertion. These productions of her pen have usually as much point as those of our best epitaph-writers, with sentiments more in accordance with the principles of a pure faith.

Her "Bible Rhymes," her last poetical production, written when she was approaching her eightieth year, attracted comparatively but little attention. It is, however, an extraordinary performance for so trembling a pen; and when respect is had to the object contemplated, which was to allure young persons to the perusal of the Bible, by exhibiting its contents in current and easy verse, unfolding them in their order, and assigning to each part its proper character and application, it is something to say, that within the narrow circumscription of rhyming couplets in four feet metre her genius found room to manifest its power and adorn its subject. As some specimen has been produced from each of her larger poems, her Bible Rhymes more especially claim it at our hands in justice to their neglected merit. She thus copies the imagery of Habakkuk:

God came from Teman; what array
Of confluent glories mark his way!
Brightness above, a wound was sent;
The pestilence before him went.
The skies with unknown splendours blaze,
Heaven shows his power, and earth his praise;
The everlasting mountains fled,
The rivers trembled in their bed;
Bowed the perpetual hills; the deep
Through the dark caves was heard to sweep.
His arrows fly. Lord, at thy will
Th' astonished sun and moon stand still:
The shining of thy glittering spear
Transfix the heathen bands with fear.
One glance of thy pervading eye
Measures the earth, the nations fly
Dissolved and scattered; Cushan's tents
Burst forth in deep and loud laments;
They tremble at the distant sound,
Sudden the troops their tents surround.
Yet though Chaldea's hostile band
Pour in his hordes and spoil the land;

Yet though the fig-tree may be found
With neither fruit nor blossom crowned;
The olive and the vine decay,
And flocks and herds be torn away;
My song of praise my God shall hear,
More free, more fervent, more sincere.
Lord of my strength, my joy, my crown
Thy boundless mercies let me own!
Thy great salvation sets me free,
I shall have all in having thee!

It is thus she speaks of the poetry of Isaiah, and of Him who is the subject of that poetry :—

Here all God's attributes unite,
The gracious and the infinite:
Beyond imagination's dream
Thy true, august, and holy theme.
All that the loftiest mind conceives,
All that the strongest faith believes
All were too feeble to express
God's love, his power, his holiness!
His length, his breadth, and depth, and height,
In all their wide extremes unite.

To him all Lebanon could bring
Only a worthless offering;
The waters at his bidding stand
Within the hollow of his hand;
The mountains in his scales are weighed,
The hills are in his balance laid;
Measured by his almighty hand,
The globe's a particle of sand!
Though with tremendous arm he come,
With power that strikes the nations dumb;
Centre and source of light and love,
In him we are, and live, and move.

These specimens of Mrs. More's poetry, which have been taken almost as they presented themselves, may properly terminate with some lines which are found among her papers, written with her own hand, and doubtless composed by herself. They are an example of the talent for harmonious versification for which so much credit was given her by Dr. Johnson, in that opinion given by him concerning her poetry which has been already recorded.

ON CERVANTES.

Great sage, whose wand at one commanding stroke
Each antique pile of elfin fabric broke;
From midnight spectres purg'd the sorcerer's cell,
And burst stern chivalry's fantastic spell;
Tho' on thy toil applauding truth has smil'd,
And reason hails thee as her favourite child,
Romantic fancy,—still that lov'd to roam
Through the dear prospect, and enchanted dome;
To view the perils of th' advent'rous knight
In stately tournament or hardy fight;

To hear of giants gorged with human food,
Of dragons lurking in the charmed wood;
Of Paynim foes in sable steel array'd,
The dwarf attendant, and the warrior maid;
Of herbs unblest, that drug the witching bowl,
And Talismans that earth and heaven control;
Of crystal globes which future fates unfold,
And amber streams that roll o'er sands of gold;
Of fragrant isles which diamond rocks surround,
Of wailing ghosts in iron durance bound;
Of fiery walls to demon guards assign'd,
Of labouring fiends to hollow mines confined;
Of warning voices sent from opening graves,
Of gaudy pageants seen in twilight caves;
Of viewless harps that breathe from airy bowers,
Of golden bridges rais'd by goblin powers;
Of winged steeds through fields of air that soar,
And magic boats that speed from shore to shore,
Fancy, that erst on dreams like these repos'd,
Unwilling sees the fairy vision clos'd;
Sighs while, dissolving, fades the wond'rous show,
To view bright fiction's robe no longer glow;
Then, weeping, blames the ruthless hand that tore
The mystic veil which genius wove of yore.

Of her works in prose it may be said, that if their merit be estimated by what in the book-trade is called success, their merit has a testimony which few English works on subjects the most popular can boast. The eagerness with which edition after edition was absorbed by the public demand has been alluded to in many places of the foregoing correspondence. "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," her first didactic work on morals, and the "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which soon followed, at once proclaimed her sentiments to the public, and settled her true position in society. They were produced at a time in which, to decide between God and the flattering world by which she was surrounded must have caused her something of that agony of resolution which on less solid grounds those of her sex probably experience in passing from life and its endearments into the seclusion of the cloister; a separation certainly more violent and rending, and more threatening as a spectacle of self-conquest; but when it is considered how easily the mind that has surrendered itself to impulses is thrown from one extreme to another, and transported beyond its natural temperament, we shall see perhaps less real effort in the change and transition wrought under their influence, than in that quiet renunciation of habits, associations, and friendships, and that discriminative choice between what God and what the world approves, which are the results of an humble and teachable wisdom, bowing implicitly to the will of Heaven, as authentically communicated by the word of inspiration. It is indeed uphill labour, and a strong struggle against the stream, to turn the hopes, affec-

tions, and delights of the soul from their habitual tendencies, into a sober, spiritual, and self-denying course; but it is a labour and a struggle for eternal life.

Both her last-mentioned performances were very successful and useful; but in her "Strictures on Female Education," she far surpassed her former doings, and took her place at once above all her contemporaries in the secret power of impressing moral truths in their most familiar and interesting forms. To those for whom it was especially intended it is of a value to be estimated only by the worth of the soul; and happy are those parents in whose families the precepts of this admirable book have acquired their due ascendency. They offer an excellent preservative against those aberrations of study, and that unsuitableness of occupation, which force the feminine mind out of its proper orbit, and perplex life by the dislocation of its duties, and the disturbance of its proper purposes and appointments.

In that most masterly production of her pen, "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," she has exemplified in the character of "Lucilla" all her practical admonitions and all her delineations of female excellence. No writer could have moulded such a character with thoughts so tender, and principles so firm, and with all the qualities appropriate to the sex so tempered, and so balanced, but one who found the model, at least in many of its features, reposited on her own bosom.

But the beauty of the character consisted mainly in its nearness to the gospel pattern. This gave it a humility which mellowed its lustre; lowered the severity while it heightened the purity of the standard. All in the character of Lucilla that is above ordinary humanity is the bright emanation of holiness and charity. Neither philosophy nor sentimentality impart to her any of their distinctions. Her strength lies in the consciousness of her weakness, her safety in her religious trust. Her virtue puts vice and folly to shame, not by the display of superiority, but by the speaking example of her quiet and unpretending course, which disclosed in every step and movement some charm of unstudied piety, some nameless grace of behaviour.

> Illam quidquid agit, quo quo vestigia flectit,
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

It is not the business of these pages to enlarge upon the merits of this or any of the works of Mrs. More, but to bring them distinctly and fairly before the reader. It will be enough in this place, therefore, in justice to this admirable work, which, besides its pure and attractive story, exhibits the best specimen of elegant ethical dialogue to be found in any language, to direct attention to the principal figure—one of the most delicate and noble among the births of moral fiction. If brought into comparison with the "Corinna" of Madame de

Staël, we see them in the strong characteristic differences of the two distinguished writers; perhaps the greatest in modern times as fancy dressers up of the female character.

"Lucilla" is the true representative of feminine excellence within the legitimate range of allotted duties. The light of her example is therefore clear, serene, and constant; "Corinna" is a figure of magical grace, but one that cannot be proposed to the imitation of her sex, without inviting them to come out of their proper places. It is true the character of "Corinna" was not proposed for imitation, and the author was only pledged to consistency of delineation, but the tendency of the work was to transport the mind to the greatest distance from the knowledge of itself, and to interpose between the conscience and affections, between motives and actions, a metaphysical medium in which religion and nature, sensation and sentiment, principles and propensities, float together in mystical disorder. It is nevertheless the production of an extraordinary genius. With few features of a story, the tale is so contrived as to keep attention and expectation constantly on the stretch, and to occupy the heart and engage its sympathies in deep and continuous emotion. The reader is hurried on without a breathing interval, with his eyes for ever on "Corinna" overlooking a multitude of absurdities and contradictions for her sake. Till the mind is set free from the spell of her character the faults of the work cannot be discerned. All is in subjection to the bright lady of the ascendant. It is not a probable character, as the world is constituted, but it is a supposable character under assumed circumstances. Having given her existence, and surrounded her with her proper atmosphere, the author stood only pledged to consistency. The character was her own, to deal with as she pleased; and there is certainly something very admirable in the art by which she has contrived to merge the vanity of her principal character in the brilliancy with which she has surrounded it. When "Corinna" comes forth in the panoply of her endowments, we think no more of her vanity than of the Roman general proceeding with his trophies in triumph to the capitol. There is a gayety and a grace accompanying all she acts and speaks,—a majesty in her brow, a goddess-like gait in her approach, that affects us almost supernaturally. A fatal passion seizes her: the Graces and the Muses gradually forsake her: the diadem drops from her temples: the incense of praise is withdrawn: a rapid dereliction of her powers lets her down to the level of common beings: she sinks into obscurity, and dies a pitiable death.

The work abounds in passages and descriptions of great force and excellence; but there are also to be found in it many of the ordinary tricks, forced coincidences, and the sentimental commonplace of ephemeral novels. It has no moral, no illustration of duty, no lesson or example tending to the improvement of principle or practice. Beautiful lectures are given us on the

fine arts; and whatever Madame de Staël had borrowed from the scenery, colours, and atmosphere of Italy she abundantly repaid by the value of her descriptions of its treasures of genius, and by the wreaths with which she decorated afresh its monuments of ancient excellence. But all the tremors and agitations which the mind suffers from this distressing tale of tumultuous sorrow make no beneficial impression, inculcate no moral lesson, nor awaken or confirm any virtuous principles. They leave the heart desolate; humanity, truth, and propriety sophisticated and perplexed, and vanity invested with the attractions of suffering innocence.

The Lucilla of Hannah More is, like herself, thoroughly English; and if, as has been observed by Madame Necker de Saussure, in the Corinna of Madame de Staël are shadowed out some of the extraordinary features of her own character, the heroine of Hannah More stands at no farther distance from the amiable author of "Cœlebs." Madame de Staël is only known to the editor of these pages in her character as a writer, whose soberest moods touched the borders of sentimental intoxication, and yet in whose enthusiasm there appeared to enter a somewhat kindly mixture of tempering elements,—as a writer whose weaknesses and whose vanities were rendered incurable by being ingrafted into her philosophy; who systematized what she ought to have subjugated; and blended together, without the smallest regard to the various provinces of study or the differences in the proper destination of our faculties, her feelings, her fancies, and her reasonings, in a combined and brilliant display of irregular force.

The "Cœlebs" of Hannah More gives us the substance, not the sublimation, of virtue—its duties rather than its sentiments—its actings rather than its energies. She never shoots beyond her mark, nor suffers her imagination to invest her object with a brilliancy that perplexes her vision, or disconcerts her aims. Leaving to Madame de Staël and her German school the virtue which flourishes upon the stock of man's natural perfectibility, or what is understood in the language of common intercourse by goodness of disposition, she derives her system of duty with great simplicity from the will of God made known in his sacred record—that record which, so far from admitting the heart to be a judge of morality, or recognising its silent suffrage in favour of truth and heaven, finds only in that same heart a radical principle of resistance, and an anarchy of evil thoughts.

From all this extravagance of feeling and metaphysical sentimentality, it is very pleasing to pass the threshold of Mr. Stanley's house, and to listen to that varied series of animated talk on life, its characters, and its duties, which exalts that parlour scene, not only above the mystics of German sentiment, but above the proud Lyceum or the painted stoa; for who, with a reasonable mind, can without the sacrifice of sense and sentiment put the tedious diatribes of heathen morality in compe-

tition with the sprightly and vigorous discrimination with which the persons of Mrs. More's dialogues carry on their amicable warfare; while in this field of courteous contention, virtue, in the person of Lucilla, sits as a sort of arbitress; her upright and clarified common sense always conducting her to the more correct side of the argument, while her modest interrogations assist and animate its course.

It was not a little creditable to her country and her contemporaries, that a work so full of plain and practical truth as "Cœlebs" should be so well received. It stood surrounded by the novels, the dramas, and the philosophy of the day, in most of which the duty and the happiness of man are misrepresented and miscalculated, the steady, unyielding advocate of evangelical morals. Of this beautiful figment of her creative mind it may with truth be said, that without the aid of any degrading specimens of humanity or scenes of profligacy, or images of impurity, or irreverent humour, or profane application of sacred words or ideas, it spread its fascination over the land, and gave to virtue at least a temporary triumph over passion, levity, and licentiousness in their own department of gayety and fashion.

In this, as in some of her smaller performances, Mrs. More evinced her powers of invention, and gave sufficient proof that had she chosen to employ fiction as the vehicle of instruction, her imagination would have afforded her abundant resources of that kind; but none can have attended to the testimonies borne by her life and correspondence to the habit and bias of her mind, without seeing that a certain substantiality of purpose, a serious devotion to decided and direct beneficence, an impatience in well-doing, an active and almost restless principle of philanthropy, were the great distinctions of her character. One great reason why she did so much was, that she was never long in determining what to do. Her life was a chapter of acts and performances with little or no preface. Circuitous means of coming at her ends were never characteristic of her operations. Having determined to attack and expose what she had observed in her intercourse with society to impede its advancement, and interrupt its happiness, she commenced at once an open and decided aggression upon its practical errors in religion and morals.

To the humbler classes, whose untutored and unexercised minds required to be more consulted and allured, she conveyed her instruction in little tales and stories, conceived and composed with great ability and address; but with respect to those whose intellects were better prepared by education and habit, she trusted entirely to the force of truth in conjunction with the recommendations of a style elegant, gay, and popular. Gifted with the best dowry of the muse—a ready and creative faculty of invention, having wings, as it were, upon her shoulders, wherewith she might have soared when it pleased her, she

chose to combat on common ground with prejudice and folly, —attacking them where they were most intrenched, and most at their ease within the rampart of their prescriptive security.

It might seem to be a matter of vulgar enterprise to compose essays on moral duties, grounded on the gospel; and it is true, that in a general way to descant upon such subjects is not a new undertaking; but to familiarize holy truths without lessening either their solemnity or their obligation, to demonstrate the connection between our altars and our hearths, to show the importance of the little wheels in the complex motions of our great moral machinery, and to bring ordinary life under the Scriptural test, without rigour on the one side or relaxation on the other, was reserved for the evangelical moderation, personal experience, and correct judgment of Hannah More.

To her three successive pieces on the great subject of Christian duties she gave the names of "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," and "Moral Sketches." With these forces she carried her crusade into those territories which till then had been deemed inaccessible to the most valiant in the cause of truth; where folly, fed by abundance, and appetite under false names and disguises, betray the heart, and captivate the imagination. The sophistry of the passions, the drowsiness of habitual self-indulgence, and the arts of self-imposition are nowhere brought into stronger contrast with the pure precepts of gospel morality. Paths which had been trodden bare became green again with the freshness and verdure of her observations. At every moment the reader finds himself conducted to some arresting point, some sudden opening that brings before him the multiform scenery of human life; peopled, like the picture of Cebes, with the votaries and victims of vice and vanity; but, like that pretty allegory, furnished with a directness that points to the rough ascent that leads to happiness,—happiness far greater than Cebes imagined or Plato taught; where patient hope finds its consummation, and Christian perseverance receives its reward.

He who, professing to be a Christian, desires to know how to mix his Christianity with the daily transactions of life, without lowering its quality, will find his purpose answered by consulting the spirited and popular treatises of this faithful guide. But he will find in her a friend *severely affectionate;* he will find her in his busy scenes crossing his path of ambition or avarice, and in his hours of gayety dashing from his lips the cup of intoxication. The old may learn from her their best economy of the twilight that remains to them, and the young may see their day-dreams of delusive pleasure dispersed by her powerful disenchantments.

The religion of Mrs. More, as it presents itself in these vigorous volumes, was sufficiently high and warm to attract from nominal Christians the charge of extravagance, and sufficiently sober and subdued to lie quiet within the circumscription

of our established church; so practical and simple as to dissatisfy the disputer and the theorist, and so strenuous in the maintenance of vital doctrines as to pass for illiberal with the champion of religious freedom. She was a true daughter of our national Sion; and it was her privilege to depart before its evil day had set in clouds. No living person would have felt more genuine sorrow in witnessing the depression of Protestantism, and no one, had the approaching crisis been contemporary with her strength, would have laboured more ardently or more efficiently in the consecrated cause for which so much blood-bought experience is threatened to be thrown away.

Yet her view of the dangers of the Church of England might not altogether have sympathized with some of its mourning friends. We gather from her expressions concerning it in various parts of her writings and correspondence, that she looked upon its constitutional establishment as an integral portion of our polity, and as wrought into the frame and substance of our laws. Neither did any entertain a higher estimation of the spirituality of its offices, and the soundness of its tenets. She honoured it as the sanctuary best fitted upon earth to be the representative of the temple not made with hands,—as the safest guide to prayer and godly communion,—the most authentic pattern of holiness,—the truest depository of the faith once delivered to the saints; but then she considered that although we have an assurance that against the Church of Christ "the gates of hell shall not prevail," we have no such assurance of the perpetual safety of the Church of England. In her view of this great subject, Christ's Church had the guarantee of God's word, but the Church of England rested under God upon the character of its clergy and the zeal of its members: not on celebrations, or festivals, or acclamations, nor on any public demonstrations of attachment, no, nor on societies formed for its protection, though all these have their value and importance,—not even on the claims to veneration conferred on it by the wisdom of its founders, and the blood of its martyrs but on its working efficiency,—on the sinews of a laborious ministry,—on the pure dispensation of its patronage,—on its being, to use her own words and allusion, the leaven which leavens the whole mass of our institutions and manners, and on its being in its constitution that kind of arrangement which Divine Wisdom may be expected to sanction, in order to the continuance of Christianity upon earth.

The object of her "Practical Piety" was to exhibit Christianity as an internal principle. The whole work is an illustration of the religion of the heart, as distinguished from one of mere forms and observances.

This inwardly operative character of religion it was her object to show forth to the reader who is searching after truth; and for the sake of those who are not to be won without the

attractions of manner, she has bestowed on her argument a sparkling and graceful style. She has shown religion to be in its proper character an operative principle, "from which the affections and faculties receive a new impulse, by which the dark understanding is illuminated, the rebellious will subdued, the irregular desires corrected, the judgment informed, the imagination chastised, the inclination sanctified, our hopes and fears directed to their proper objects, and the love of the world transmuted into the love of God." She represents it, in short, "as pressing all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance; as giving to the whole frame and constitution of the mind a nobler bent; to its activity a sublimer aim; to its vacillating desires a fixed object; to its vagrant purposes a settled home." This she properly calls the religion of the heart,—the proper central seat of its existence, whence it gives out its supplies of life and warmth to animate and exalt the whole being of the Christian.

Having thus fixed the throne of religion in the heart, she spreads its government over the entire conduct, and expands it into a system of morals in which a diligent discharge of the duties of social life is combined with the high devotional attainments on which she lays the foundation of what she intends by the terms "Practical Piety," implying a holy alliance of right actions and right affections. "Religion," says this practical expounder of it, "was not intended for the exceptions out of the general state of the world, but for the world at large; for beings active, busy, restless; whose *activity* it diverts into its proper channels; whose busy spirit it directs to the common good; whose restlessness—indicating the unsatisfactoriness of all they find on earth—it points to a higher destination. God is the fountain from which all the streams of goodness flow; the centre from which all the streams of blessedness diverge. The love of God, as it is the source of every right action and feeling, so it is the only principle which necessarily involves the love of our fellow-creatures. As man, we do not love man. We may without this principle relieve his distresses, but we do not bear his burdens. We may promote his fortune, but we do not forgive his offences. We may not see him want without pain, but we can see him sin without emotion. We cannot hear of a beggar perishing without horror; but we can without concern witness an acquaintance dying without repentance. We must participate something of the Divine nature before we can really love the human."

The *mistakes*, too, concerning religion, are in this work admirably exposed. She sets before us in vivid contrast "the visionary professors who shoot beyond the mark, and the moralists who fall short of it; the men who are wise above what is written, and the men who are wise below it; those who lose themselves in the clouds by stretching the faculties beyond their appointed limits, and those who grovel in the

dust from the inertness of their capacities; those who build spiritual castles in the air instead of erecting them on holy ground, and those who lay their foundation in the sand instead of resting it on the Rock of ages."

Equally judicious and happily expressed are her comments on those characters "whose religion consists in a steady defence of what they call orthodoxy,—an attendance on public worship, and a general decency of behaviour; who are far from rejecting faith or holiness, but are much troubled with excessive apprehensions of believing or doing too much; who consider religion as a point which they have attained by their regular observances, and that nothing further is required of them but to maintain the point they have reached, by a repetition of the same observances;—frugal Christians, who are afraid of nothing so much as of superfluity in their love, and supererogation in their obedience; who weigh in the scales of scrupulous exactness the duties which of hard necessity must be done, against those which, without the same risk, they think may be omitted; compounding for a larger indulgence by the relinquishment of a smaller; giving up, through fear, a trivial gratification to which they are less inclined, and snatching doubtingly as an equivalent at one they like better.

"To know Christianity only in its external forms and its internal dissatisfactions, its superficial appearances without and its disquieting apprehensions within; to be desirous of standing well with the world as a Christian, and not to be unsupported by a well-founded Christian hope; to live in the dread of being called an enthusiast, and in secret consciousness of falling short of it; to be conformed to the world's view of Christianity, without being transformed by the renewing of the mind,—is a state, not of pleasure, but of penalty; not of conquest, but of hopeless conflict; not of ingenuous love, but of tormenting fear;—it is to know religion only as a captive in a foreign land knows the country in which he lives a prisoner. He hears from the cheerful natives of its beauties, but is himself ignorant of every thing beyond his own gloomy limits."

This beautiful work contains a chapter on what the writer calls "Periodical Religion," in which are represented to the life those fits and starts of levity and repentance, renunciation and repetition, which not unfrequently checker the course and character of a man devoted to the world, and at the same time sensible of the jeopardy of his soul. His struggle to reconcile what will never coalesce, his warmth in the cause of religion as opposed to infidelity, and his comparatively small regard to it as it stands opposed to our appetites and habits,—his professed anxiety about the worship of God, and his practical renunciation of his service, are among the portraitures which the authoress has drawn with great felicity and fidelity. No less successful have been the efforts of her pen in describing the proper and prudential conduct of the pious man in his in-

tercourse with the irreligious. Her thoughts on this subject are full of sound discretion, and the principles of Scriptural charity. "He," says the sober-minded directress, "who advocates the sacred cause of Christianity should beware of fancying that his being religious will atone for his being disagreeable. Let him not persuade himself that he has been serving God, when he has only been gratifying his own resentment; when by a fiery defence he has been prejudicing the cause which he might, perhaps, have advanced by temperate argument and persuasive mildness."

In a subsequent chapter on the duty of watchfulness, some admonitions are offered to the clergy on the perils of popularity in preaching, which well deserve their attention, as well as that of their hearers.

On "Sensibility to Eternal Things," the richness of her remarks is very striking. A comparison between the drowsy Sabbaths of the man of business and the animation which accompanies him in his secular concerns,—between the dull decencies and shadowy forms of his religious observances, and the solid realities and cheerful activities of his worldly life, is drawn with masterly acuteness, and the truest strokes of moral painting.

Many passages might be produced of great excellence from the chapters on "Happy Deaths," and "The Sufferings of Good Men." Let the reader allow his attention to be specially devoted to the valuable observations of the writer on the ill-success of good men in their most virtuous undertakings, and their balancing compensations, contained in the last-mentioned chapter; and further allow himself to be asked when he shall have finished the perusal, if he is a scholar, whether among all that has been bequeathed us by Plato's divine philosophy, or the reasonings of him who brought wisdom from heaven to dwell among men, or among the lessons of the best of the "budge doctors of the stoic fur," he has been conducted to nobler or juster views of the dignity of virtue, the beauty of truth, and the soul's immortal interests. Let him, ere he proceeds in his progress through the same admirable chapter, pause at and ponder well that instructive passage on the happiness of him who not only has recourse to God in his last hour, and "in the time of the great water-floods," but had long and diligently sought him in the calm; who had pursued God's favour when he might have enjoyed the favour of the world; who did not wait for the evil day to seek the supreme good; who did not defer his meditations on heavenly things to the disconsolate hour when earth had nothing to offer him: but who can cheerfully associate religion with the former days of felicity, when with every thing before him out of which to choose, he chose God.

In the succeeding publication, entitled "Christian Morals," Mrs. More resumed the subject of the former work under a new

appellation, and proved herself capable of renewing its graces and attractions by immersing it afresh in the colours of heaven. She had but to wave her wand, and the barriers that protected folly and impiety from the irruption of truth were levelled, and a passage was again opened for religion to enter and declare its errand. This fresh expansion and decoration of Christian verities and duties was as successful as its predecessor in exciting attention, and deserved it no less by the value of its arguments and illustrations. It was thickly sown with spirited, acute, and useful observation, and made, perhaps, some steps in advance upon its predecessor in purity and correctness of language.

As the biographer of this great lady, I feel myself engaged in a public duty to make her Christian Morality speak again to the people of this land, to restore a walking faith to its due preference above a talking faith, and to present religion as a life no less than a light to this professing and wordy generation. Could religion in the practical form in which we find it in this essay on "Christian Morals" be brought more into honour and use among us, it would no longer be chargeable with disturbing the proper and peaceful economy of families and communities: parents and children, masters and servants, sovereigns and subjects, magistrates and people, would fall back into their relations and places—the foundations of the moral and social world would be less out of course—improvement might go on without dislocation, transposition, or derangement, and the sobriety of the old school would throw its modest shade over an age advanced in knowledge, perhaps, but an age of dangerous conceit, and besotted with the "new wine" of its own inventions.

The last of her three great works on "Morals," which was produced in the 75th year of her age (1819), answered to the title given to it of "Moral Sketches." It was more descriptive and characteristical than either of the former works. The moral world was becoming every year more and more broken into classes of opposite principles and pursuits. As religion had come out more into prominence, the efforts of antagonist speculations and designs had become more strenuous and virulent. Every dress of moral and religious opinion, as well as every shade and colour of Satan's livery, had begun to appear in stronger contrast and more vivid variety. It is true that complexional, physical, and social peculiarities had been reduced to great uniformity among the different grades of well-educated society, by the frequency and facility of intercourse between the capital and the provinces, and the general circulation of wealth and knowledge; but the same general assimilation of manners and studies which had tended so much to level distinctions once prescriptively established and acknowledged, had given birth and occasion to an endless diversity of forms, into which moral opinion had become divided and dis-

tributed. A sort of intercommonage on the great plain of literature and science gave to every one license and room to range at will, and pick up as he was minded his opinions and adoptions; so that, as was natural in this desultory state of things, where every one was more anxious to display his competency than to increase his store, and the disciple was becoming above his master, the domains of intellect and thought teemed with an irregular and luxuriant growth of extravagant dogmas and dangerous fancies. But the most injurious characteristic of this revolution in the public mind was the pride of discovery and the lust of change, which, under the lying form of liberality, made a gratuitous assault upon first principles, and unsettled all the foundations of accumulated experience. To a mind watchful, like that of Hannah More, of every turn and change, advance or declension, of the moral course of the world, and of its gain or loss in those interests which are weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, this disturbance of landmarks and entire emancipation of opinion and principle were subjects of much inquietude, and kept her pen employed to overtake and to direct, if not to correct, this forced and precipitate march of the public mind.

Always disposed to meditate with deep concern upon the state of her country, in relation to its best interests, she could not, without great emotion, contemplate the varied scene of moral character which lay spread before her; on the one side the votaries of vice, the slaves of ambition, and the murderers of quiet,—on the other side, the humble, happy, and holy few, who were living in consistency, charity, and peace; and the vast intervening space between these extremities, filled with ambiguous worth and undecided principle,—the vacillating, the vain, the superficial, and the self-satisfied. With her "measuring reed" in her hand, she divided this moral territory into its proper cantonments, in which she placed her different classes; some promoting the education of the poor, some charging themselves with the discipline of prisons, a proportion employed in the diffusion of the gospel; and beyond those fair enclosures, a boundless region, with all its masses of population, in which the workers of mischief were too successfully labouring to cover the surface with a rank and poisonous vegetation; while in a spacious neutral ground she placed her community of borderers, maintaining a hollow alliance and an accommodating intercourse with two communities in direct opposition to each other—the world's devotees, and the subjects of the Saviour's kingdom.

Her various descriptions, exposures, and corrections of these classes and divisions, in which her country lay distributed before her, compose the aggregate of those valuable last lessons and remarks which she gave to the world, under the title of "Moral Sketches." Though the varieties of the human character can never be said to unite in a pleasing effect like a

natural scene, diversified by the rugged and the smooth, by woods and precipices, by torrents and rills, by rocky projections and green pastures, yet these sketches of characters and manners, under the skilful hand of this able delineator, present to view a scene in which the parts are so disposed as to place virtue in beautiful relief, and to render whatever is estimable and amiable in life more lovely by opposition.

When it is considered that the authoress had now arrived at her seventy-fifth year, this lively and perspicuous product of her intellect must be regarded with great admiration. Nor should it be forgotten, that just before the publication of this work, she had lost her last surviving sister. The happy sisterhood had followed each other at little distances, to the blessed shore of that heavenly country to which they had long been directing their course; and Hannah, now standing alone, bereaved, smitten, and tempest-worn, still held her high and commanding station, a solitary seamark to direct the voyagers in this sea of trouble to the harbour of security and peace.

This last of Mrs. More's considerable performances had the same strong feature which distinguished all her didactic productions—it was thoroughly English. A hearty, home-bred vein of sentiment tempered the brilliancy of her diction and the gayety of her remarks; in thought and expression always sterling, and never ponderous: antigallican in every feeling, and yet rivalling the best French authors in delicacy and point. This farewell production of her pen touches all the principles of morality most exposed to peril from the reigning habits and practices of society. And first in the order of selection for censure is the propensity of the English for French journeys and French manners, which threatened, in her sober view of consequences, to terminate in a French indifference to decorous restraints, to serious duties, and to saving belief. All her observations on this subject are pregnant with testimony to the virtuous feeling and plain English properties of the mind of the writer. But her account of the coteries of Paris, and of the "bad characters" which presided over those "good societies," presents to the view of her countrymen and women the best drawn picture in existence of those most disgusting and detestable colleges of debauchery and atheism, where, in the midst of levity, vanity, and false refinement, the seed was nourished and developed of that poisonous tree whose deadly shade has interposed itself between God and man, producing a spirit of deceptious exterior, but of bitterer flavour than the apples of Sodom. She has laid open the radical principles of those godless confederacies: she has touched the vermin with the spear of Ithuriel, and made them start up in their true and monstrous dimensions. She saw them in their beginnings and she saw them in their tendencies. She lived to see them spread their contagious influence throughout the moral and intellectual world, to enervate the springs of wholesome government,

and undermine the prescriptive foundations of peace and subordination; to issue, probably,—but she was happily removed before that evil day,—in the tyranny of the many, without a settled will or a principle of permanence—without the warranty of religion or the wisdom of experience.

It would be much for the happiness of our country if its attention could be awakened at this precarious moment, when the thinking faculty is in such full operation, and so amenable to the misguidance of flattering and fallacious instruction, to the admonitions of this gentle and judicious disciplinarian, who in this wise volume has propounded in words as precious as rubies the pure constituents of what she pronounces to be "England's best hope."

In one short chapter will be found a legacy from Hannah More to the aristocracy of these realms, of greater value than all their ancestorial property put together; and if any feeling and perspicacious parent, having this world's abundance, can come from the perusal of this portion of the work under consideration without seeing how this abundance is best to be improved, secured, and transmitted, he must be either too proud to be taught or wanting in clear perceptions. The advantages of the poor over the rich in the article of a religious education are nowhere better set forth, because it is not in the compass of words more strikingly to show, that of two educations, the one going with, the other against, the grain of gospel precepts, the former must come out in the sequel superior to the latter, in general and substantial intellectual enlargement, and finally in moral power. Answer, if ye can, ye men of the world, and the world's grandeur, the questions of this wise and virtuous woman, who desires to be informed why "the poor should monopolize our benevolence? why the rich should in this instance be so disinterested? Why should not the same charity be extended to the children of the great? Why should the son of the nobleman not share the advantage now bestowed on the children of his servant, of his workmen, and of the poorest of his neighbours? Why should not Christian instruction be made a prominent article in the education of those who are to govern and to legislate, as well as of those who are to work and to serve? Why are these most important beings, the beings in this enlightened country whose immortal interests are so neglected?" If these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered, hear the fact and the rebuke with which the propounder has closed the paragraph. "If we have begun to instruct the poor with a view to check the spirit of insubordination, that spirit requires little less suppression in our own families. In all ranks it is the prevailing evil of the present day. The diminished obedience of children to parents, of servants to masters, of subjects to sovereigns, all spring from one common root—an abatement of reverence to the authority of God."

"From his Bible, and from his Bible only," says Hannah

More, speaking to the opulent parent concerning the education of his child, "let him draw his sense of those principles,—of that standard by which he will hereafter be judged; and be careful ever to distinguish in his mind between the worldly morality which he may learn from the multitude, and that Christian holiness which is the dictate of the Scriptures, and of the Scriptures alone. Teach him to discover there—he cannot discover it too soon—that it is not a set of proverbial moral maxims, a few random good actions, decorous and inoffensive good manners, the effect of natural feeling, of fashion, of custom, of regard to health, of desire of reputation, that will make a truly valuable character. This is not to be acquired by certain popular virtues, or rather fractions of virtues; for there is no integral virtue where there is no real religion. Pleasing manners will attract popular regard, and worldly motives will produce popular actions; but genuine virtue proceeds only from Christian principles. The one is efflorescence, the other is fruit."

Those females who are desirous of consulting Mrs. More's moral works for the direction of their conduct,—and they cannot consult a safer guide, or a better practical expounder of Scriptural rules and injunctions,—must bear to be told of domestic duties, and of the inexpediency and danger of deserting home and its various appropriate and important offices, for the sake of playing a more conspicuous part in the field of diffusive benevolence. They will be reminded that the community at large is but an aggregation of homes, of hearths, of families, and neighbourhoods. But Mrs. More is always tender, always cautious, in her remarks upon her own sex; and wherever a right principle or pious intention is at the bottom of any practice, she treats it with the reverence which is due to the motive; with a holy dread of damping virtuous zeal, and a Christian fear of being misunderstood.

Her chapters on two classes of religious professors whom she distinguishes by the appellation of "Phraseologists" and "Borderers," are striking specimens of her accurate observation of the moral state of society. Her portraitures of each of these descriptions of character are drawn from the life, and have the raciness and originality of personal observation. Those who fold up religion in a technical phraseology, and distinguish themselves as a body by certain reciprocal signs of religious intelligence,—who adopt a dialect as the test of orthodoxy, and recognise no saving faith out of the pale of their vocabulary, may learn from Mrs. More's strictures on "Phraseologists," that religion has no necessary connection with terms, nor has any other tie that binds together the members of its confraternity in holy concord but a union of heart in the love of God, and a sympathy of trust in the great mysterious sacrifice.

The chapter on the "Borderers" pursues hypocrisy through

its turnings and windings in the recesses of the heart. Decision, consistency, and Christian courage are nowhere more successfully contrasted with the meanness of those faithless compromises by which the friendship of the world and of those who have renounced it is sought at the same time to be preserved.

The general religionist and the decorous sensualist have their respective portraits very distinctly and accurately drawn by the same animated pen; but no part of the work has given her a higher title to the gratitude of her readers than that which has been assigned to the subject of prayer. He must be conceitedly dull, desperately callous, or incorrigibly cold and careless, who can read this part of the volume with reasonable attention, and remain contentedly a nominal Christian.

The subject of faith and works, so often handled, and so often perplexed, she has contrived to elucidate and refresh with the lights and colours of her Scripture-taught intelligence. The close affinity by which they are united, the necessity of the one to the other, the nature of that necessity, and their mutual bearings, have received an illustration from her pen calculated to compose the disputes upon this subject, wherever nothing sustains the controversy beyond the zeal of opposite convictions. To settle faith in its priority, and to make the love of God in the soul of man the spring-head of all his good desires and actions, has occupied the attention of the writer in the concluding part of her work; and such is the solidity and beauty of this portion of the volume, that it may be said without undue or partial praise, that those parents who are desirous of founding the moral or practical instruction of their children upon its only safe and legitimate basis will find their object best promoted and secured by taking Mrs. More for their guide.

It has been thought desirable to place before the reader those writings of Mrs. H. More which were wholly on the subject of Christian morality in an unbroken order, but her other prose productions cannot be passed over in silence. The work entitled "Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess," has been often enough adverted to in the course of the foregoing correspondence to make the reader familiar with the occasion of its publication, and the reception it met with from the high parties whom it personally interested, as well as from those who were immediately engaged in the education of the then hope of the nation. Xenophon, and Fenelon, and a numerous succession between those two graceful writers, have put before princes what seemed to them to be calculated to promote their happiness and honour, but it may be questioned whether any work in any language has been so well imagined and so ably executed as this of Hannah More, for suggesting to the heirs of the kingly estate their appro-

priate studies and qualifications, and for pointing out to royal steps the royal road to real greatness.

It was the product of a mind teeming with benevolence towards her country, and it was a tribute of loyal affection towards her on whose character that country seemed then in no small measure to depend for its future felicity and glory,—towards her whose youth, and health, and loveliness seemed to auspicate a long enjoyment of her splendid birthright; but who was destined to come and go like a vision, as if her appearance on this earth was only to show the insecurity and fragility of all its pledges and expectances.

The princess died, but the book lives, and those live to whom the book affords instruction, as applicable as it was to those for whose peculiar benefit it was intended. Perplexing changes seem rolling on, and the signs of times, new in their aspects and auguries, and indicating events lying perhaps equally beyond human experience and historical analogy, call upon such as are born to high place and authority among us to be prepared as much as may be for the encounter. To attempt to meet such a state of things by the ordinary methods of adulation and intrigue, intimidation or concession, will be equally vain. As in new and anomalous diseases the healing art sees all its efforts baffled, and the last and best hope is found to rest on the simple resource of temperance and a prudent regimen, so will no other art be found more capable of resisting that organized principle of destruction which, under deceptive names, has enlisted the animal strength of the abused multitude in opposition to all safe and steady government, than the art of exhibiting to a country, loyal perhaps at heart, the awful pattern of a pious sovereign practising with a princely grace the virtues of private life. And there are none of royal birth that may not learn this art on its truest principles from the precepts of Hannah More. Taught by her lessons, the heir of a throne may learn, that while in the tawdry display of ephemeral splendour, every great capitalist in the land may be the prince's rival, there is an "unbought grace of life" lying in the simple duties of a Christian, in which he has by birth and station a power of excelling others, if not in substance, at least in influence and effect. He may learn from her that it is scarcely too strong an aphorism to say, "Let him take care of the man, and sovereignty will take care of itself." He may learn from her wherein consists the real security of thrones, and the moral secret of preserving empire.

It was well known that the late Princess Charlotte of Wales perused attentively the work which was composed for her benefit. This was sufficiently attested by the assurance of the bishop to whose tuition she was intrusted, and confirmed by information which came to Mrs. More from various unquestionable sources. It was also a fact accredited by good authority, that the "Hints" of Hannah More was one of the last books in the

hands of the young princess. It may not be that the work had any influence on her character; but it is at least certain that it was calculated to impress on a mind of thought and sensibility the qualities essential to true greatness; and it is equally certain that she who read the book lived up to many of its precepts, and adopted, as far as she had opportunities, the course which Mrs. More had suggested in her valuable manual as that which was to put her upon a par with her splendid expectations.

From the period of womanhood, and especially after her marriage, the deportment of this amiable personage was such as made every man and woman in the land feel that by her death they had lost a relation. The tie was a domestic one. There was something in the style of her sentiments and habits that partook strongly of a period anterior to the new principles which had their origin in the fatal neology of the Continent, and their development in the revolutionary epoch of France. The old and faded English mind, with its indigenous properties and national enthusiasm, seemed to be restored in her to its original freshness and lustre. Local affections, home delights, hospitable intercourse, and charity that came into contact with its object, however humble, or old, or poor, were the pledges of her future character as a matron queen, and the earnest of a beneficent sway that was to rest in no small degree on its natural titles to the homage of gratitude and the free servitude of the heart. So much womanly warmth of disposition, so much reality, so much sincere relish of what was kind and cheerful, so much heartiness of sentiment, have rarely been coupled with so many artificial accomplishments, or survived a culture so studious and elaborate.

Now it is not insinuated that all this was the fruit of Mrs. More's suggestions or persuasions; but it is not too much to say that such a mind was a good recipient of such advice as that which is contained in the passages which are here presented to the reader.

"It is of the last importance that persons of high condition should be preserved from entering on their brilliant career with false principles, false views, and false maxims. It is of the last importance to teach them not to confound splendour with dignity, justice with success, merit with prosperity, voluptuousness with happiness, refinement in luxury with pure taste, deceit with sagacity, suspicion with penetration, prodigality with a liberal spirit, honour with Christian principle, or conscientious strictness with hypocrisy. Young persons in the pursuit of glory and celebrity are perpetually liable to take up with false way-marks; and where they have some general good intentions respecting the end, to defeat their own purpose by a misapplication of the means; so that often they err not so much through the seduction of the senses, as by accumu-

lating false maxims into a sort of system on which they afterward act through life.

"One of the first lessons that should be inculcated on the great is, that God has not sent us into this world to give us consummate happiness, but to train us to those habits which lead to it. High rank lays the mind open to strong temptations; the highest rank to the strongest. The seducing images of luxury and pleasure, of splendour and of homage, of power and independence, are only to be counteracted by a religious education. The world is too generally entered upon as a scene of pleasure instead of trial. The high-born are taught to enjoy the world at an age when they should be learning to know it; and to grasp the prize when they should be exercising themselves for the combat. They look for the sweets of victory when they should be enduring the hardness of the conflict. The exalted station of the young princess, by separating her from miscellaneous society, becomes her protection from many of its maxims and practices. From the dangers of her own peculiar situation she should be guarded, by being early taught to consider power and influence, not as exempting her from the difficulties of life, or ensuring to her a larger portion of its pleasures, but as engaging her in a peculiarly extended sphere of duties, and infinitely increasing the demands on her fortitude and vigilance.

"The prince who practises virtue not only holds out a broad shelter to the virtue of others, but his example is a living law, efficacious to many who would treat written laws with contempt. The good conduct of the prince will make others virtuous, and the virtuous are always peaceable. It is the voluptuous, the prodigal, and the licentious who are the needy, the unsettled, and the discontented—who love change, and promote disturbance. Allegiance is the fruit of sober integrity; and fidelity grows on the stock of independent honesty. As there is little public honour where there is little private principle, so there will be little private principle, at least among young persons of rank, where the throne holds out the example of a contrary conduct.

"Projects of conquest and ambition are circumscribed and obstructed by a thousand inherent and unavoidable difficulties. They are often dependent for their success on the life of a single man, whose death perhaps, when least expected, at once disconcerts them. Often they depend on what is still more uncertain—the caprice or humour of an individual. When all is thought to be successful and flourishing; when the prosperous enterpriser fancies that he is on the point of gaining the proud summit to which he has so long aspired; at once he is dashed to the ground, his laurels are blasted, and he himself only remains

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

But the monarch whose nobler and more virtuous ambition prompts him to employ his superior power in promoting the internal prosperity and comforts of his subjects, is not liable to such defeats. He does not depend upon an individual. His plans are carrying on through ten thousand channels and by ten thousand agents, who, while they are all labouring for the promotion of their several peculiar objects, are at the same time unconsciously performing their functions in the great machine of society. It is not, if we may change the metaphor, a single plant, perhaps an exotic, in a churlish climate and an unwilling soil, which, raised with anxious care, a sudden frost may nip, or a sudden blight may wither; but it is the widespread vegetation of the meadow, which springs up in one unvaried face of verdure, beauty, and utility."

Such was the sound advice, and such the sterling precepts, presented by this true lover of her country to her country's pride and hope; and we trust the culture was not bestowed in vain; although the goodly bearing branch was too soon, as men consider these things, divided from the real stem. But she did not live in vain; and among the benefits of which her brief existence was the source may be reckoned this—that it gave occasion to the best repertory of practical lessons for the guidance and instruction of those on whom the task of government may devolve, with all its awful responsibilities, that is to be found in any language. She has presented the kingly character to our view substantially majestic. Not parading before us in the colours and shadows of painted life the pageant of drawing-rooms and saloons, but rising above all exterior decoration and unprincely pomp, the servant of God and the shepherd of the people. She has shown, too, that attachment to the prince and obedience to the laws are parts of Christianity, and that no diadem is firm on the brow of him who depends upon an allegiance not grounded on religion; the piety of the people being his best political friend, and the only party which it is his real interest to adopt. Her indignation sharply reproves those shallow men who are for keeping the multitude amused, at whatever cost to virtue and religion. She reminds us that to fear God and honour the king are commandments resting upon the same authority; and that the best prince can have no permanent place in the affections of one who has no fear of God in his soul.

In all the didactic productions of Mrs. More's pen, and especially in the valuable work which has come last under consideration, one characteristic has invariably marked her literary course, which redounds greatly to the credit of her consistency, her firmness, and her sincerity. She has gone forward along the varied path of her moral visitations, distributing praise and reprehension without any regard to consequences affecting herself; looking fearlessly on the right-hand and on the left for the subjects of her moral animadversions: disdain-

ing all compromise with dangerous practices, errors, or prejudices, however countenanced, patronised, or sanctioned. To this honest course is, doubtless, to be attributed much of the obloquy, misrepresentation, and malice by which her fair fame and pure honour have in many instances been assailed. Of many of the new opinions in politics, and of all the novelties of recent birth by which theology has been perplexed, she has manifested, whenever these subjects have fallen in her way, a decided disapprobation.

But though very distrustful of the principle and tendency of that ominous movement which appears to be going on with an impulse in which neither patriotism nor wisdom has any share, she was no favourer of the lethargic maxim that things cannot be better than they are; but was rather of opinion that some things of general concernment were necessarily progressive, and that as a vast moral revolution was likely to be the consequence of the means in operation for the dispersion of knowledge, while the press was standing like Briareus with his hundred arms extended against heaven, it had become necessary, in order to save the religion of the land, and all that the wise and virtuous most love and cherish, to adopt methods and to set on foot plans of a stirring and spirited character. She thought that this was not the work of an indolent and stagnant, but of an awakened and alarmed, religious establishment. Her main reliance seemed to rest on the increase of an efficient clergy. To them she looked as the proper guardians and instructers of the poor,—the bold expostulators with the rich,—the firm promulgators of evangelical truth,—the rural patterns of sobriety and sanctity. She thought that the mind of the country was in their keeping; and she called upon them for their supreme care of this solemn and sacred deposite.

Of her "Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul," which was given to the world in the year 1815, little need be said, as it contains comparatively but little that exhibits her opinions on things of general concernment, or that was connected with the signs of the times. It was, however, a work of great beauty, distinguished by extraordinary vivacity and penetration, and one of the most perfect portraitures of Christian faithfulness and holiness that any uninspired pen has proposed to our imitation. It can, indeed, hardly be said of any one of Mrs. More's performances that it has a higher claim to be studiously perused. The first chapter, which brings the morality of the pagan systems into contrast with that which the Gospel has given us, and the second, which presents a popular view of some of the most striking evidences of the holy religion we possess, are additions to the work of great value,—the overflowings of her wealthy mind, which, like a full river, carried abundance along with it on either side of its fertilizing current. The character of her Christian hero was in good hands. She has essayed to describe it with a

modesty and humility of style and sentiment without which even *her* genius would have wanted an appropriate qualification for the task; and she accomplished her undertaking in a manner that has made it impossible for a wise parent not to feel the importance of directing the mind of his family towards that great example.

As Mrs. More was such a dealer in morality, and points so emphatically to the great apostle's reprobation of that abuse of the Gospel which represents its liberty as implying a freedom from moral restraint, it may be important to show what she considered to be the true character and obligation of the moral law, and what the legitimate basis on which must be founded its sanction and authority. "We have employed," says she, "the term morality in compliance with common usage; but adopted in the worldly sense, it gives but an imperfect idea of the apostle's meaning. His preceptive passages are encircled with a kind of glory; they are illuminated with a beam from heaven; they proceed from the spirit of God, and are produced by faith in Him. There is everywhere that beautiful intermixture of motion and action, that union of cause and effect, faith and its fruits, that uniform balance of the principle and the produce, which render these epistles an exhaustless treasury of practical wisdom, as well as an imperishable record of Divine grace. Repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, formed the substance of his testimony to all men. From the doctrine of the Cross he derives all sanctity, all duty, and all consolation."

I now commit the life and correspondence of this Christian lady to the sentence of the great public, throughout which her name and fame may be said to have circulated. That the record of a person so active, so discursive, and so decided should be a centre in which all opinions meet in harmonious agreement, could only be expected by one who, in his reliance on the power of truth and his admiration of virtue, had forgotten the discrepancies of temper and taste, the influence of habit upon the judgment, and the enmity of the world towards those who have lived above it. That of her who was calumniated in her lifetime the memory should be altogether spared, it would be enthusiasm or ignorance to suppose; but to one who bore her faculties so meekly, and lived so much for the common good, I cannot but hope that even the exercise of self-denial, the defence of practical holiness, and the abdication of all hope of help but in a sacrificed Saviour, will be pardoned even by those who held a standard of right and wrong independent of the Gospel, and find their justification in a satisfied conscience. It has been my perilous privilege to have the task assigned me of holding out this pattern to imitation. I have attempted it with great fear of doing incomplete justice to such a character, but with an anxiety for the cause connected with

that character which, in a crisis like the present, throws every other consideration into comparative insignificance. I conclude my humble labour with this final remark—that as it is not meant to be maintained that Hannah More was scripturally or morally perfect, but a sinning mortal, dependent on the succours of Divine Grace, so neither is it intended to represent her works as faultless; but, on the contrary, as coupling with their excellence the defects which belong to the vacillations of genius. There will be found in them some redundancies of sentiment and language, some tautologies, some errors in grammar, some incongruities of allusion and illustration, and there may be some inconsistencies in reasoning; to which may be added, inadvertences imputable to her habitual hurry of composition, and her disadvantageous distance from the press. But her mistakes were in general such as common critics are proud to discover, and uncommon talents are prone to commit. And upon the whole, it may be questioned whether any one in modern times has lived so long with less waste of existence, or written so much with less abuse of ability; whether wisdom has been better consecrated or religion better seconded, in this our day at least, by the pure and prudent application of popular talents.

THE END.

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